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## LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.\*

THE formation of the Christian church, in the early ages of its history, was a process involving many elements beside Christianity proper, as represented in the gospels.

Jewish cabalism, Greek and Roman polytheism, Egyptian mysticism, Persian dualism, Indian gymnosophism, are among the confluents which emptied their tributary streams into this providential river, and became coefficients of a faith whose triumphs are owing in part to its having appropriated all that was vital in foregone and contemporary creeds and rites.

And not only did the church inculcate itself with ideas from without; it also absorbed into its system, and transubstantiated into its own kind, by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," the blood and temper of many climes. The dreaming Oriental, the volatile Greek, the practical Roman, the impetuous Goth, the fiery African, are all represented in its organism.

To the last named country the church is indebted for three, at least, of its

greater lights, Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine. The first distinguished by his moral purism; the second by his stout defence of episcopal authority; the third by his theology and his great example.

St. Augustine, whose life and character we now propose to discuss, has become identified with an influence far exceeding that of his compatriots, and coextensive with the Christian church.

The morals of Christendom refused to adopt the stern requirements of the eloquent Montanist, its ecclesiastical polity soon transcended the views of the fervid Carthaginian.

But the doctrine of the Bishop of Hippo has survived the decline of the papacy; has reproduced itself in the formularies of Protestantism; has been transplanted from the Old World to the New, by the fostering care of the Puritans, and constitutes, to this day, the staple of American theology. Since the days of the Apostles, no Christian ecclesiastic has exerted such sway, or obtained such following.

Externally, the life of St. Augustine

\* *Der heilige Augustinus. Sein Leben und Wirken, für Freunde des Reiches Gottes dargestellt.* Von PHILIPP SCHAFF. Berlin, 1854.

*Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen, oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographien.* Von FRIEDR. BOEHRINGER. Zürich, Bd. I.

*Histoire de St. Augustin, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, son Siècle, Influence de son Génie.* Par M. POUJOLAT. Paris, 1845.

*S. Aurelii Augustini de Doctrina Christiana Libri Quatuor.* Ed. CAR. HERM. BRUDER. Lipsiæ, 1838.

*Ursprung und Wesen des Bösen nach der Lehre d. heiligen Augustinus.* Von I. NIRSCHL. Regensburg, 1854.

was less eventful than those of most men of note in his time—that maelstrom of history which tossed individuals and nations like foam-flakes in its boiling eddies. The deep interior life of the man was very imperfectly expressed in his fortunes, and had no correspondent developments in his external history. He was one of those whose life is a continual drawing from the circumference to the centre.

Tagaste, an obscure corner in the north of Africa, not far from the site of old Carthage, is illustrated by the birth of the greatest of the Fathers. Its historic insignificance, although mentioned by Pliny, excludes it from the ancient maps. Cellarius, the most faithful of geographers, ignores it. French soldiers, under General Randon, in 1844,\* for the first time, perhaps, since the Vandals, uncover its site. And Spruner, the latest authority, has noted its locality in that part of what is now Algeria, where Algiers and Tunis join. The 13th November, 354, is the date of his birth. Cast amid humble conditions, the greatest of earthly blessings was vouchsafed to his childhood—a pious mother, whose dearest wish was to see the son of her affections safely folded in the bosom of the Catholic church. Her life was breathed in prayers for this end; and the strongest human influence which Augustine experienced, was the prayers of Monica. Gratefully conscious of her agency in securing so able a defender of the faith, the church has raised to “sainted seats” the “Elect Lady,” whom filial gratitude had already canonized. Few worthies in the Christian calendar have earned more dearly their title to be there. The name of Monica suggests the impersonation of all feminine and Christian graces. We figure to ourselves a form and face such as Carlo-Dolce, or the Pre-Raphaelites would have loved to paint, with as much of spirit as flesh and blood can take up, and as little of flesh and blood as an earth-inhabiting spirit can make itself visible by. With a brute of a husband, passionate at home, and unfaithful abroad, and three children, of whom, at least, one gifted but turbulent boy was a source of ceaseless anxiety—with a feeble body and a sensitive spirit—with

small means and large requirements—with little wit, great cares, and, as her conscientious nature conceived them, awful responsibilities—the burdened soul had fainted within her, unless she had “believed to see the goodness of the Lord.” But she believed and did not faint. She administered, with untiring diligence, her arduous economy, and tended her little flock, and still clung to the horns of the altar. She encountered her stormy husband with gentleness for wrath, and soft persuasion for ingratitude and sin. She waited and wept, and hoped and suffered, and still hoped. The substance of her life was sorrow, and the form of it was prayer; the spirit of it, love, and the strength of it, patience, and the grace of it, meekness. Hers was the pure soul which an elder poet compares to a “drop of Orient dew,” which, lighting on a flower,

“Scarce touching where it lies,  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light

\* \* \* \* \*  
Till the warm sun pities its pain  
And to the skies exhales it back again.”

Her pious wishes, long deferred, were fulfilled at last. Her husband, who had lived in profession, as in character, a pagan, solicited and received before his death the regenerating water of Christian baptism. And at last, after thirty long years of watching and weeping, her favorite, Aurelius, with whose second birth, as he tell us, she had travailed more sorely than with his first, was likewise united to Christ, through the baptism of the Catholic church. Her mission was accomplished when this son of her tears, disengaged from the enemy's tares, and bound in a fair church-sheaf, was now at length fit for the garden of the Lord: a consummation to which (unconsciously to herself and to him) she had contributed more than all the persuasions of Ambrose, and all the refinements of his own dialectic mind.

O, woman, great is thy faith! O, loving, sad, and patient Monica; long suffering, late rewarded! Who more entitled than thou to sit in sainted seats? Who more than thou ever strove and prayed? Who has so nobly illustrated

\* Poujoulat.

the mediatorial office of woman, showing how, as it is written,

"The ever womanly  
Draweth us on."

Young Augustine mixed at school and at play with the boys of Tagaste, and, if eminent at all among his companions, was not distinguished by any saintly tendencies. The saint in him was latent, dormant. The boy was patient, and wide awake.

The boy loved play, and found study a weariness of the flesh. Greek was his aversion; the circus and the theatre his delight. A sportive boyhood might not portend any lack of manly virtue. Of graver import are the fibbing and thieving which those "Confessions" of his reveal. All this he repents in after years with a penitence almost morbid, and scarcely consistent with the Augustinian theory of human nature, which, by denying to man, unrenowned by superadded and exotic grace, not only goodness, but the faculty of goodness, might seem to preclude all occasion of remorse. With especial compunction he recalls the robbery of a pear-tree, committed in a spirit of juvenile frolic, with some of his associates. In the excess of his self-condemnation, he refines upon his guilt, and, dissecting the act with retrospective analysis, finds more of evil in the heart of it than appears on the face. Why should he steal his neighbor's pears? He had better pears of his own at home. It could not have been for the sake of the fruit, which was not eaten. It must, therefore, have been the love of sin, as such—the mere delight in evil—which prompted the act. "Behold my heart, O God, let my heart tell thee what it sought when gratuitously evil, having no temptation to ill, but the ill itself." . . . "What, then, did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou deed of darkness?" . . . "Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire for; I had store of better, and I gathered them only that I might steal. For when I gathered them I flung them away; my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. For if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was sin." We cite the passage as equally characteristic of the boy and the man: the act itself, of the boy; the reflection upon it, of the man. The boy, head-

long, impetuous, thoughtless, vicious; the man, regenerate, holy, God-seeking, but self-dissecting, morbid. A healthy feeling would have wrought a more perfect self-forgiveness. A healthy judgment would distinguish between youthful love of fun indulged to vicious excess, and love of evil, as such.

There is in all men something immovable and immutable; an individuality common to the child, to the youth, and the man; a backbone of the character which remains unaltered through all the revolutions that sweep over the heart, and through all the vicissitudes of life. We may change our opinions, our habits, our pursuits, our tastes; we may change from heedless to earnest, from sensual to moral, from godless to devout; but we cannot change the radical innermost self. We bear not the root, but the root us. Religion may alter the expression of the character, but not the type; may convert the worldling into a saint, but not one individual into another. There is a ground which survives through all the metamorphoses of nature and of grace. As it was in childhood, it remains in old age; as birth delivered it to this world, death will hand it over to the next. We find in Augustine the child one quality, at least, which especially distinguishes Augustine the man—ambition. The same passion, which, sanctified by heavenly grace, engendered the pure and noble aspirations of his riper years, inspired, also, the literary labors of his youth, and was manifest even in the boy, in scorn of inferiority, in love of boyish distinction, in eager efforts to excel in games; for which end, as he tells us, he often had recourse to trickery and deceit. Ambition is a quality indifferent in itself. Its character depends on the qualities with which it is associated; on the course it adopts; the direction given it; the objects at which it aims. Side by side with this quality in Augustine, there was early developed a principle of life, by which it was refined and ennobled, and consecrated to the highest ends. That principle was love of God—or not so much love, at present, as a certain vague desire and aspiration—the dawn of that future passionate striving and longing after God which breathes from every page of the Confessions, and which, after his conversion, expressed itself in all the tenor of his life. If ever a human soul, in the words of the

Psalmist, panted after God, the soul of Augustine did surely so pant. From earliest childhood, when his only petition was to be saved from chastisement at school, through all the aberrations of his youth, the idea of God was familiar to his thoughts, and the want of God was the secret of his heart. Many a devout soul has found its private experience expressed by him in those words, often echoed, and often imitated—words which a well-known Moravian hymn has fitly paraphrased—*Inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.*

"My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in Thee."

On one occasion, while yet a child, when sudden illness threatened his life, he expressed a desire to be baptized.

The necessary arrangements were made; but the danger passed, and his mother deferred the salutary rite, thinking, he says, "the defilements of sin would, after that washing, bring greater and more perilous guilt." This too subjective view of baptism he condemns. "Why does it still echo in our ears, on all sides, 'Let him alone—let him do as he will—for he is not yet baptized'? But, in the matter of bodily health, no one says, let him continue to be wounded, for he is not yet healed. How much better, then, I had been healed at once."

At school, in the neighboring city of Madaura, he distinguished himself by his proficiency. His childish impatience of mental labor had already begun to yield to the rising visions and dawning promise of the intellectual world. He returned to Tagaste, and remained a year in his father's house, preparatory to entering the university at Carthage. It was his sixteenth year—equivalent to the twentieth of colder climes. At this early period of his life, he began to plunge, without reserve, into sensual pleasures, and suffered all the billows of lust and passion to go over his soul.

His father died, and, with him, the means of collegiate education would have failed, had not the liberality of a friend of the family supplied the defect. He went to Carthage—the chief university of Africa—and there devoted himself, with all the ardor which a passionate thirst for knowledge could inspire in such a nature, to various branches of letters and science—above all, to the study of rhetoric.

The high schools of learning are seldom schools of morality. It is oftener folly than wisdom which gives the tone to society, where young men are thrown together, without the restraint of their natural guardians, and away from the influence of home. The ancient universities seem not to have differed, in this respect, from those of modern time. Life, at Carthage, was the same thing as life at Heidelberg, or Halle, or Oxford, or other academic cities of modern Europe—not to speak of institutions nearer home. Augustine, with whom love of pleasure was second only to love of knowledge, was not likely to mend his manners among the turbulent youths assembled there.

The vicious indulgences commenced at Tagaste were continued, on a larger scale, with no other check than the intellectual life which now developed itself, with ever-increasing intensity. He became a member of the noisiest of college clubs—one of those associations which universities often develop, under one or another name—a club which rejoiced in the name of "The Destructives." Its character is sufficiently indicated by that appellation. Augustine joined these rioters, more for the sake of popularity and the dashing renown which, in such communities, attaches to such a life, than for any sincere enjoyment they afforded him. His better soul recoiled from their orgies, and the graceless associates with whom they connected him. He appears to have freed himself soon, entirely or in part, from this sordid communion.

As a refuge from coarser diversion, he frequented the theatre, where the enjoyment, if equally empty, was more sedate. In after life, he criticizes this passion for theatrical amusement in that half-querulous, half-argumentative tone, which characterizes so much of his Confessions. "Stage-plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries, and of fuel to my fire. Why is it that man desires to be made sad, beholding doleful and tragic things, which yet he himself would by no means suffer?" . . . "I, miserable then, loved to grieve, and sought out what to grieve at; and that acting best pleased me, and attracted me most vehemently, which drew tears from me. What wonder that, a lost sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of



Thy keeping, I became infected with disease?"

The love of theatrical exhibitions, indulged to excess, is rightly characterized as disease. The cause of that disease is a want of practical interests to occupy mind and heart.

The moral nature, if not the material, abhors a vacuum. Young men and young women, whose inner life, or heart-life is deficient, will seek, in some way, to fill the void. In the absence of wholesome nurture, drawn from the affections, or the intellect, or devout sentiment, home, science, art, religion, they will fill it with less substantial food, with phantasms and spectral shows, and ballet-dances, and the east wind. The heart must live—it must be fed—if not by nutritious diet, then by innutritious, or even deleterious. If the life has no inside to it—if the solid contents are wanting, transient satisfactions must entertain the hollowness which they cannot fill. The cure for this passion is, to make life itself—the actual, every-day life—so full and rich, that the need shall no longer be felt, nor the wish to escape from its emptiness.

It was during his residence at Carthage that Augustine connected himself with the sect of the Manicheans, a flourishing heresy of early Christendom, and one which then divided with the Arians the contempt and abhorrence of the Catholic church.

For even at that early period the Catholic church was a powerful and compact body amid the formations of the Christian world. For a century past it had been shaping its doctrine, defining its position, and eliminating all that would not conform to its tests. The moment Christianity began to cool, like the igneous vapor of which some have supposed that the worlds were formed, it began to part and divide. The several fragments formed themselves into separate bodies or *isms*, and the principal fragment called itself Catholic, apostolic, and assumed peculiar and divine authority. Not to be a Catholic, in the judgment of this church, was not to be a Christian. To be out of the pale of that organization was to be out of the fold of Christ. When, therefore, the good Monica learned that her son had joined the ranks of a sect, she mourned over him with a sorrow far exceeding anything she had hitherto suffered on his account. All his previous aberrations

and excesses seemed to her trivial compared with this act of revolt, as she deemed it, against the authority of the church. She argued, not unreasonably from her point of view, that heresy was worse than irreligion; that the soul of her child was more imperiled, his chance of salvation more seriously impaired, by false doctrine than by unbelief. So many an orthodox mother in these days would rather her child should be without faith, and without any tincture of religious life, and confess no Christ and know no God, than adopt the views of another sect. And if Christianity were a system of dogmas, instead of a dispensation of grace and truth, if salvation were the product of opinion, and the form of faith more essential than the fact of faith, then, certainly, a state of indifference and unbelief would be preferable to a Christian confession without the pale of orthodoxy, because more receptive—as a vacuum is more receptive than a solid, and a fallow field a better condition for the planter than a forest. The mothers are right from their point of view. Their error lies in connecting salvation with opinion, and in limiting the grace of God to certain confessions. Yet, even here, in its very exclusiveness, the early church, as we believe, was guided by divine instinct, and followed unconsciously the leading of that Holy Spirit whose organ it was, and whose foolishness is wiser than human wisdom. The student of history must see that Christianity, i. e., the principle of divine life introduced into the world by Jesus Christ, could not have survived the agony of time—the storm and rack which followed the dismemberment of the Roman empire—could never have descended to us—that it must have been dissipated, if not extinguished, in the flood of Gothic migrations, had it not been committed to a compact, vigorous body, able to resist and retain. What the church then wanted was strength—organic strength. And that it could not have without exclusiveness. Although in the formation of it many foreign elements, as we have said, were embodied, it had need to define itself sharply against the unlimited and unconditional influx of ideas and beliefs from without, in order to preserve its identity, and to perfect its strength. It had to be exclusive to maintain its own. It could not be liberal without being loose

and in constant danger of dissolution. A strong body must have a sharp and rigorous outline. That which does not withstand, says Coleridge, cannot stand.

The Manichees professed to be Christians. But with this profession they incorporated a system of philosophy derived from Manes or Mani, a Persian philosopher of the third century, who claimed to be the Paraclete, or "Comforter," promised by Christ to his disciples. It would lead us too far from our theme to attempt so much as an outline of that philosophy. Its distinguishing feature, characteristic of Persian thought, was dualism. That is, in addition to a self-existent, eternal Good—the God of the Christians—it maintained a self-existent, eternal Evil. This Evil is embodied in matter, identical with it, but still an active agent, a Prince of Darkness, forever warring against the Good. The Manichees carried this dualism into human nature. They held that man has two souls, a good and an evil, the one the offspring of God, the other the child of the Devil. The system, in short, is the Magian or Zoroastrian doctrine, modified by Christian ideas. Its details are curious, combining much that is significant and much that is sublime with puerile vagaries, grotesque conceits, and intolerable platitudes. If we separate what is purely theological in it from the ontological and anthropological fantasies in which it is imbedded, we shall find it perhaps as near to the mark of gospel truth as Augustinian Christianity. Its moral code was rigorous to a fault; so rigorous that only a portion of those who received the doctrine of Manes were able to comply with it. Accordingly, there were two classes of Manicheans, the "Auditors," to whom greater liberty was allowed in practice than the canon allowed in theory, and the "Elect," who constituted a higher grade, and were bound to a stricter life. The latter were required to mortify the flesh in all directions. They ate no animal food and drank no wine, subsisted on herbs and fruits, and often fasted entirely. They lived celibate, in rigorous sexual seclusion. They held no property, but renounced whatever they possessed on entering the order, and, wedded to lifelong poverty, were supported entirely by eleemosynary aid. The life even of the Auditors was, in many respects, more strict than that of the Catholics,

and, so far as the negative part of morality is concerned, appeared to advantage beside that of the Church. The radical vice of the system was its rationalistic character. Whatever of Christian truth there was in it, was so plighted and confused with philosophic speculation as to lose entirely the evangelic simplicity and authority which distinguish revealed truth from all the fabrics of human wisdom. It was not a religion, but a speculation. It put theory before gospel, and Manes before Christ.

Monica grieved, even to anger. She could tolerate the libertine, but not the heretic. A bishop, whom she consulted on the subject, once himself a Manichean, reassured her. She would have him argue the matter with Aurelius. But the wise man knew better than to grant her request. He knew how little is gained in such cases by disputation. He bade her take heart, and employ no means but prayer for his conversion. The boy would come right at last. It was impossible that the son of so many tears should be eternally lost. She was further consoled by a vision, which assured her that where she was there her son should be also. Augustine, to whom she related the circumstance, would have put a different interpretation upon it. Monica was to turn Manichean. She indignantly repelled the supposition. "The vision said not that I should be where you are, but that you should be where I am." He was more impressed with the answer than with the vision.

Our saint had now completed his academic course, in which one book, especially, had stirred his soul with profound effect. It was a work of Cicero, now lost, entitled "Hortensius;" a treatise of philosophy, commending not this or that school, but the search after absolute wisdom.

The soul of Augustine was regenerated by it. He refers to it in his Confessions as the date of a new consciousness—a marked and decisive moment in his mental being. "This book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord, and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me, and I longed, with an incredibly burning desire, for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return unto Thee." One thing he missed in the splendid

Roman—the name and idea of Christ. "That name," says his French biographer, "the son of Monica had imbibed from his mother's breast, and across all the tempests of his young heart the name of Jesus Christ had remained a divine perfume."\*

He embraced the profession of "*rhetor*," or public speaker, and teacher of the arts of speech. The choice was characteristic. It was that profession of all others which yielded the readiest rewards to ambition. It afforded scope for literary culture, yet brought him continually before the public, and linked him with the living world. No profession, however, is more dangerous to the souls of them that practice it than that of public speaker—a profession whose success depends on dexterity of tongue, on the turn of a phrase; on plausibility, not wisdom, nor intellectual or moral worth. It endangers that which is most vital in man, and the loss of which is most fatal—his sincerity.

It is not a favorable indication of the state of the Roman empire at that time, that the public speaker had grown into such repute; that the calling of the rhetor had become so generally popular; that the grave, old, taciturn Roman had grown loquacious. "Given," says Carlyle, "a general insincerity of mind for several generations, you will certainly find the talker established in the place of honor, and the doer hidden in the obscure crowd. All men devoutly prostrate, worshipping the eloquent talker, and no man knows what a scandalous idol he is. Out of whom, in the mildest manner, like comfortable, natural rest, comes mere asphyxia and death everlasting. Probably there is not in nature a more distracted phantasm than your common-place, eloquent speaker."

Augustine himself, in after years, appears to have taken this view of his profession, which he satirizes with an irony as bitter as Carlyle himself could wish: "In those days I taught rhetoric, and, overcome by cupidity, made sale of loquacity."... "And Thou, Lord, from afar perceivedst me stumbling in that slippery course, amid much smoke, emitting some sparks of faithfulness."

As rhetor, then, behold him established in his native city of Tagaste,

and occupying with good success that slippery path; not a mere talker, indeed, but a teacher of talk.

In his twenty-second year, young, lively, enthusiastic, at once a glowing idealist, a dreamer of romantic dreams, and a gay gallant and polished man of the world, he was just the person to attract pupils, and bind them to him with passionate devotion.

And he did attract them. His life-long connection with his friend and pupil, Alypius, began at the lecture-room, in Tagaste.

The school flourished, the rhetor prospered; but a great affliction now befell him, and embittered his brief success. A beloved friend, a companion of his boyhood, bound to him by affinity of tastes and pursuits, by early association and all that nourishes youthful friendship, was struck down by death. In the insensibility of a fever they had administered to him the rite of baptism. Augustine, who had been converting him to Manichæism, made sport of the ceremony.

But his friend in a lucid interval, with an independence he had never before exhibited, bade him forbear. It was no Manichæan speculation that could comfort him in that extreme. And so he died in the simple faith of the church. The soul of Augustine was dissolved in boundless sorrow. "My heart," he says, "was utterly darkened, and whatever I beheld was death. My birth-place was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness." He lived to repent this inordinate grief; and, in one of the most eloquent passages of his autobiography, condemns the love which cleaves to the finite with such mad devotion. No English version can do justice to the terseness of the original—a terseness of which only the Latin is capable. "Happy he who loves Thee, and the friend in Thee, and the enemy because of Thee. He alone loses no dear one, to whom all are dear in him who is never lost. And who is he but our God—the God that made heaven and earth, and who fills them by the act of creation. Thee no one loses but he who dismisses Thee. And he who dismisses Thee, whither can he go or whither flee, but from Thee complacent to Thee irate."

The city was a desert in which this

\* Poujoulat.

void had opened and where this shadow lay. He removed to Carthage, where a wider and richer field was open to his ambition. He had already attained to public honors, had contended for literary prizes, and received "agognistic garlands," from "proconsular hands." He, now in his twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, composed a work on the Beautiful and the Fit. "I think two or three books. Thou knowest how many, O Lord, for it is gone from me, I know not how." His life, at this period, was devoted to study—undefatigable in its assiduity and wide in its range; but probably more discursive than profound. Yet he boasts, with a good deal of complacency, to God, of having mastered Aristotle's predicaments without teacher or guide. Meanwhile his own predicaments, what with the ill-manners of Carthaginian youths, and the unquenchable fire in his bosom, were getting daily more intolerable, and finally drove him from Carthage across the sea to the fore-appointed goal of his spiritual quest.

There was one name which must, in those days, have filled the provincial mind with wonder and longing above all others. Rome, even then, with Byzantium for the capital of the East, and Milan, the seat of the Augusti of the West, was still a synonym for empire. It was still a name which outweighed the world, comprising more and greater memories than any secular name that was named of men. It was still the *urbs xat' ἔξοχην*. Whoever uttered it enunciated in one word a one thousand years of power and glory. Our rhetor was not insensible to these attractions. The world's metropolis drew him to new and nobler triumphs; and revolving his future course, like St. Paul, he concluded within himself: "I must also see Rome." The difficulty was in escaping from Monica, who vehemently opposed his design; but, if he would go, insisted on accompanying him. She feared to trust him away in the wide, wicked, Manichean world, where "grievous wolves" lay in wait to devour him. She had followed him to the sea-shore, suspecting his intent. But he persuaded her to pass the time in a neighboring chapel, while he waited the embarkation of a friend who was to sail with the midnight breeze. She spent the night in prayers that he might stay, and all the while his vessel was cleaving the

seas on the wings of the southwest. And when morning dawned there lay some leagues of Mediterranean waves between mother and son—he to her a speck on the blue waste—she to him a cloud in the horizon. It was deftly but not well done. "And I lied to my mother (and such a mother), and escaped. For this, also, Thou hast mercifully forgiven me, preserving me, thus full of execrable defilements, from the sea, for the waters of Thy grace."

His stay in Rome was brief and embittered by sickness of body as well as the old unrest. His professional success was marred by the graceless habit which the Roman students had, of quitting the classes before the end of the course, leaving the tuition-fees unpaid. "These also," he says pathetically, "my heart hated." When, therefore, the prefect of the city was applied to by the authorities of Milan, to send them a rhetorician at the public cost, Augustine petitioned for the post, and obtained it through the influence of Manichean friends. To Milan he went, unconscious of the good which awaited him there, in that city of his new birth—the native city of his inner-man—where out of the body of death, the soul was to lift itself into newness of life. His mother now joined him, having braved all the perils of the way, that she might, if possible, interpose her influence between him and perils more dreaded than those of land or sea.

His state of mind at this period was one of predominant skepticism. He despaired of finding the absolute truth. His faith in Manicheism had long been shaken by the inability of its teachers, and especially of the celebrated Faustus, whom he had encountered at Carthage, to resolve the objections which had arisen in his mind respecting some parts of the system. But no new doctrine had yet replaced that system in his belief. Platonism, or rather the modification of it by the new Academy which had had such influence on the Greek Fathers, and through them on the early Church, took possession of his mind, and kindled there, as he says, an incredible glow, (*incredible incandium*); but without satisfying his heart, which craved, unknown to himself, a religion instead of philosophy, and authority instead of speculation. He was just in the state to receive the impression of a nature more

powerful than any he had yet been subjected to.

The bishopric of Milan was at this time invested in a man whose praise was in all the churches of the West—a man who combined in beautiful harmony the spiritual potentate with the tender shepherd; the practical counsellor, worldly-wise, with the holy man of God; the liturgical artist with the faithful preacher—a man who could rebuke emperors and comfort poor old women as well—the fancy-type of the true ecclesiastic. What August-dried fields are to September showers, the soul of Augustine was to the preaching of Ambrosius, whose very name seemed a happy preface of immortal food. The first effect of this prelate's discourses was to open to him the Scriptures. On the Old Testament especially, which to Augustine had always been a sealed book, it poured a flood of light, interpreting, typically, those passages which had been most repulsive to his taste, with a liberal disregard, it must be confessed, of the literal import. He now began the study of Paul's Epistles, which, though never entirely comprehended, filled his whole soul, displacing the sages of Alexandria. His mind was now set in the direction of the Catholic church. But a great moral gulf remained to be overcome, and a moral revolution to be accomplished, before he could attain to reconciliation with God in Christ. He was still far estranged from God by abhorrent desires and averted life. He was practically an endemionist, given to sensual pleasures to such a degree, that only, he confesses, the fear of a judgment to come, implanted in his childhood, restrained him from the vilest excesses. The Epicurean philosophy, as a practical system, was the one he would prefer, could he only ignore a future retribution.

The slave of libidinous passion, honestly desiring to shake off that yoke, he turned his thoughts to marriage as a way to escape. His mother, who also saw in wedlock a refuge from lawless indulgence, seconded his views on this subject with great eagerness, and joyfully took upon herself the task of discovering an eligible match. The undertaking proved less easy than her alacrity had figured it. The fastidious exigence of Augustine had embarrassed it with hard conditions. Monica thought him, as we say, "too particular." He

denied the charge. He did not expect perfection, but he never could think of marrying a woman who did not at least possess these four qualifications:—1st, she must be beautiful; 2d, good tempered; 3d, cultivated; 4th, she must have property. These were his four "predicaments," as rigorously determined as Aristotle's ten. The number of females, in whom these four conditions could be united, was limited. But, after much seeking, and inquiring, and advertising, to the effect that "a teacher of rhetoric, recently from Carthage, aged thirty, intending to marry, would receive proposals," a damsel was found whom mother and son agreed in thinking an unexceptionable party, but whose friends, considering her extreme youth, exacted a space of two years before they would give her in marriage. Meanwhile he dismissed the mother of his son Adeodatus, between whom and himself an unrutal connection had subsisted for twelve or thirteen years, and who had accompanied him from Carthage. The unhappy woman, who loved him with devoted affection, was sent back, like Hagar, to Africa, only, as it shamefully turned out, to make room for another similar connection pending the intended marriage. The blackest spot in Augustine's history is this passage. But the time was at hand when the grace of God was to triumph over lust and passion in that sin-bound soul.

We come to the story of Augustine's conversion. From the time of his arrival in Milan, many consenting influences had tended to that result. The way was prepared. His moral sense had been roused; his conscience convicted of sin; his heart desired the needed change; he longed to be delivered from the bondage of corruption. To will was present, but how to perform that which is good was not yet found. "For as the needle of a compass," says Taylor, "when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses, waves on either side, and seems indifferent in its courtship of the rising or declining sun, and when it seems first determined to the north, stands awhile trembling, as if it suffered inconvenience in the fruition of its desires, and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motions, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety and so is the conversion of a man wrought by degrees



and several steps of imperfection. At first our choices are wavering, convinced by the grace of God, and yet not persuaded, and then persuaded, but not resolved, and then resolved, but deferring to begin." It needed an impulse from without to polarize the wavering will, and precipitate the new creation. That impulse came, as it often does, in the carriage of a trifling occasion. He was sitting in deep dejection with his friend Alypius, whose interior state resembled his own. A countryman of theirs, Pontitianus, an officer of rank in the army, and a zealous Christian, entered the room, and was surprised at seeing on the table, instead of some classic or Manichean author, a copy of Paul's Epistles. He began a religious conversation, in the course of which he told of Anthony, the hermit, who had followed literally the command of Christ to the rich young man, to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and then to follow him; also of two friends of his, on the eve of marriage, who, reading the story of that sacrifice, had renounced their betrothed, and given themselves to God.

Augustine received the narration as an admonition to himself; and when their friend was departed, he exclaimed to Alypius: "What suffer we? What is this? Do you hear? The unlearned arise, and take the kingdom of Heaven by force, and we, with our heartless learning, behold! we wallow in flesh and blood. Are we ashamed to follow, because they preceded, and not ashamed *not* to follow, at least?" He seized the volume of Paul's Epistles, and rushed into the garden adjoining the house. "I raved in my spirit," he says, "indignant, with stormiest indignation, that I did not enter into Thy will and covenant, O my God, though all my bones cried aloud to me to enter. But thither goes no one with chariots, or with ships, or with feet."... "To go thither, and to arrive there, is nothing else but to will to go—but to will it bravely and wholly."... "And Thou Lord didst stand by me in my hidden parts, with severe pity and duplicated lashes of fear and shame, that I might not relapse, and the feeble and slender cord be broken, that yet remained; but recover strength, and more strongly bind me. And I said to myself, Do it now! Do it now! And, while I spoke, I all but entered into Thy will. I almost

did it, and did it not. And still I struggled, and there wanted but little, and I was there. And a little less. Now, now, I could touch—I could lay hold. And I was not there, and I did not touch, nor lay hold. Hesitating to die unto death and to live unto life." So raged the conflict in Augustine's breast. At one time, his pleasant vices plucked him by his "fleshy garment," and asked him if he meant to abandon them forever—if, after that moment, he would never more know pleasure. Then, again, the "chaste dignity of continence" beckoned, and showed him multitudes of youths and maidens, and people of every age, who had lived a pure and virgin life. That continence, "not sterile, but fruitful mother of joy, children begotten of Thee, Lord, her spouse." "Why standest thou on thyself," she said, "and findest no footing? Throw thyself upon Him, and fear not—He will not stand from under, and let thee fall." And still he hesitated. He turned his eye inward, and shuddered as he looked through the rifts of passion, down into the unsunned depths of his breast—into hideous gulfs of bottomless guile—into weltering abysses of insatiate lust, and saw the hells opened—hell underneath hell—in his darkling, selfish heart. Then, by contrast, came glimpses of the Christian's heaven. He saw, in the jeweled splendor of its mystic foundations, the golden city, and the nations of them that are saved, walking in the light of it, and the river of life ever welling. He heard the Spirit and the bride say "Come!" and he felt that it needed but an effort of the will to obey the call, to come and take up his everlasting rest. And, when he found himself incapable of that effort, still cleaving to the flesh, a tempest of despair broke loose in his soul, and gushed, in fierce torrents, from his eyes. He cast himself on the ground, in the utter abandonment of helpless woe. It was the death-agony of the carnal will, dying to self and sin. And he lay as one dead, his only last thought—"Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

"Tolle, lege!" "Tolle, lege!" "Take and read," sang the voice of a child at play, in some neighboring house. Like a call from heaven, it struck the ear of the prostrate penitent. "Take and read." Yes! he will read. In the Scripture help may be found. For



what else was Scripture given, but to succor such as he. He unrolled the codex which lay by his side—the Epistles of Paul, in the Latin version—and resolved that the words on which his eye first lighted should decide his purpose, and determine his destiny. They were these: “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in your desires.”\* He found the passage providentially adapted to his condition. With awe he perceived that God had spoken to his soul. And he, that was in the grave, heard his voice, and came forth unto the resurrection of life. The old man had dropped from him, like grave-clothes; corruptible had put on incorruption. He stood there, a new creation—his purpose irrevocably fixed—his will subdued by victorious grace; and now, through grace, victorious. The needle was turned to its beloved star, and suffered no “inconvenience in the fruition of its desires.” The moral nature, self-determined with elective polarity, pointed Godward, its axis parallel with that of the moral creation—the law of liberty.

His purpose of marriage was abandoned; he resolved to live celibate—for so the ascetic spirit of the time required that all should live, who would follow Christ to the uttermost, with practical obedience. He renounced his profession, and withdrew from public life, intending to devote himself to theological studies, and the service of Christian truth. He was now thirty-two years of age; and, if spared to complete the normal term of human existence, might look forward to many years of profitable labor.

Seldom has a man, at that period of life, had such a future unrolled before him. Never did man more nobly redeem the promise of his future with his life and works.

The space we have occupied with the forming period in Augustine's history, precludes a full exhibition of his ecclesiastical, episcopal life, and leaves but little room for a critical estimate of the author, the theologian, and the man. To complete the biographical outline, the following data must suffice. The interval between his conversion and his baptism, spent partly at Cassiciacum—the country-seat of a friend—and partly at Milan, was given to

philosophic and literary labors, and produced the treatise “*Contra Academicos*,” directed against the skeptics of the Neoplatonic school; with several other works, of minor importance, on grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, music, and immortality—of which, the last two only were completed, and have survived. If these writings possess but little philosophical value, they show, at least, the prodigious intellectual uberty of the man. It seems to have been his desire, before entering the church, to wind up his accounts with secular philosophy, and to gather and preserve the fruits of his past intellectual life. At the Easter celebration, in 387, he received from Ambrose the waters of baptism, and was made a member of the body of Christ. He soon after departed, with his mother and son, for Africa. At Ostia, on the way, Monica died. “For one thing only have I wished to live,” said she, in her last moments, “that I might see thee a Catholic Christian. God hath blessed me, beyond measure, in this. Why should I yet linger?” With this event terminates the historical part of the Confessions, published in the year 400. For what else we know of Augustine, we are chiefly indebted to his friend, Possidius.

After the death of his mother, he spent some months in Rome, where he wrote two works against the Manichæans. In the autumn of 388, he returned to Africa—to his native Tagaste—sold the property inherited from his father, and gave the proceeds to the poor; reserving only so much as might suffice for the bare necessities of life. Here he lived three years, with his friends, Alypius and Evodius; acquired great reputation for his sanctity and wisdom, and wrote various works—polemic, dogmatic, philosophic. In 392, he was called to the office of presbyter at Hippo Regius, the modern Bona; and, in 395, in his forty-first or forty-second year, on the death of Valerius, the former incumbent, he was appointed bishop of that see; an office which he held until his death, displaying in it all the executive ability required of Christian bishops, in an age, when the bishop, like Melchizedec, united, in one office, monarch and priest; and when the destinies of society, and the future of humanity, were committed chiefly to

\* According to the Vulgate.

the shepherd-kings of young Christendom. With the dignity and power of a sovereign, he lived the life almost of a pauper—so simple his habits, so abstemious his vegetable fare. He was virtually bishop, not only of Hippo, but of Africa; in fact, of the entire West—the leading mind of the Latin church. His activity was directed, in part, to the inner, organic polity and well-being of the church, and partly to literary labors; most of all, to the refutation and extermination of the heretics who threatened the integrity of its doctrine—Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists. Toward the latter, especially, he exhibited implacable severity; seconding, if not originating the fierce persecutions of that sect by the Emperor Honorius, and thereby precipitating the calamity which, soon after, overwhelmed the African church, and finally extirpated Christianity from the very field which he himself had tilled with such success. In 428, came Genseric with his Vandals—summoned and aided by the vengeful Donatists—took possession of the land, and laid waste the churches of the Catholic faith.

"The conquest of Africa," says Gibbon, "was facilitated by the active zeal or the secret favor of a domestic faction. The wanton outrages against the churches and the clergy, of which the Vandals were accused, may be fairly imputed to the fanaticism of their allies; and the intolerant spirit which disgraced the triumph of Christianity, contributed to the loss of the most important province of the West."

Hippo Regius was besieged; but, before it fell, the fleshly citadel of its bishop was stormed and carried by the arch-Vandal, who spares neither Donatist nor Catholic, heretic nor saint. After a ten days' illness spent in prayer and penance—with the penitential psalms affixed, for convenience, to the wall, by his bed-side—on the 28th of August, 430, he laid down the burden of his seventy-five years, and passed victorious on, from life to life. His vacant bishopric had no successor. Africa fell into the hands of Genseric. That cherished jewel of the Roman empire, "*speciositas totius terre florentis*," sparkled awhile in the diadem of the Vandal. A century passed, Belisarius seized and set it in the crown of Justinian. Another century, and

Omar mounted it in the ring of the caliphate. The Greek supplanted the Vandal—the Saracen supplanted the Greek. Africa was blotted out from the map of Christendom. But Christian Africa had produced one fruit, whose fragrance escaped the desolations of the sword, and whose seed has survived the dissolutions of time. In Moorish Bona, to this day, the memory of Augustine endures, as that of the Gheber saint, who taught the religion of the Son of Mary, before the birth of Mohammed. In many a New England Sunday-school, to this day, the unconscious catechumen receives, from the Assembly's catechism, the hereditary burden of Augustinian theology.

As an author and a man of letters, St. Augustine occupies a place which belongs to no other of the Fathers of the church. Less learned than Justin Martyr, or Gregory of Nazianzen, among the Greeks—than Jerome among the Latins; less profound than Origen; less forcible than Chrysostom, and not more eloquent than Lactantius, he is yet the only one of them all who has acquired an extra-ecclesiastical reputation—the only one who is anything more than a name to the common run of educated laity; who possesses a literary fame, independent of church authority or calendar renown. As an author, he is characterized, first of all, by immense fecundity. Setting aside the quality of his writings, in the mere matter of uberty he ranks among the wonders in that kind, and may be classed with Lope de Vega, Voltaire, G. P. R. James, and other monsters of the pen. One shudders at the sight of those ponderous six folios, which yet do not contain all his writings. Some have been recently added to the number, by Cardinal Mai, from the unpublished MSS. of the Vatican.\* Others, it is said, remain, to be added. Possidius speaks of a thousand and thirty essays, but confesses that all were not known to him. It would seem to be the work of a life, only to read what that enterprising pen has traced. In fact, the reading might prove, perhaps, the more difficult task of the two.

Boehringer divides these productions into nine classes—philosophic, apologetic, polemic, dogmatic, exegetic, ascetic, homiletic, auto-biographic, and the Retractations.

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\* Schaff.

For the general reader, the Confessions, the Meditations and Soliloquies, and the City of God, are the most attractive, and, perhaps, the most important, as revealing—especially the two former—the interior life of the man. The City of God belongs to the class apologetic. This most celebrated of Augustine's works deserves particular notice. Its aim was, to vindicate the Christian church against the accusations of Pagan conservatives, who ascribed the calamities which had come upon the Roman empire to the dereliction of the ancient faith. It was early in the fifth century that Alaric swept the land with his devastating hosts. The city of Rome had felt the sharpness of the Gothic sword, and suffered such spoiling as never before since the Gallic invasion, in the time of Camillus. The heathen mind imputed these disasters to vacant temples, and forbidden rites, with which Christian emperors and a recreant people had offended the tutelary *numina* of ancient Rome. St. Augustine rebuts the charge, commemorates the evils experienced by the Romans before the introduction of Christianity, exposes the vices of the old religion, then traces the two great politics, or lines of civilization, which, since the beginning of the world, have proceeded in parallel developments—the worldly, and the spiritual—the terrene city, and the city of God. The latter has ultimated in the Christian church. The church of Christ is the City of God, including all the righteous, from Abel downward. This city, at the expiration of the sixth day of human history, then in progress, on the seventh shall put on the heavenly state; the dead being raised, the living transfigured, and all made partakers of one felicity. "This seventh day," he says, "will be our Sabbath, whose end will be no evening, but a Lord's day, as it were an eighth day everlasting. Then we shall rest, and we shall see; we shall see, and we shall love; we shall love, and we shall praise. This is what will be in the end without end. For what other end to us than to reach the kingdom of which there is no end?" In connection with this design, the work embodies much valuable historic and philosophic knowledge; in fact, is a kind of compendium of philosophy and history, as well as of Christian doctrine. The author concludes with this morally

and rhetorically characteristic period: "I seem to myself, with the help of God, to have paid the debt of this great work. May they pardon me to whom it is too much, and they to whom it is too little. And let them to whom it is sufficient, in their congratulations thank not me, but God with me. Amen."

As a stylist, Augustine is chiefly distinguished by impetuous fervor. Not the fervor of profound thought, but the fervor of lively passion; the flashing of that fiery nature which procured for him, in the old pictorial representations, the symbol of the flaming heart. This fascinating warmth conveys at first an impression, or awakens an expectation of eloquence, which further acquaintance does not fully sustain, and which is frequently marred by an over-curious, artificial diction, abounding in puns, assonances, antitheses, and all sorts of tricks and quibbles, which provoke, at last, the impatient criticism of Lorenzo: "O, dear discretion! how his words are suited." The language of devotion, in the Meditations, is often striking, and even sublime; but often, too, it degenerates into puerile conceits, and endless repetition of verbal paradoxes. "Thou, Lord, fillest heaven and earth; bearing all things without burden, filling all things without inclusion; ever acting, yet ever at rest; gathering, though Thou needest nothing; seeking, though Thou wantest nothing; loving without heat; jealous, although secure; repenting, and not grieving; angry, and yet tranquil." And so on, to the end of the chapter. A great reader, he was yet singularly deficient in solid learning. His acquaintance with Greek was so slight, that, strange as it may seem, there is reason to doubt if he even read the New Testament in the original. Acute and penetrating, seldom profound, or profound only in sentiment, not in thought—as a controversialist, nimble and adroit, a skillful wrangler, not a powerful logician—he is often unfair toward his opponents, especially the Manichees, whose philosophy, notwithstanding he was tainted to the last with its leading idea, he never fully fathomed. When hard pushed, he dodges the point at issue, extricates himself with a sophism, or evaporates in a generality. But no weak point in his adversary's case escapes him, and no chance of a home thrust is ever suffered to go by. When Manes exhorts

to repentance, he triumphantly asks the Manichees, which soul it is that repents, the good or the bad? If the bad, then it is not bad, seeing that it can repent; if the good, what need of repentance? Fancy and understanding, wit and reflection were more developed in him than the higher faculties of imagination and reason. He saw nothing in the dry light of pure intellect, but everything steeped in passion. As a writer, on the whole, he is subtle, ingenious, captivating, rather than satisfactory or strong.

Augustine's significance in dogmatic theology is so momentous, his agency in the history of Christian dogma so immense, that a separate essay would be needed to exhibit him in this relation. One or two critical suggestions are all that our limits will allow. He was resolutely and rigorously Catholic. Christianity with him was, once for all, identified with the Catholic church. The idea of a possible Christianity outside of that communion, he would not tolerate. Every attempt in that kind, he attacked with implacable zeal. Notwithstanding the tenderness professed for the Manicheans, in that well-known passage, quoted by Locke, he warred against heretics, and especially Donatists, with furious hostility; and, unhappily, lent the sanction of his great name to swell the black list of Christian persecutors. Starting with the false assumption, that truth is something objective, to be appropriated with the understanding, or conquered by the will, and failing to find what he sought in Manes, or in Plato, the idea, that God must have instituted some infallible method, or repository of truth, first turned his attention to the Catholic church. And once received into its bosom, so entirely did he surrender himself to its dictates, that he expressly declares, he would not believe the gospel itself, except the authority of the church impelled him to do so. It is worthy of note, that the Catholic church, while honoring him with a place in her calendar, has not rewarded his devotion to her doctrinal authority with a like devotion to his. Doctrinally, he stands in closer relations with the Protestant church than with the Catholic, whose prevailing tendency has been Pelagian, and therefore anti-Augustinian. His views of man, of sin, of grace, and predestination, ever coldly received

and faintly acknowledged by his own communion, did not blossom into popular favor until the Reformers of the sixteenth century revived the African theology.

In spite of his war against the Manichees, he remained to the last, unconsciously but virtually and essentially, Manichean in his theory of human nature. This opinion which we had formed on a partial acquaintance, we find corroborated by others more deeply versed than ourselves in his works, though stoutly denied by his biographer, Poujoulat, and denied by himself in his controversy with Julian, who had charged it upon him. His anti-manicheism had led him to deny the substantiality and self-existence of evil, which he justly defines as privation, not substance. But his doctrine of human nature, converting Paul's rhetoric into logic, substantizes sin, and thus reproduces in altered form the Manichean theory of two natures and souls. What the good and evil principle are in the doctrine of Manes, that nature and grace are in the doctrine of Augustine; nature in man, antecedent to conversion, being wholly and only evil.

The Eastern church had developed the doctrine of triune divinity. The Western, in the person of the Bishop of Hippo, developed the doctrine of humanity. What Athanasius is to the Christology of the church, that Augustine is to its anthropology. That system of views which, in substance, was reproduced and rearranged by Calvin, in the sixteenth century, and is known to us familiarly as Calvinism, is the doctrine represented by our saint, its earliest systematic expositor; exhibited most fully in the controversy with Pelagius, where we see it contrasted with the opposite system. In this controversy, the imputation of Adam's sin and Christ's sinlessness, predestination, human inability, total depravity, the unnaturalness of goodness, and the consequent absence of it in all but Catholic Christians, and the consequent damnation of all unbaptized—whether infants or adults—are asserted with undoubting consequence. It is not our purpose to discuss these views, nor is this the place for such discussion. We will only say that the system of Augustine appears to us tainted with two essential defects. The first is its fatal Manicheism. It recognizes but two

agents, but two intelligences in the universe, God and the devil. Man disappears, human nature is annihilated. Humanity is not a middle term between those two; but only a medium for the manifestation of God or the devil. Man, unbaptized and unconverted, is nature, i. e., evil; man, converted and baptized, is a manifestation of grace, i. e., God. Our other objection to it is, that it makes all goodness in man exotic, not native; and thereby destroys the obligation of goodness and impairs our interest in it. Goodness is not the legitimate product of human nature—the fruit which it yields or should yield under proper cultivation by divine aid—but something which God, by an arbitrary act, affixes to it, displays in it, or performs upon it—not natural, but preternatural, or even contranatural. It is something which man has no call to cultivate because no power to produce.

If only the divine plant, once imported, could be naturalized and propagate itself in the soil of this world; if only the tree, once grafted, would continue to produce the heavenly fruit; but, no! every ratable stem in the garden of humanity—every tree which the Lord accepts—is an exotic, a stranger on exhibition, whose very roots, if you examine them, are set in a tub of foreign mould. Every instance of goodness, which the Augustinian can allow to be such, is an apple of Paradise hung by a thread of grace on a tree of Sodom, and hung there, not to fructify and bless to future generations the surrounding waste, but to make it by contrast more accursed. Grant man as depraved as you will, short of absolute incapacity for good, inherent in his nature and vitiating and transmuting the fundamental constitution of him, so that humanity in its constitutive, radical type, has come to be congenious with hell; but grant at least a germ, a capacity of good. Leave us, at least, the idea of man as a kind distinct from that of devil. Place the action of the Spirit within the plant and not without it. Make the act of grace to consist in fertilizing the soil, in tilling, showering, grafting (if you please) the tree; not in eradicating, not in supplanting, not in transferring an abnormal fruit of grace to a graceless stem. If goodness and man belong to each other by destination and design, there must be some normal relation, some natural affinity between them.

Then the natural man and the spiritual are not distinct in kind, but different epochs of one being, different stages of one life. All which is spiritual in man is natural in its root, and all which is truly natural in man is capable of spiritual fruit.

It is easy to interpret, from his own experience, the views of a man in whom so vast a change had been wrought by grace, and who might seem to himself—contrasting the present with the past—to have become, in his new career, the medium of a spirit not his own. But let us confess, that with all his eminent graces and gifts, there was not in Augustine that calm intuition, that patient deliberation and cautious judgment which alone can give weight to authority, or certify soundness of opinion in matters of faith. The value of a man's conclusions on one point is rightly estimated by the practical judgment, or want of judgment, which he manifests on others; and who, at this day, can receive with implicit reliance, or receive without grave deductions, the opinions of one who solemnly testifies to numerous miracles, and among them three resurrections from the dead, performed within his knowledge by contact with the tomb of a saint?

If we have seemed in these strictures less than just to the honored father whose portraiture we have essayed, it is not, we trust, from want of ability or will to discern and acknowledge his quality and claims. It is not from any want of reverence for the saint, or delight in the man. Precious to us, as to any, that great memory. We admire the mighty energy which bore the earthly accidents and name of Augustine. We honor the laborious and unwearied devotion to Christ and the church which knew no pause and asked no reward but the rest that remaineth for the people of God. We revere the steadfast virtue which, by grace abounding, could trample at once on lusts long indulged, and walk unswerving in the teeth of such passions—the elected path of ascetic abnegation. To us, as to all Christendom for evermore, the name of Augustine stands for a spiritual fact of holiest import. Had nothing survived of him but the story of his life, that alone would be a heritage of price to the world. The real import of the man, stripped of all accidents, lies in his conversion. A conversion more satisfac-



tory and complete, with such antecedents, on such a level of intellectual life, the annals of religion do not record. Here is a man, who was dead and lived again; who, past the bloom and pliancy of life, but still in the heat of its passions and fiercest carnal demands—having lived for thirty years to the flesh, a selfish voluptuary—on a day, in an hour, turned right about in the path he was treading, and ever after, with his back to the world and his face toward God, for forty long years, made every day of his life the round of a ladder, by which he climbed into glory.

The life which contains that fact, is

it not a benediction to all generations? The church which inscribes that life on her annals, shall she not record it with the prefix of saint? But what then? Because of the saint, shall we not see the limitations of the man? Or worse, because of the limitations of the man, shall we refuse to acknowledge the saint? A saint he was, if ever mortal deserved that name; but, for all that, a very imperfect man. Humanity is more than any saint, than all saints. It includes them all, it transcends them all. Humanity's calendar is never full, and the holiest in it serve us best when they point to something higher than themselves.

## OWLCOPSE.

### IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

#### I.

PHIL came to see Ellen as often as the press of spring work would let him. Mr. Brooks continued to remain in town on business; and, his moral responsibilities not facing him in the shape of his children, ate meat twice a day, saying apologetically that he had been in error all his life, and the body was such a slave of habit that he feared, at his advanced age, to abandon it altogether, "though he did so at home for the sake of the boys."

All the family exchanged malicious glances while he imposed upon himself, with cheerful submission, this "beastly habit," and even passed his plate a second time for more. Mrs. Grey was tempted to ask him to go out and kill her an ox; but she was too kind to retort, and too hospitable not to be delighted to see with what pitiless teeth he rent in pieces those poor dumb victims of human perversity. We must here say, that if a slaveholder or distiller had recognized his error, and remained in it for the sake of his own good or pleasure, Mr. Brooks would have been so filled with virtuous indignation as to have cast that man into the lowest depths. For the ignorant, he had the half pardon of "fool and jäckass." But woe to those who did not walk by their light! they were ridden a witch's chase on his

humanity-broomstick, and hurled, energetically, into the dark pit. Take care, Mr. Brooks, that your broomstick is not a beam bearing along the mote of another's eye!

Mrs. Grey was indefatigable in creating amusements to cheer up Ellen. "Her blood needs to be stirred," she would constantly say to Mr. Grey; and so the piano would clatter away, and the house be shaken with laughter and the spring of elastic feet.

"Is that Mr. Brooks standing up there to dance?" said Ellen to Rose, on one of those evenings, in a voice of the blankest amazement.

"Why! yes, I declare!" said Rose, rising to get a better view, "with your mother, too; I heard her begging him to make up the set, but had no idea his courtesy would go so far. How straight, young, and handsome he looks! He is imposing; and, if he hadn't such a contempt for me, I should try to get through his outside crust and find out the texture of his curious material. He is dancing! Well, I believe something could be made of him. I wish I was in your place, Ellen dear, I would presume upon this to carry home one of every kind of instrument, and hold incessant jubilees; I would so besiege him with my own opinions and feelings he'd not have a chance to open his mouth; and



if he didn't end by conversion, make myself so disagreeable he would turn me out of the house!"

Ellen looked at her with the admiration the timid feel for the brave, and then turned to watch Mr. Brooks, whom she longed to kiss, as a pardon for ever having thought him hard. There he was, bobbing up and down, and ladies' chaining, like a common mortal; in the animation of the dance, and blaze of flattering light, resembling Phil astonishingly. His front teeth were all perfect, and very white, and his smile of peculiar beauty. Anybody in the room would have sworn him to be the most agreeable and genial of old gentlemen. And so he was, away from home, his hobby under check—further proved by his playing cards, after supper, and chucking Abby under the chin, for having tickled his ear with a straw. Some malicious persons said they saw him sipping wine; but, unless he did it out of compliment to an old lady, it is too much for us to believe.

Ellen felt all the contrition that sensitive souls suffer at misjudging another. She thought the fault was hers; if she had tried harder to approach him, he would have been more accessible. Perhaps the day might come, when she could sit on his knee, and he would stroke her hair, as her good father did. She made an effort to talk to him. He was polite and attentive, but so stiff and self-disciplined that he never betrayed any feeling; and, with one whose eyes never moistened at the most touching sentiments, Ellen could not go beyond formalities.

## II.

The town visit over, Ellen retraced the road she had first passed as a bride. Phil sat beside her. Spring budded around; the brisk motion of the carriage invigorated her; but how changed the feeling of hope and joy that glorified her first ride. She knew the home she was going to, and the dreary life that awaited her.

"Nelly," said Phil, taking her thin hand, "I am going to try to arrange it not to have much to do, this summer, so that I can be more with you. There are some pretty rides and walks round the other side of the mountain. You've never been through the gorge. It's very wild and picturesque."

She pressed his hand to her lips and

forehead, and the face she turned towards him was so suffused and radiant that Phil was startled. She was not absolutely necessary to him. When busy in what interested him, he could get along quite well without her. So he did not exactly comprehend her emotion. Phil loved Ellen as many men and women love. She was a comfort and solace to him when he had nothing else to do; but as for neglecting anything, or hurrying to make moments to spend with her, if Phil had thought of it at all, he would have decided it to be spooney. Just now he felt a little worried about losing his solace, and concluded he must try to drive her around, and amuse her. Amuse her! He was somewhat tinged with his father's notion, that it was pleasure Ellen wanted. Guilty Ellen! So it was—the pleasure of being alone with Phil—the craving for the endearments of life!

## III.

Mr. Brooks had not yet returned to the farm, and there was a visible change in the atmosphere. The boys seemed to breathe more freely. They joked and laughed, made bad puns (they had so little practice!), and showed themselves as merry as could be expected from benumbed sensation a little thawed out. Jim bought a fife, and tooted perseveringly. Sam joined the village singing-school, and put scented pomatum on his hair. Phil knocked down some inconvenient old eye-sores, and put up more commodious and elegant buildings in their places; for, whenever Phil proposed any beautifying improvements, Mr. Brooks's answer was, that "a respectable family had lived there before them, and found the house convenient and good enough. What was he more ambitious than his neighbors for? He was better off now than he ought to be, if humanity were righted."

Phil spent a little more time at home, and took Ellen to ride frequently. He hired a gardener to mark off beds, and prepare them for her. How little it takes to make the child-like happy! There is Ellen, a perfect goose, in Brooks's philosophy, growing plumper on these trifles, and looking up into Phil's face with a sunny smile, as he twines a trellis for her cypress vines. His rose-gift is in the middle of her favorite bed. It has been carefully

watered, morning and night, and bends with the weight of its buds. We cannot help thinking how like Ellen is to the rose, in her delicate organization—blooming brightly under the refreshing sprinkling of love and happiness, and withering away in the dry season of neglect.

## IV.

Mr. Brooks came back; he lavishly shed out the light he had acquired in various places on progressive subjects, and the family sank again into its accustomed grimness and apathy.

"I declar' now, Mr. Brooks," said Jane, innocently, "the boys are a heap gayer when you're away. You are so dignified, like, I 'spects they're 'fraid of you."

Jane, no doubt, thought she was paying him a compliment, as she had been taught in slavery that striking fear into people was the grand result to be obtained; but Mr. Brooks was touched in a tender point.

He, so full of the spirit of love, inspiring fear and constraint? It was a gross error. He had never struck the boys since they were born; he had never spoken harshly to them; he had always advised and counseled them as a friend. No father in the world was more entitled to the confidence of his children than he. He had avoided the world for their sake, and devoted himself to preserving them from old errors, and time-honored customs. He felt very sore, as he revolved this in his mind, for he desired to be loved by his children, but soon dismissed it as a foolish fancy of Jane's.

Would it have been any solace to Mr. Brooks, to have known that most followers of systems and original-training inventors have met with the same black ingratitude from their children?

## V.

A few days after, Phil brought home from the village some vines, for Ellen to plant at each post of the porch, and the corners of the house. She saw, in imagination, the bare house embowered in fragrant woodbine, clematis, coral-honeysuckle, sweet-brier, and multiflora, and thought how pretty it would look from the avenue, and how bewitching the porch would be, of moonlight evenings, with its fretted network of leaves and shadows, and the perfume

stealing in with the breeze. She told the gardener just where to put them, and was called into the house to attend to something. She hurried out again, as soon as possible, and found them still leaning up against the wheelbarrow, in their straw envelopes.

"Mercy! Mark," said she; "why don't you plant these vines? They'll be so wilted they can't revive."

"I'm going to this minute, Miss," replied he, putting them into the wheelbarrow, and trundling them off.

"Where are you going, Mark?"

"Mr. Brooks told me to plant them over yonder, against the stone wall. He says they'll make the house mouldy and damp, and loosen the shingles. There ain't much of a place for them to creep there; but there's where he said, anyhow. My daughter has trained vines all over our house, and it looks mighty pretty of a summer's day. I never thought about the mould; but I guess the house will last as long as we do; and if it don't, she'll have had her pleasure out of it, at least. 'Feelings before use,' is my motto;" and Mark shouldered his spade, and went his way.

Ellen wept long that morning, for she saw a ghastly, haunting shadow beside her, her own life consecrated to use, standing bare like the house, with no verdure to clothe it, no saintly halo of flowers to crown it, no perfume—angel of invisible things—to fan it with its lily wings. She looked abroad upon the lavish richness of creation, the luxury of divine love that crept, like the ivy, over the bare trunk of use; and, as in a dream, the trunk turned into Mr. Brooks, with a bright axe in his hand, chopping down the vine that seemed to him to impede his healthy action.

## VI.

June passed—and Ellen seemed to mould and dampen instead of prospering under the vineless system. Her back became so weak and painful that the least exercise prostrated her. She sat alone all day long, and far into the evening; for it was harvest time, and all hands were brought briskly into requisition. Mr. Brooks dozed beside her, pinned up in a newspaper to keep the flies off, and the solitude of antipathy stretched wide between them. Yes, antipathy. Ellen confessed it to herself with a groan, and sank on her knees to

ask pardon for the sinful feeling. She had caught herself in a pleasant speculation upon "What if he should die?" and bowed down with a remorse as keen as a murderer's, the heat of passion past. That she should wish anybody dead, above all, Phil's father, who had nursed him in sickness! Oh, was there ever a wretch so wicked? And Ellen loathed herself, and wrestled with the demon. But as soon as she had succeeded in creating a kind feeling, it was crushed out by some new disregard on Mr. Brooks's part.

Her garden had been a sad failure. The chickens had pecked up all her seeds, and in hot days had burrowed round the damp roots of the plants, and cast them entirely out of the ground. Only a few sturdy ones and the rose-bush remained. The beds were choked up; for Ellen could no longer stoop to weed them. She still visited them morning and evening, and remarked, with terror, that her rose-bush was beginning to wither. She loosened the earth around it, trimmed it, picked the insects off, and continued to water it carefully; but it hung its head lower day after day, and finally crisped up and died. She mourned its loss as if it were a human pet.

One morning she had risen early, and sat by the window that looked towards the garden. She heard a splash as of falling water, and went to the door to see what it was. One of the flower-beds was directly under Mr. Brooks's window. She caught sight of his retreating figure, and the withered rose-stalk glittering with drops. The mystery of its death was explained. Mr. Brooks, in accordance with dietetic rules, never to leave standing water in your room, had emptied his slops out of the window. If there had been a corn-stalk there, he would have thrown them elsewhere; but flowers were of no use, and took up a great deal of time that might be devoted to a better purpose.

Again the demon took possession of Ellen.

#### VII.

Phil received, through a friend of Mr. Brown's, a note from him, with some music and a Parian vase for Ellen. He said his visit would have to be deferred until spring, as he had been detained in Europe all summer, and his affairs were in a neglected state. He

hoped Ellen would learn the music and accept the vase. He had bought it because it reminded him of her.

Ellen thought it was a singular idea, and wondered where the resemblance could be. It was a slender vase, of exquisite form, a wounded dove with outstretched neck and open beak. The plumage was life-like, and the expression of anguish in the posture and eye so touching, that Ellen's heart swelled as she gazed at it. With the yearning for sympathy which all beautiful objects awoke in her, she carried it quickly to the parlor to show it. The boys liked it very well. Ellen advanced beamingly with it toward Mr. Brooks.

"Isn't it lovely?" said she.

"Yes," answered he mechanically, "but 'twould be better if 'twas shiny. Those rough things are troublesome to keep clean. They catch the dirt, and when they're washed, the towel-lint sticks to them. Now I don't understand why people make such designs. I had a great deal rather see a cow; that looks peaceful and pleasant. They are always wanting to kill something in pictures: men butchering each other in war; lovers stabbing rivals; Cleopatra with an asp; somebody in prison eating up his children; and hunters shooting innocent animals. If they must represent killing, why not let it be an owl eating a bat or a mouse, or a cat munching a rat? There would be some sense and use in that, since noxious animals ought to be destroyed."

"But an owl is so hideous!" exclaimed Ellen.

"I don't know what you mean by 'hideous,'" said Mr. Brooks, indignantly. It was made by the Creator, and bears the Divine impress as well, and better than your sentimental pets. To my taste it is at least as handsome, and much more serviceable than the original of that bauble you hold there."

As Ellen left him talking, and stole out of the room with the dove, a less vivid imagination than Mr. Brooks's might have seen the resemblance between them.

#### VIII.

Mr. Brooks continued, diligently, to read newspaper literature, and thus became master of many valuable discoveries. One day he told Jane never to put turnips on the table again. They had

been analyzed, and found very unwholesome. Another day he ordered off the molasses can. It had been analyzed, and contained poison; then coffee, and so on through a long list that might be found by referring to a certain progressive paper, whose name we have forgotten. The table variety was reduced down to three or four articles of food recognized by high authorities as devoid of death principles.

Ellen, who grew feebler, and occupied the sofa more and more, had many fanciful desires, but she was ashamed of them as stomach cravings and sensualities; and she "mortified the flesh" in silence. They all talked to her of the benefit of exercise, and the danger of indolence; so she dragged herself about till nature gave out exhausted.

## IX.

She sat on a straight-backed chair one afternoon, reading an article on the preservation of health that Mr. Brooks had just handed to her, when Sam came in holding something with a handkerchief over it.

"There, Nelly," said he, "is a poor little dove for you. I found it on the ground over at the other end of the farm. It's been shot in the wing, and the hunter couldn't find it, I suppose. I'd like to catch him firing on our place! I'd thrash him, I can tell you."

"Well now, there's your vase in real life," said Mr. Brooks, glancing at Ellen over his spectacles. "Mr. Brown's gift was a bad omen."

The dove stood on the table, its wounded wing hanging down, its breast panting, and its mild, frightened eye gazing piteously at Ellen. She took it to caress it; but it pecked her and made such efforts to escape that she was afraid it would break its wing.

"Do you think it will live, that 'twill ever get tame?" said she eagerly to Sam.

"It's not a bad hurt, and they're very easily tamed. It will be something to amuse you, and I'll help you tame it."

Good Sam, he was rather a dull boy, but he had such a kind heart! And Ellen kissed with affection his great, sunburnt, freckled hand.

She emptied the work out of her hand-somest basket, filled it with cotton, and put the dove in it, with crumbs and water near its beak. For several days

it trembled at her approach, and pecked her furiously, but gradually endured her caresses, and at length seemed to solieit them. It was soon well enough to hop about and scramble upon Ellen's shoulder.

## X.

*Letter from Ellen to Rose.*

"Oh! dear Rose, poor Sam is dead! He was kicked in the chest by a horse last Saturday, lingered a few days in great agony, and died yesterday. His life so short and so dreary! oh! why did I not try harder to cheer it, to forget myself and everything else to show him openly the tender affection I felt for him? It is in vain I excuse myself with his reserve and my feeble health; remorse and grief are in my soul. If we could see the little while the living are to be spared to us, how great our courage and sacrifices would be? But we have to bear the great burden of conscience about, while our hearts are sore with the loss of the loved.

"As I knelt by his bedside, sobbing and praying that he might live, he took my hand, and begged me to pray for his death, that life was cold and dull, and he would rather sleep without awakening.

"Dear Sam," said I, 'I thought you were content with life.'

"No," he answered, 'I never cared much about it, except to help do the work and eat afterwards. I never knew anything else, for I was always too sleepy to read. I think I needed to be shaken up. I contracted that sleepy habit when I was a little boy, and could never get rid of it, the house was so still! I've been happier since you came, Nelly; but,' lowering his voice and groaning, 'I guess we had better all die; it's only being a little stiller and colder without knowing it.'

"Oh! Sam, you believe in Heaven and the glories to come.'

"Yes," said he faintly, 'if I could only get shaken up.'

"A few hours after he was struck by death and called me to him.

"Nelly, it isn't so dull now. I dreamed the angels danced with me, and as we swept through space, the mist rolled away from my eyes, showing a great light filled with joyful, shining people. It's a gay, happy world, and I don't think I shall be sleepy there. Come with me, Ellen. You've got the same

look in your face I've had in my heart so many years.'

"As he breathed his last, he pointed upward and smiled, and his face in death looked brighter than I had ever seen it in life.

"Rose, what has hung heaviest upon me, next to his loss, is the new aspect of the reception of death. When I rose from the bedside where Sam had just become a corpse, I turned to throw myself on Mr. Brooks's neck. His eyes bore no trace of tears, his face was serene, and he said to me cheerfully:

"Well, Ellen, poor Sam is gone. We must think of his gain, not of our loss, and thank God in his mercy for having taken him to himself.'

"I saw it was not the rigid calmness of great grief, but the faith of Christianity cultivated beyond humanity; for Jesus, while in human form, 'groaned in spirit, was troubled, and wept' over the body of Lazarus. He has said: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

"We weep at long earthly separations; why should we not weep and mourn at the longer heavenly ones? Tears are no signs of rebellion or impiety; they are the natural tribute of deep sorrow in the human heart.

"The boys cried some; for, in spite of education, they are too young to have reached the same point of self-discipline.

"Sam was buried this morning in the family grave-yard, on the outskirts of the farm. Rose, there are many graves there, but no shrubs nor flowers, save those that grow on the grave of my babe. A few forest trees, God's gifts, wave over them; but there is no sign of the presence of man; the stones themselves are half hid in the long, thick weeds. 'The body is a useless husk, that merits no attention after the soul has flown,' is plainly written there.

"Ah! Rose, does Christianity teach that? How can I learn it? I, who cannot separate the soul from the body, and must cherish even the garments that have touched the loved flesh! The case that has been thought worthy to hold so dear a gem should be prized, and bear the mark of our loving care. It has been the soul's expression; and without it, in this material world, we should know nothing of each other's spiritual nature. But here the body is

of so little consequence, that there is not a portrait in the house.

"Everything goes on as usual, to-day, that God may see how reconciled and grateful we are. We wear the same clothes, as they do not approve of mourning. Here again come in my old prejudices. I know not how or why it is; but I long to wear some color consecrated to death, black, white, green or red, I care not. I want to wear on me, as in me, a badge for dear Sam. What do you think about it, Rose? I have written this lying down, and feel very tired and sick. Adieu, loved friend. Write soon to your affectionate

"ELLEN."

# XI.

*Rose to Ellen.*

"DEAR ELLEN:—The tidings of Sam's death have saddened me, though I did not know him personally. One kind heart has gone from the little circle that surrounded you; I know you needed that more should be given to you, not the little you have taken away. Poor Sam! How terrible that existence should be rendered so bare that we enter the other life without having tasted the true joys of this—those holy joys of heart and intellect, which make us thank God at every moment for our earthly life, as well as thirst after the heavenly.

"You ask me many questions, dear Nelly. The first, in regard to the reception of death, you have answered yourself just as I should. The last, I believe you were more doubtful about. Now, Nelly, it seems to me that there is just as much danger that spiritual liberty may run into licentiousness as that temporal liberty may; just as much risk of sentiment being blunted in the soldiers of the cross, who revolutionize and hack down beliefs, as in the common soldier who cuts off the heads of his enemies.

"In matters of the heart, we ought not to trust implicitly to reason. Its cold philosophy would say: You can rejoice as well without signs, mourn just as sincerely without emblems; tear up your banners, flags, masons' aprons, bridal veils, and festal decorations; away with nuptial rings and rites, presents and all vain interchanges of affection. But the history of the world has proved that this cannot be done, that there is something emblematic in us



—call it fancy, imagination, sentiment, what you will—ever seeking expression; and, that since its creation, silly humanity has circulated from the inner to the outer, and symbolized everything earth contained.

"A stone is placed over a grave; upon this stone, a name inscribed, that the living may know where to direct their steps, to kneel or pause, with hallowed recollections. But we, the veritable tomb of those who are no more, must wear nothing upon us, to say, 'Here lies a beloved dead!' We must brush by the garments of a bereaved stranger, without knowing the sacred influence of sympathy—the soft touch of compassion, that the sight of mourning arouses in a gentle heart. We must ask Mrs. C. how her husband is, see the blood mount to her face, her eyes fill, as she answers—he is dead, and sneak away, feeling foolish, and angry at ourselves, because we could not divine what she bore no trace of! The day after death has knocked at our door, we must return to the ocean of life, joyous, brilliant, gemmed, like a wave unfurling in sunshine its sparkling pearls over the vanished wave in its track!

"Ye worshipers of matter-of-fact and positivism; ye sensitive souls, who call a conventional color meaningless, or fear that it may compromise you with God, for openly daring to sorrow, why not open a street through the consecrated ground that produces nothing? Down with cemetery walls—with cross and stone—walk there, build there, there transact business. Those below will not hear your din. Your steps, your carriages, your houses, will not weigh upon them, and no symbol of death will remain to trouble your pious gayety—your Christian forgetfulness.

"I have heard that a young man, in a moment of angry dispute, challenged his friend. The hour of meeting arrived; he went to his drawer, to take out his pistols. The trigger was entangled in a piece of ribbon, to which hung a little locket. The gray hair of his dead mother gleamed through. He staggered to a seat, wept, and wrote a contrite letter to his friend. This was the action of the outer on the inner.

"We are so formed, that we cannot always be in the same exalted state of mind; therefore is it desirable to throw out from us good soul-marks, which, through the medium of sight, may come

to us again. They will, perhaps, grow fainter, in the lapse of years, like repeated reflections. The memory of the goodness and virtues of the departed may stimulate us less strongly; but, would it not be worse still, if we had no aids—if, in the pride of our spiritual strength, we cast aside the agency of the senses?

"The mercy of God has ordained that time should lessen the acuteness of sorrow, in order that we might live, and perform the duties of life; yet he has given us this craving for 'reminders,' that the beneficent force of habit should never verge into forgetfulness, nor the chain of love, which binds all beings, be broken by the separation of a few years.

"Try to keep well and cheerful, darling. Harry expects to go South, in a few weeks, and then I am coming to board near you—at an adjoining farm, Mrs. Bigelow's—you know her. I wrote to her, and she says she can accommodate me; supposing I need to be invigorated, she praises highly her pure milk and fresh eggs. We shall sit on the mossy logs in the leafy woods, our arms round each other, and the good Father will hear my prayer: that the health of my body may flow into yours. Harry teases me with being impatient for his departure, that I may fly to you. He is as merry and dear a rogue as ever, and sends you—to use his own words—a rousing kiss.

"Good-by, dear friend.

"Yours,  
"ROSE."

## XII.

Phil sat by Ellen, as she lay on the sofa, and his face worked with painful emotion. The doctor had been there to examine her, and pronounced her in a very critical state: a disease of the heart, aggravated by nervous depression. They must be careful to keep from her all unpleasant excitements, as they sometimes even produced the disease.

Phil awoke partly to the consciousness that she had suffered much since she came to the farm, and remembered how often he had thoughtlessly said to her, lately: "Nelly, can't you run up stairs, and get me this or that—Nelly, I wish you'd find my boots—Nelly, the shirts you made don't fit at all, they want taking in there, a piece in here



the bosom let down, and the collar cut off half an inch;" and how patiently she toiled on them, altering them a dozen times, and then not suiting him at last. He felt very badly, and tried to think how he could make her life pleasanter. At length he said:

"Nelly, I've made up my mind to hunt for a situation somewhere, so that we can live by ourselves. It's lonesome here for you, and you need a little home of your own, where you can act as you please. I thought you would soon fall into our notions, but I see it's difficult to root up old opinions and feelings. I respect father very much, still I know he has manias which are not suited to the taste of everybody."

"It is too late," sighed Ellen to herself, "I have but a little while to live." Then aloud:

"Give me your hand, Phil. I don't wish to go away, dear. I should not die happy, if I were the cause of your quarreling with your father, and casting off his protection. You told me that, when you talked of leaving once, he said 'he washed his hands clean of you. You might shift for yourself.' No, no; you mustn't coop yourself up in town—worse still, in a store. You will pine for the fields and your free life—for the affection of your father. All I want, dear, is to have you sit beside me often—every moment you can spare. That will cure me, if anything can. The doctor has tried to frighten us both, to make me more careful; I shall soon be better. You mustn't look worried, or I shall feel sad."

Phil determined, nevertheless, to announce his resolution to his father. But the more he thought upon the difficulty of finding a pleasant, healthful occupation, the less inclination he felt to meet his remonstrances and reproaches. He would do it to-morrow, he would do it next week; and so time passed on, and the impression faded away. Spring had come, with its manifold labors, and he was too occupied to think much. At first, he made time to pass with Ellen; but, by-and-by, the ambition to produce the best exhibition at the county fair, and the habit of seeing Ellen always ailing, immersed him as deeply as ever in the business of the farm.

Ellen, however, was not entirely alone now, for the dove was always near her. It perched on her shoulder, head, hands, and sat in her lap. She

called it Rose, and loved to think it was the spirit of her child sent to comfort her. It had its little bed beside hers, and she was often awakened by its pecking at her lips. It was so sweet to hear it coo in the morning, and feel its soft plumage, as it nestled against her.

### XIII.

As Ellen's spirit grew purified, through suffering and weakness, the demon of dislike parted from her, and the old tender feeling of love, for Mr. Brooks, came back. He was kinder to her than usual, though his manner still said: "You're not worth the salt that's in your bread. You have gone against nature and Christianity, and you must suffer for it. If you did your duty now, instead of lying on your back, melting your spine away, you might get well yet. I've done all I could to reform you and ventilate you, so you've nobody to blame but yourself. There's no need of being sick, if you act right."

The new school, that interprets, confidently, "the intentions of God," would make us all healthy and sound, till the trump of death; but, perhaps, He will still work out, as He has done, our spiritual grace at the cost of our physical ease.

There are some delicate beings granted us to be tended, to test the richness of our nature, in its sacrifices, tenderness, and compassion. He who serves as eyes to the blind, limbs to the lame, and arms to the helpless, becomes hallowed to us for the time; we know not which touches us the most, the picture of weakness, or its borrowed strength.

Yet Mr. Brooks was a spiritual man. He felt a deep interest in the rappings and the mesmeric communications with the other world. He read everything in relation to them, and would have attended the meetings, if there had been any in his vicinity. It would not have surprised him at all, to have been addressed by his departed mother, at any moment.

We have often pondered upon the character of this, to us, inexplicable man; so moral and charitable, so imbued with Christianity and progress, yet so devoid of their poetry. Like Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, he started in search of eternal life, and ran away from his wife and children—seductive human affections—to gain it. His strong conviction carried him through the "wicked

gate;" but he wandered away from the mansion, called "Beautiful," and lost, forever, the warmth and sentiment that dwell therein.

## XIV.

Ellen had noticed for some time that Jim spruced up, and spent many evenings away from home. Once, as she sat on a stump at the end of the avenue, she caught a glimpse of him riding by in the buggy with a sweet-looking girl. In vain Mr. Brooks sat up for him, and talked of the unwholesomeness of night air in the country, where there were so many trees exhaling nitrogen, something wonderful was the matter with Jim; and the sagacity of Ellen and Phil decided it to be love. The idea took firm possession of Ellen, and she floated in happiness. Jim to love, and have somebody to love him—it was too delightful! He must be loved, for he was too proud to visit without encouragement. Then Ellen thought of the bride coming there to live, and grew faint and cold. She remembered her self-reproaches at Sam's death, and resolved to save, if possible, Jim and his wife from the fate that had weighed upon his brother's and her own life. The presentiment that she must die soon, exalted her courage to open her wounds to Jim. It seemed to her the mystery of her life grew clear. God had placed her there to point out the way of happiness to those two souls. Oh! why had she not seen it before, and blessed the cup, and kissed the rod!

Sunday she asked Jim to go to the grave-yard with her, to plant a rose-bush on Sam's grave.

"The walk is too long for you, Nelly," said Jim. "You look as if you could hardly stand up."

"We'll go slowly, and rest on the way," she answered.

"I'd rather hitch up the buggy than have you the least bit tired."

"It seems foolish, for such a little distance. I've something to say to you, and can tell it better leaning on your arm, or sitting yonder upon the grass. See, there's a thick shawl to spread under us. The ground is dry and the air warm. It will do me good to walk."

She went in to put on her india-rubbers, and when she came back, she saw the wheelbarrow spread with pillows, and Jim standing beside it. He held up his hand imploringly:

"Oh! Nelly! let me trundle you when you are tired. I'm so strong, you know, and we'll be so happy."

She looked at his flushed, eager face, and got in without saying a word. "He half fancies me somebody else," she thought. "O! glory of love, that opens the secret springs of the heart, and casts the spray of their fountains over all!"

Jim trundled off with her briskly, and they wound through the avenues, the echo of their laughter at the funny equipage ringing along the air. Jim assured her she was as light as a feather; and he was so ardent in his desire to serve, that he felt disappointed when she insisted on walking a little. He stopped to dig up some violets. Ellen knew they were for Sam.

They reached the grave-yard, planted their offerings, and wept; then sat down to rest under the tree that spread its branches over Sam and little Rose—Ellen's babe.

The air was soft and languid, full of the vague inquietude of spring, when the brain is weak with dreams, and the heart swells into the opening buds of another year.

They sat silent for some time. The young leaves fluttered above—the shadows flickered below.

"Jim," said Ellen, "on such days as this 'tis hard to think of leaving the world. Everything in nature and in us breathes of sweet promise. I have had a moment of struggle, but 'tis past forever. The world to come is richer in joys that never fade. You will see that I am laid here, Jim," marking the place with her parasol, "my head against the baby's grave, and my feet touching Sam's."

He looked at her with astonishment that deepened in awe at the strange, holy expression of her countenance.

"You will teach *her* to love me, Jim, and bring her sometimes to my grave. She will keep these flowers from dying, and plant some over me, I know, for I have seen her face."

The color mounted to his brow. His secret was known, and his dear one praised. He hung his head bashfully, and picked the blades of grass.

"What's her name, Jim?"

"Mary."

"I'm glad, for it's a holy name, and I love it. Oh! I want her to be so happy," said Ellen, wringing her hands.

"I would shed all my blood, indeed I would, to redeem you both from woe."

The tears streamed down her cheeks. Jim hid his face on his knees.

"She has been differently educated from you, perhaps, Jim. If you were alone in a little home of your own, you would be able to yield some to her; not that she will want you to yield, for if she really loves, she had rather sacrifice—but only to you, Jim. When a woman must lay down all she holds dear on the altar of another than her husband, the heart bleeds itself away. If strong, she may suffer and live; if weak and predisposed to disease, her life may be frightfully shortened. Jim, I am to be with you but a little while. Promise me you will leave the farm, and work out your own independent destiny. Be patient, and she will be willing to wait."

"I promise solemnly, Ellen," said he, kissing her hand. "I've thought of it long; ever since I—I first knew Mary. I've told her how gay and hopeful you were when you came home as a bride, and how I've seen you change and wither away. We men stand it better, for we are used to it from the beginning; besides we are strong, and live more out of ourselves than women do. It's hung heavy upon me, though, too," sighed he. "If I hadn't met Mary, I believe I should have turned into a stone. You must see her. I'll take you there in the buggy some time. I liked her first because she was like you—so gentle and ready to listen."

Ellen's strength had been exhausted by the ride and her emotions. She felt dizzy, rose to change her position, and fainted away.

Jim, fearing she was dying, flew wildly about, hallooing for aid, but at last collected himself enough to think that water would be the best thing to revive her; and, placing her gently in the wheelbarrow, he started on the run for a neighboring spring. Before he arrived there, the fresh rush of air from the motion had brought her to her senses.

"I feel quite well, Jim," said she, replying to his anxious looks; "only a little weak. Let's go home. The sun is sinking."

He covered her carefully with the shawl, beat up the pillows, and propped her parasol to shield her from the sun.

They turned homeward. The clouds grew gorgeous, and the coming twilight freshened the air.

Ellen's spirits were elated by the scene and the accomplishment of her mission. She became so cheerful and gay, that Jim's apprehensions vanished, and he gave himself up to the vagaries of love.

"Just think, Nelly," said he, "how thankful I ought to be to see my way clear. Mr. Dean has offered Mary the little house on the hill at the back end of his farm. I told him I was afraid father would feel hurt if I left home. He said he wouldn't influence me at all to quit 'the old man,' but I must think of them, too. Mary was their only daughter, and he feared his wife would pine for her; if I was proud about accepting anything, I might work on the farm as a hand till I had come to love them enough to take a part of it, like a son. I had rather work my way though; they'll respect me more—never mind what they say to the contrary. I'll take the house on the same condition as the last tenant, and Mary and I will be just as happy as birds. There's a nice room for you and Phil, Nelly, when you come to see us; and I'll make a crib for the dove."

While they were laughing heartily at the idea, they saw Mr. Brooks riding on horseback, a long pole over his shoulder, crying, "Suke! Suke!" to some dozen cows he was trying to gather together, to drive home. As they came up to him, he said:

"You have a brave horse there, Nelly, and one that can tell when he is tired. You look as bright as a button; nothing like exercise to cure real or fancied ailments. Walking is better than riding, though—it stirs up the blood."

"I think riding stirs up the spirits better," said Ellen, timidly.

"Spirits!" replied he, contemptuously; "I fancy, now, we ought to have command over 'our spirits.' People who act right—Suke! Suke!—don't have the blues; it's a fashionable disease, consequent upon sin and sloth. I warrant you, that woman," pointing to the Dutch tenant, in the distance, with a milk-pail on her head, a baby in her arm, and a bundle of straw under the other, "never had a touch of—Suke! Suke!—dissatisfaction at her lot. One can see that fresh air is all you want, Ellen."

Here one of the cows, who had caught the distant bleating of a calf, began lowing, and scampering away, so that Mr.

Brooks was obliged to dart off in pursuit of her.

Jim hurried Ellen home, for fear of the dew.

## XV.

The next day, as Ellen lay dozing on the couch, in the little room adjoining the parlor, she was awakened by loud talking. The voice was Mr. Brooks's; for once slightly excited and emphatic. He seemed to be walking up and down, and, as he neared the door, she heard him saying:

"Mr. Dean is a dough-face, and an old hunker. You'll backslide, under his influence."

Jim's voice, sounding sorrowful and respectful, said something in reply; but he was apparently seated on the other side of the room, and she could not distinguish the words.

Mr. Brooks neared again: "Honest, I suppose he is, according to the world; pays his debts, and gives good wages; but does he look further than his nose?—a pug one, at that! Does he advance Christianity or humanity a hair's breadth?"

Mr. Brooks, nearing: "That's a foolish answer. You are young, sir. I have fifty years' experience, and it tells me that opinions are of great consequence. We must resolutely put down all that are false, if we would better the world."

Nearing again: "Well, what if everybody does fancy theirs to be the right ones? I know mine to be founded on Christ. Let them bring a higher authority if they can."

Seeming to halt: "I am willing you should marry the girl, Jim; I know nothing about her, except that I have seen her cackling at neighbors', as I passed; but on condition that you bring her here. She's got independent notions in her head, about living alone. Women are always exacting, and will get the upper-hand of you, if you are not watchful. We were made to live together—and if six or seven can't get along happily, how can we expect hundreds to?"

Then he sat down by Jim, and Ellen lost the rest of the conversation. An hour or two after, she heard Jim calling her. She bade him enter. His eyes were very red. His part was taken. He had come to say good-by. They embraced in silence, and he departed.

## XVI.

The roads began to dry up, from the spring rains, and Phil could no longer delay a projected jaunt, for the purchase of a bull. He expected to be gone four or five days—perhaps a week, if the animal should be hard to drive. He felt very sad at the thought of leaving. Ellen had been failing rapidly, he could not disguise it from himself; but the doctor had told him she would frequently have ill turns, and be better again—it was such a fluctuating disease. The bull must be bought—his father had desired it; so he went, with a heavy heart, to break it gently to Ellen.

He found her in a rocking-chair, which was propped back with the poker, to keep it in a reclining position. She was asleep—if it can be called sleep—that of kind stupor of weakness, which shortens the weary days of the suffering.

Her eyes were so nearly open, that Phil at first thought she was awake; but their meaningless expression, and the dropping jaw, made him tread softly. How ghastly and worn she looked! She awoke immediately.

"Why, Nelly, what woke you? I didn't make any noise," said Phil.

"No, dear, I knew you were here by the stable-smell."

"I never saw such a nose," said Phil; "I used to think it was imagination, till I found you always guessed right. I was only in there an instant, to tell Harry to give Jack some oats."

Phil took his boots off, and put them out of the room; then pulled a chair up near Ellen, and took her hand. She raised it to kiss it, and let it drop, suddenly.

"Oh! pardon me, Phil, dear; I couldn't help it. It goes to my stomach, and makes me sick." Her lips turned white.

"I had forgotten that I had stroked Jack in passing," said he. "I would have washed my hands, indeed, if I had thought of it. You were not made for a farmer's wife, Nelly, that's plain."

As he went off to wash his hands, he could not help thinking there was some affectation in her squeamishness. His own sense of smell was not acute, and he knew nothing of the delicacy of a stomach impaired by sickness. He came back, and announced to her, with

considerable preparation, his departure. She cried, trembled, and clung to him, saying she had a foolish presentiment that she should never see him again.

"Then we won't think of it any more, Nelly," said he; "I'll commission Tom Jones to buy the bull. He is a fellow of some judgment, though he doesn't know the points of an animal as well as I do."

Ellen was happy. But before night Phil told her his father said, if he valued his stock and his purse, he was a fool to let another man select for him. So Phil packed his knapsack, and left in the morning. Unknown to her, he had written to her mother, begging her to send some one to stay with Nelly during his absence, and saying that she was sad, and needed company.

## XVII.

Ellen had feared to pain her parents by a statement of the full extent of her illness. She knew her mother would leave home, where her active presence was necessary to her young family; and she dreaded, too, lest, in the first impulse of grief, she might reproach Phil for evils, Ellen thought, in her pitying love for him, he could not help. So she had frequently implored Phil to conceal the doctor's decision, and not alarm them in any way. Now it happened that, in the same train the letter went, the doctor was also, bound for the same place; and not having to wait to be distributed, he knocked at Mrs. Grey's door before the postman; and, supposing her as wise as himself, spoke frankly of her daughter.

There was wailing and lamentation at the Greys'; for they were not disciplined Christians. Mr. Grey was summoned from his office, the children from school, and Rose from her home. The cook—an old house-servant, who had trotted Ellen on her knee—bemoaned so disconsolately, that the contents of her pipe burnt holes in her dress, and the potatoes were consumed to nothing. In the general consternation, everybody expected to start for Owlcopse; and the smallest child, divided between fright and delight at the journey, was the first to hurry down with his carpet-bag. Mrs. Grey was too agitated to think of anything; but Rose acted for all.

"Ellen," said she, "will be alarmed and overcome at the sight of so many.

The doctor does not represent her danger as immediate. It will be better for Mr. Grey to stay, and take care of the family. Mrs. Grey and I will leave to-day, and write at once, if it should be necessary for the rest to come."

It was settled so; and they huddled their things together, and left.

## XVIII.

Twilight gathered around Owlcopse. The watch-dog howled incessantly, and made Jane's flesh creep with fear; for Ellen had been very ill that day, and a new physician, from the village, was still sitting with her. A messenger had been dispatched to meet Phil, if possible, and hasten his return. Mr. Brooks had written several letters, and sent for one of his female relatives to come and pass the night. He was calm and serene, as usual, and displayed admirable judgment in everything he did. Jane was heating a brick, to place at Ellen's feet. The candle drained down, and formed winding-sheets on both sides. The dog howled. Jane trembled from head to foot, and burst out crying:

"Oh! Lord! She has got to die. Such a pretty creature, and so kind to black and white! She made this 'ere very dress. Oh! good Lord, take me, instead of her. I'm only a nigger, and a wicked sinner. I's willin', indeed I is."

Jane groaned and sobbed so loudly, that Mr. Brooks came in, and told her it was no use to caterwaul; she disturbed the house, and might worry Ellen.

"You had better tie the dog over at the barn, too; it makes a very disagreeable noise," said he.

Jane choked off her sobs, told one of the men to take the dog away, and carried the brick in to Ellen.

She lay with her head propped up, to breathe easier. Her face, wan and attenuated, would have looked as if life had already fled, but for the flickering of the nostrils. The dove was crouched against her cheek. Jane, supposing it an annoyance, went to remove it; but Ellen said, wildly:

"No, no, let it be. It is all I have to love me. I am dying, you know, all alone—all alone!"

The touching sorrow of the words opened again the fountain of Jane's grief, and Ellen felt her tears on her hand.

"Oh! Jane," said she, "you love me, and mourn for me?"



"Yes, Miss Ellen, so help me God."

"Press your hand against my forehead, then, and don't go away. Oh! Jane."

The black hand was laid against the pallid brow, and the last tear that Ellen shed, mingled and was lost in the fast-falling tears of the negress.

For some time they rested so, in silence.

"Jane," said Ellen, "cut off a lock of my hair for Phil, and tell him I—I died happy, blessing his name. But he will come, though—he must come. I cannot go without his kiss. God will be merciful. Oh! I hear his horse; quick! quick! to the window. I must meet him!"

She rose out of bed, her eyes starting from her head. Jane had to shriek for aid, to keep her from jumping out of the window. She struggled with the doctor, and cried out:

"They gave him to me at the altar—even unto death. Let no man keep us asunder."

They held her down in the bed, and from violence she passed to supplication—imploping them so earnestly to let her go to Phil, that the strange physician, though used to suffering, was blinded with tears. He told her Phil would soon be there; and, if she wished to hoard her life to see him, she must not exhaust herself in that way.

This seemed to compose her; but she was still delirious, and had strange fancies. She thought Mr. Brooks was her father, and asked him to walk with her, and sing. He stooped to pick her up, saying he would walk with her, but he didn't know any songs. The dove ruffled up its feathers, and pecked at him furiously. Ellen whispered in his ear:

"She thinks it's Mr. Brooks. He doesn't know how to sing. I've never lain on his shoulder. It wouldn't do, you know; for I've stood beside him, very weary in my limbs and spirit, and he never beckoned me to come. He doesn't love me, though I gave up everything to please him, and cut my heart-strings away."

Mr. Brooks was troubled at these fantastic words, but came to the conclusion that delirium often presented much more singular phenomena. His conscience assured him he had done everything that was possible for her salvation and happiness. If she entered the heavenly gates, it would be owing chief-

ly to the pains he had taken to open her eyes to the ignorance and darkness in which she had groped.

Ellen called, by turns, upon Phil, her mother, father, and Rose to come.

"Oh!" she groaned, "I thought I was brave enough to die without them; but my soul clings to earth yet, and yearns to feel their presence. Oh! pray for me to die," she said, turning to Jane, "that I may be released from my agony."

Jane knelt by the bedside, and prayed fervently:

"Oh! good Lord God, let her die; poor honey! I can't stand it any longer;" and she broke down and sobbed aloud.

A few moments after, Ellen was struck with death. "She is growing cold," said the doctor.

"No, warm," she murmured—"Listen—music!"

Her face broke into a smile, and she gave a sigh of relief, as if something for which she had long thirsted had come.

"Are you happy, Ellen?" said Mr. Brooks.

She nodded.

A spasm convulsed her form, and her spirit fled—leaving the last print of its celestial vision in her face.

At that moment, there was a sound of hurrying feet. The door burst open, and Phil, Mrs. Grey, and Rose entered the room.

"My child, my child," shrieked Mrs. Grey. "They have killed her and kept it from me. Nelly, it's your mother—your poor mother come for one word. Speak to her, dear; just say you love her and forgive her coming late. She is not dead, you know," said she hoarsely to Rose. "She has only fainted and will speak to me soon."

She threw herself upon the body. The dove, that had sat trembling on Ellen's shoulder, rose in the air, circled round the room with a moaning noise, and flew out of the window. They looked at each other with awe, for it seemed as if it was the shadow of her soul that had lingered and gone.

#### XIX.

That night Jane watched over Mrs. Grey in fainting fits. Rose and Phil sat up with the corpse.

The owls hooted dismally; bats sailed in and out through the open win-



dows, and the dreary silence of night and nature weighed in the air. Rose wrestled with the bitterness that sprang from her great sorrow. Her friend had been sacrificed, and she had sat in the distance powerless. She would taunt Mr. Brooks with it in the morning; but the rebuking spirit of Ellen rose up before her, seeming to say: "I, the victim, forgave and kissed the hand that chastised me. Go thou, and do likewise."

Phil's sobs, too, softened her heart. He was bowed down with his loss, and shaken in his views. It was, then, possible for a "woman with a white skin, her own roof over her head, plenty to eat, drink, and wear, servants to wait on her, and civil treatment around her," to be dissatisfied and pine away unto death. He thought of Ellen as he first knew her, a slender girl, yet radiant with life and pleasure, and remembered how long since that look had faded from her face. He loved her very dearly. Oh! he was sure of that! Never a sharp word had passed between them. What had been wanting, then? Phil saw the answer, but dimly, through the murky fog of education, habit, and materialism.

Some say nature is so scrupulous in her economy, that the fishes found in the rivers of dark caves have no eyes. So it was with Phil. Every "useless thing" had been lopped off of him, and he knew it not. He lived happy in his cave, because he had never seen, and it was but natural that the gentle fish with eyes, floating down the current of the stream, should have been drawn toward him by pity and the mystery of his dim abode. The world is full of these strange attractions.

## XX.

Ellen is in the weedy grave-yard; but over her the grass nods and flowers bloom. Years have past; still, on pleasant Sundays, Jim and his grateful wife leave some little token there.

Their cottage, overrun with vines, and standing like an urn in a saucer of gay flowers, graces the hill-side of Mr. Dean's and Jim's farm; for the old man is getting helpless, and Jim is fast winning the farm by his labor. His vigorous form may be seen any day working in the fields, and his voice heard afar in laughter and song. He is no longer

the listless, aimless man of Owlcopse; but the independent owner of Tanglevine, free to make or mar what he pleases. He is still a staunch advocate of reform and progress; but is careful to widen his sympathies, to force his opinions upon no one, and to be lenient to those who differ. His day's work over, he rides with his wife, gets up pleasant excursions, visits his neighbors, tends the flowers; or, oftener still, trundles his little Nelly, puny child, in the wheelbarrow. As he covers her carefully and smiles at her, there is a touching tenderness in his face, and he seems to see two Ellens.

"Mary," said he, one evening, "I passed Owlcopse to-day, and stopped a moment in the grave-yard to prop a sapling the storm blew down last night. At the foot of Ellen's grave there was a little anemone freshly planted. Who could have put it there?"

"Phil, I suppose," said she dubiously.

Jim shook his head, and gave an incredulous sigh.

The next day he heard Mr. Brown had passed in haste through the village.

Mr. Brooks, more gaunt with age, is still visible astride of his stern hobby, trampling down the iniquities of the times; or, when the weather is neither too warm nor cold, driving the cows home, with his long pole and monotonous "Suke, Suke!" The neighbors cite him as a most civil, honest gentleman, and wonder whether he will leave the boys his wealth, or give it all to Missionary and Abolition societies.

Owlcopse is the same dull and bare abode. No old article of furniture is removed, nor any new added. The grass gains ground in the paths, and the hungry wind seeks in vain the nourishing perfume of some stray flower. The vines planted by Mark against the old garden wall have given place to scentless peas. Afar off the sea of grain sleepily nods its heavy head, and plump, sleek cattle browse on the green pastures. The beauty of utility is there; but where is the utility of beauty? Mr. Brooks's hard presence and longer taps say: not here. So does Phil's sad face. So says the gloomy house, ungraced by art or gentle feminine touch. We must adopt Jane's opinion, as confided to a colored sister: that "the owls had hooted it away."

## CHESTER.

HOW charmed we pilgrims from the eager West,  
 Where only life, and not its scene, is old,  
 Beside the hearth of Chester's inn at rest,  
 Her ancient story to each other told!

The holly-wreath and dial's moon-orbed face,  
 The Gothic tankard, crown'd with beaded ale,  
 The faded aquatint of Chevy Chace,  
 And heir-loom bible, harmonized the tale.

Then roamed we forth as in a wond'rous dream,  
 Whose visions truth could only half eclipse;  
 The turret shadows living phantoms seem,  
 And mill-slauce brawl the moan of ghostly lips.

Night and her planet their enchantments wove,  
 To wake the brooding spirits of the past;  
 A Druid's sickle glistened in the grove,  
 And Harold's war-cry died upon the blast.

The floating mist that hung on Brewer's hill,  
 (While every heart-beat seemed a sentry's tramp,)  
 In tented domes and bannered folds grew still,  
 As rose the psalm from Cromwell's wary camp.

From ivied tower, above the meadows sere,  
 We watched the fray with hunted Charles of yore,  
 When grappled puritan and cavalier,  
 And sunk a traitor's throne on Rowton moor.

We tracked the ramparts in the lunar gloom,  
 Knelt by the peasants at St. Mary's shrine;  
 With his own hermit mused at Parnell's tomb,  
 And breathed the cadence of his pensive line.

Beneath a gable mouldering and low,  
 The pious record we could still descry,  
 Which, in the pestilence of old De Foe,  
 Proclaimed that here death's angel fitted by.

At morn the venders in the minster's shade,  
 With gleaming scales and plumage at their feet,  
 Seemed figures on the canvas of Ostade,  
 Where mart and temple so benignly meet.

Of Holland whispered then the sullen barge,  
 We thought of Venice by the hushed canal,  
 And hailed each relic on time's voiceless marge—  
 Sepulchral lamp and clouded lachrymal.

The quaint arcades of traffic's feudal range,  
 And giant fossils of a lustier crew;  
 The diamond casements and the moated grange,  
 Tradition's lapsing fantasies renew.

The oaken effigies of buried earls,  
 A window blazoned with armorial crest,  
 A rusted helm, and standard's brodered furls,  
 Chivalric eras patiently attest.

Here William's castle frowns upon the tide;  
 There holy Werburgh keeps aerial sway,  
 To warn the minions who complacent glide,  
 And swell ambition's retinue to-day.

Once more we sought the parapet, to gaze,  
 And mark the hoar-frost glint along the dales;  
 Or, through the wind-cleft vistas of the haze,  
 Welcome afar the mountain-ridge of Wales.

Ah, what a respite from the onward surge  
 Of life, where all is turbulent and free,  
 To pause awhile upon the quiet verge  
 Of olden memories, beside the Dee!

#### MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

**MR. MACAULAY**, if not the greatest, is certainly the most fortunate of historians.

When, after years of assiduous preparation, during which he had acquired a brilliant reputation, as well in the world of politics as in that of letters, he undertook to treat a theme worthy his best powers, he found the grandest period of English, and, indeed, of modern history, yet unattempted by any writer of claims equal to his own.

The first volumes of his projected work, in which he announced the great principles which were to govern his investigations, and gave the world assurance of the splendid and vigorous handling which his subject would receive, were published at a moment when the stir of revolution throughout Europe invited the attention, not of England alone, but of the civilized world to the writer, who promised a profound examination, and a triumphant justification of the steps by which the British people had passed into the great highway of political progress, and of liberal development.

Multiplied editions at home, and innumerable reproductions abroad, soon attested the strength and vividness of the impression which the new history had made upon the thinking world.

"My book," says Gibbon, speaking of his first volume, "was on every table, and almost on every toilette. I am at a loss how to describe its success, without betraying the vanity of the writer." But where Gibbon published

his hundreds, Macaulay counted his thousands; his stately octavos jostled the romances in the circulating library, and stimulated friendly reviewers to the extreme of enthusiasm, and provoked the partisan antagonists of the author to ebullitions such as are usually excited only by the slashing audacity of the pamphlet, or the Parthian impertinences of the leading article.

His good fortune in the choice of his theme, and in the moment of publication, would, however, have little availed the brilliant candidate for the fourth place upon the bench of British historians, had he not been thoroughly trained to the task he aspired to achieve.

Twenty years of study and of action had made him familiar with the materials of history, the machinery of politics, and the motives of men.

The columns of the *Edinburgh Review* bear witness to the assiduity with which he had explored the archives of England.

The *Edinburgh Review* owed its wide and wonderful influence, in no slight measure, to the frequent use which its contributors made of the historical essay—a form of composition really introduced by them into English literature.

The title of some work was always prefixed to these essays, as a text always goes before a sermon; but the connection, always in the one case as so often in the other, was merely one of position. And, among the gifted and daring writers who wielded so powerfully this new literary engine, Mr. Macaulay early

\* *The History of England*, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III and IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

distinguished himself as the most brilliant and effective. His collected essays, on subjects drawn from English history, would cover the most exciting and important portion of his country's annals.

He discussed the magnificent reign of Elizabeth in his panegyric of Burleigh and his prosecution of Bacon. From John Hampden and Milton, he passed to Dryden, and Sir William Temple; from Walpole to Chatham, and from Clive to Warren Hastings.

Meanwhile, he had labored at the oar, while the ship of state was plunging and reeling through the great tempest of 1830. Returned to Parliament for a borough distinguished among the rotten for utter rottenness, he had won, by his maiden speech, a place in the front ranks of the reformers. The city of Leeds had rewarded his devotion to the good cause by electing him to a more honorable representation; and his party had proved their sense of his importance, by giving him a position in the Indian government, which insured his future independence. On his return from his eastern post of honor and of profit, Edinburgh had welcomed him to her political graces; and Lord Melbourne had confided the war-office to his care. And of all the wealth of experience and learning which he had acquired in this crowded and active career, Mr. Macaulay was completely master.

His most prominent intellectual quality is a certain decision and clearness of mind, which enables him to discern at once the availability of every fact which comes in his way.

No woman is a better economist than he; he finds a use for every rag and scrap of chronicle, however unpromising in less gifted eyes; and his quickness of perception is admirably seconded by executive faculties the most prompt and vigorous.

We wish we could add that those faculties, in their turn, always exhibited the salutary control of yet higher powers. But Mr. Macaulay's mind furnishes us rather with the image of a splendid despotism than with that of a well-ordered, constitutional government. He goes forth into the field of rhetoric, conquering and to conquer, and too often disdains alike the humdrum counsels of impartiality and the chastening suggestions of taste. Splendid and flattering as his success has been, it would have been not less brilliant, and cer-

tainly would have given fairer promise of enduring worth, had his great work been distinguished from his lesser essays by a more convincing calmness of tone, and by subtler felicities of statement.

Macaulay's conversation, Sidney Smith used to say, lacked only one thing to make it perfectly delightful: "a few splendid flashes of silence." How often has this pregnant and witty commentary recurred to our minds, as we passed on from gorgeousness to gorgeousness, from passionate eulogy to angry vituperation, along the sounding sentences of the historian.

Between the political philosophy of Hume and that of Macaulay, no comparison can be instituted; for the living historian surpasses his predecessor as much in the extent of his views as in the abundance of his resources. But Macaulay, with all his eloquence (perhaps, indeed, because of all his eloquence), cannot hope to keep so high a place among the classic writers of the English language as must be accorded to Hume. Exuberant, vehement, glowing, picturesque, the style of Macaulay wearsies sooner with its flaming antithesis than does the style of Hume, with its elegant composure. Macaulay, in fact, always writes like a candidate who has an election to carry; Hume, like a gentleman, addressing gentlemen. And though (as in this instance) the candidate may happen to be of our own party, and the principles he advocates our own most cherished convictions, it is still quite impossible for us to prefer declamation to force, gesticulation to expression, denunciation to satire, or the racking rhythmus of an ejaculatory style to the easy and natural movement of sentences, which follow each other rather like the waves of a stream, than like explosions of musketry.

But while we are convinced that the final verdict of criticism will not assign to Mr. Macaulay's history that rank in the literature of his country to which the ambition of the author aspires, we are also inclined to the belief that the faults themselves of his style, by contributing to the present popularity of his work, have rendered good service to the cause which he has most at heart.

For this glory, at least, will forever be conceded to Mr. Macaulay—that he was the first writer of acknowledged popularity and power who told the

story of the English Revolution in the spirit of liberty, and of true political wisdom.

Hume, who carried his history no further than the fall of James II., was by no means so unfair to the agents in that great event as he is usually supposed to have been. He had no love to spare for liberal politicians as such, nor had he any great faith in the virtue of public men; but he was by no means a blind worshiper of rank and royalty, and Macaulay himself can add nothing to the concise sentence in which Hume sums up the achievements of the Prince of Orange; "he saved his own country from ruin; he restored the liberties of these kingdoms; he supported the general independence of Europe."

But Hume was a Scotchman, and, with all his philosophy, one of the proudest of men.

As a Scotchman, he had suffered constant mortification in English society; and he shared the aversion of William III. for "the uncourtly humors of the English." The Stuarts were of his own race; and we have his own words for it, that "it is not altogether without example, that a man may be guided by national prejudices who has ever been little biased by private and personal friendship."

Moreover, the Stuarts were unfortunate, and we have evidence enough in Hume's treatment of the captious, irritating Rousseau (were such evidences elsewhere wanting), that those who suffered, whether by their own fault or at the hand of fortune, must always have engaged his interest.

By whatever motives influenced, it is certain that the mind of Hume had conceived very slighting notions of the men and the objects of the Revolution of 1688, and that he had no conception of the gigantic importance to England and the world of that great era.

Sir Walter Scott, who, next to Hume, has wielded the strongest influence in forming the historical opinions and sympathies of the living generation, was a still more dangerous guide. What Hume was not, Scott was—a worshiper of pomps and pedigrees. He delighted to believe himself the representative of a great race, and every real representative of a great race was sanctified in his eyes.

His large, and warm, and generous heart sympathized profoundly, too,

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with the gallant gentlemen and fair women who had suffered so much of old in the defense of the idols which he still revered, and the calamities of the cavaliers lent an additional holiness to the chism of the Stuart kings.

His genius led us all captive for years; and it would at this day be no difficult thing to find many an ardent, high spirited American boy, who hates the Puritans with the hatred of a Peveril of the Peak, and sighs like a Babington or a Douglas, over the sorrows of the beautiful Mary.

Fascinated by the spell of these powerful writers, the public sympathies have been more than naturally inclined towards the royal house that fell, and, in its fall, carried down the evil genius of Britain. Even more than naturally, we say, for it was natural that, even without the aid of a Hume or a Scott, the popular feeling should be enlisted with something like tenderness in behalf of a family so steadily unfortunate. The heart of the people is not always grateful, even to the Nemesis active in their own defence.

Men and races, conspicuous for their miserable fate, will always command at least as much of compassion as of condemnation. Let us not rashly quarrel with the ordinance by which heaven has established this necessity in the nature of man. Of testimonies to its existence, history is full, and we know none more striking than is afforded by the story of the Highlanders, as Mr. Macaulay himself has told it in the first of the two new volumes which he has just given to the world, after six years of patient preparation on his part, and impatient expectation on the part of the public. In the seventeenth century the Highlanders were regarded by the Saxons as savages. The citizens of Edinburgh held the race in equal abhorrence with the citizens of London. The ancestors of the poet who painted such fair pictures of Ellen of Loch Lomond, skimming the silver surface of the waves in her slim shallop, would have been sickened at the sight of Roderick Dhu, the cattle thief, and his barelegged barbarian daughter.

Of the Highland princes, with their bards and their orators and their guards, less was known in the capital of Britain than of the Indian kings of America, or the khans of Tartary.

The sketch which Macaulay gives us



of the habits and homes of the Highlanders, might disgust a Texan raider, or a trapper of the prairies. It could not be paralleled now out of the country of the Camanches. The rebellion of 1745 advanced these despised mountaineers to the position of formidable and hated invaders. For a short time they were a terror to the Southron; but, soon succumbing to the Saxon superiority, they were made an example and a warning. Such frightful vengeance overtook them, that they became invested with the aureole of singular misfortune.

A similar operation of the same law in our nature must be taken into the account, when we would estimate the causes which contributed to misrepresent the Revolution of 1688 before the popular mind.

Nor must we forget another and most potent contribution to those causes in the efforts which were made, by the princes of the house of Hanover and their ministers, to mitigate the ardor of those liberal sentiments, to the strength of which the Guelphs were originally indebted for their seat upon the English throne. When the dynasty of Stuart had shrunk within the robes of a solitary, imbecile, old cardinal at Rome, and the pretense of pretenders had utterly vanished, the reigning house of England began to discourage all manifestations of opinion, in which the divine right of kings was called too sharply into question. The events of the French Revolution, adroitly turned by the Tories to such good purpose, that they contrived to identify the triumph of their party with the preservation of England's independence, served well the new disposition of the royal coteries, and George III. seems to have forgotten himself, and to have made other and more sensible people forget, that he had been called to his throne by the virtue of the popular voice, rather than by the sacrosanct and mysterious election of birth.

The splendid victory which popular rights won in these colonies, and the gradual development of just and natural ideas of government, which has been going on in England ever since the peace of 1815, had prepared the way for such an assertion of the truth, in regard to the events of 1688, as Mr. Macaulay had it in his mind to make.

In his first volume, Mr. Macaulay opened clearly a view of the highway

along which England advanced to the crisis of her national destiny.

England, in the middle ages, was indeed, "merry England," the most prosperous country of Europe. All foreign writers who spoke of England, in comparison with the nations of the continent, bore witness to this fact. Froissart attributes the proud and indomitable temper of the English, "the most dangerous and outrageous people in the universe," to the way in which "all sorts of people, laborers and merchants, have contrived to live without mutual war, to conduct their trade, and to do their work in peace and quiet." Comines, writing during the terrible war of the Roses, declared, "that among all the states in the world, that one in which public affairs are best regulated, and the people least given to internal violence, and the fewest buildings demolished or damaged by war, is England. In England the troubles of war fall on those who make it."

For this singular exemption from the worst horrors of the feudal civilization, England was indebted, in no small degree, to her conquest by the Norman sovereigns.

The monarchies of the continent came to unity, only after long ages of internecine war among the nobles—ages during which no monarch was found strong enough to curb his audacious vassals, and consolidate his realm.

The Norman sovereigns of England, relying upon their continental resources, were strong enough, from the beginning, to intimidate their barons, and to force the lords of the soil into a closer union with the people than existed anywhere else during the feudal ages. It was one most important consequence of this anomalous state of things, that the English aristocracy very early assumed the character of a regular political power. In the fifteenth century, when the fusion of the Norman and the Saxon races had, at last, resulted in the creation of a true English nation, the aristocracy of England was, indeed, "the most democratic, and the democracy of England the most aristocratic in Europe."

The wars of the Roses, which decimated the feudal nobility, gave still greater vigor to this special constitution of English society.

In 1451, Henry VI. summoned fifty-three peers to parliament. When Henry

VII. convoked the lords, in 1485, only twenty-nine assembled at Westminster, and, of this number, not a few were new men.

The Tudors aspired after absolute power. But they were too sagacious not to see that the long prosperity of the English people had accustomed the nation to certain substantial rights and privileges, which could not be safely meddled with. England was willing enough to invest the sovereign who represented her with the formal attributes of plenary power; but the ambition of Henry VII., the arrogance of Henry VIII., and the vaulting spirit of Elizabeth, all alike recoiled from the first decisive intimation that the royal prerogative had been pushed further than the commonality would bear.

To the Tudors succeeded the Stuarts. James I. was not merely a crowned bore, a pedantic button-holder, invested with the power of life and death over his victims; he was at heart a tyrant. In his native kingdom of Scotland, he had been bullied and maltreated. Pragmatic Presbyterians and passionate Catholics had treated him with equal contempt. In that then rude and fierce kingdom, Genevan republicanism had inflamed the already "perfidium ingenium Sctorum," till the royal authority was almost purely nominal.

James came, from the midst of his overbearing preachers and his insolent nobles, into a court trained to the respectful formalities and profound obedience to which Elizabeth had educated her household. For the first time in his life, the son of the unfortunate Mary, who had before been scarcely treated like a gentleman, found himself treated like a king. The style in which Parliament addressed him, the tone adopted all about him, conspired to turn his head and to ripen his hopes of a royalty that should be royalty indeed.

He neither knew the English people sufficiently well, nor had he enough native good sense to understand the true condition of things, and though he received some pretty resolute pushes from the exalted horn of London city, he nursed his woeful delusions, and transmitted them to his son Charles. Domestic favorites, and the sight of foreign courts, completed the work which James had begun in the mind of his son.

Is it so difficult to comprehend the illusions which filled the brain of Charles

I., when he took the sceptre into his hands?

All over Europe the feudal world was disappearing, and absolute monarchies were everywhere arising from its ruins. In France, Charles had seen the absolute sovereignty which Richelieu was preparing for the heir of Louis XIII. In Spain he had seen the stately splendors of the absolute monarchy which Philip II. had built up over the liberties of a people as proud of their privileges as the people of England. His brother-in-law, the Elector Frederic, had fallen a victim in Germany to the domination of the house of Austria; and Charles, while he lamented the sorrows of his sister, could not but feel that her husband had provoked his fate by resisting what seemed the universal tendency of things and the victorious will of heaven. The privileges of the English people were unwritten, vague, ill-defined. Was it not time for England to accept the new constitution of things, to follow the example of France, and Spain, and Germany? Was it not time for Charles to insist that the language of adulation, which he daily heard from the lips of prelates and of peers, of popular preachers and of orators in the commons, should be translated into facts; that the royal dignity should be elevated in England to an equality with the position it had achieved in the other states of the European family?

Thus Charles reasoned, and upon reasonings like these he proceeded to act.

Had his genius been equal to the intensity of his convictions, nay, had he been a much worse man than he was—less of a gentleman and more of a Jesuit—he might have attained his ends. But he was just not strong enough, and just not bad enough to succeed.

Resolute as he was, his resolution was no match for the iron will of men like Hampden and Pym; unscrupulous as he was, he was more scrupulous than Cromwell. He failed, and execrable as would have been the consequences of his success, the people of England have always felt for him the pity and the sympathy which cannot be denied to a gallant, and courtly, and melancholy figure, stricken down by superior force, and deprived at once of his dreams and of his life.

The despotism of the commonwealth was specially hateful to England, be-

cause it was a religious despotism. The "merry England" which had where-withal to eat and to drink and to dance, food enough and to spare, through the long middle ages, was in nowise a pious England. No feature is more marked in the contrast which mediæval England makes with her sister nations of the continent, than this. France, Germany, Spain, harried with perpetual wars, and sunk in misery, were the strongholds of devotion; England, on the contrary, appears, from a very early period after the Conquest, to have "waxed fat and kicked," not against the doctrine, but against the discipline of the church.

Asceticism, and religious extravagances of all sorts, found small favor there. When the horrible pestilence ravaged the continent in the fourteenth century, and the extreme misery of men gave rise to strange and fantastic enthusiasms, bands of the flagellants, who traversed the cities of Italy and France, weeping aloud and scourging themselves, crossed the channel, and marched in dismal parade through the streets of London.

The comfortable citizens of the prosperous English city looked on, stared, gaped, or laughed, but were by no means to be seduced into excoiating their sleek and comely backs. The flagellants made no converts in Cheapside.

When the Cardinal Bentivoglio drew up his curious statistics of English piety, at the era of the Reformation, he had to admit, that not more than a thirtieth part of the population could be considered fervent Catholics.

The ecclesiastical, and, indeed, the civil historians of England, have taken these facts too little into account, when seeking the causes of the facility with which England followed the princes and princesses of the house of Tudor through their rapid mutations of faith.

The religious movement which, on the continent, controlled the great political changes of the sixteenth century, in England was itself the secondary, and never the primary power.

And when the small body of sectaries, who constituted the strength of the parliamentary army, in 1643, had seized the government of England, the English people were not more revolted by the spectacle of military domination than by the intolerant and insolent behavior with which their psalm-singing and

May-pole-hating masters insulted the ancient jollity and good-natured indifference of the English temper in matters of religion.

The reëstablishment of the monarchy, effected, as it was, mainly by the influence of the commonalty of London, promised to the people the restitution of the old liberties attacked by Charles I., and of the old independence insulted by Cromwell and the Puritans.

Very different was the result. The May of the Restoration was early blighted, "no summer following."

The frivolous and worthless Charles II., relying too much on the hatred which the Commonwealth had excited, allowed and encouraged abler men than himself to toil for the consummation of the work which had cost his father both the crown and the head that wore it. His more saturnine and bigoted brother undertook himself the task which fate seemed to have imposed upon his family. It is impossible to read the history of the proceedings of James II. without a feeling analogous to that which the Greeks felt in contemplating the career of an Orestes or an *Ædipus*.

And no writer has ever described that history with such particularity and fervor, with such fullness of fatal detail, and such intensity of patriotic feeling, as Mr. Macaulay. The chapters through which he conducts James, from the bedside of his dying brother to the boat in which he embarked for France, have the pathos and the solemnity of tragedy. It is in dealing with such themes that Mr. Macaulay rises from the rhetorician into the historian; and his magnificent prose takes upon itself a majesty of movement and a passionate rhythm, which place it beside the stateliest poetry of Dryden.

With the catastrophe of 1688, and the arrival of William of Orange, the history really begins.

An era more clearly and brilliantly marked is not to be found.

Before 1688 England was an insular state, known, indeed, widely, and widely felt at times in the affairs of the continent, but known mainly as the home of a prosperous, proud people, and felt in the sudden dashes of force with which she had, from time to time, intervened in the warlike confusion of the continent. Her revenue was small, her coasts had been swept by the brooms of Van Tromp, and Dutch sailors had

smoked audacious pipes upon the Thames, within sight of her burning dockyards, and almost within sound of London bells. Her sovereigns had condescended to be the pensioners of France, her colonies were few, feeble, and scattered, her commerce contended for life with the great marines of Holland and of Spain.

Since 1688 what a new and wonderful history has been hers!

The insular state has become the mother of liberal ideas in the Old World, and in the New; the moral power of her great example has stimulated the political and the social life of mankind into developments of which no man can foresee the result, and no force restrain the progress; her stupendous revenues have enabled her to bear lightly, not merely the expenditure of an imperial government over territories more vast than Europe, but the interest of a debt, of which the principal exceeds the wealth of the civilized world in the days of William of Orange. She has seen one mighty empire arise from her side, and pass from her control, to take its place among the great powers of the earth; while, at the moment when the folly of her court sacrificed her splendid heritage in the West, the enterprise of her chief city found for her another colossal dominion in the East, more magnificent than the realms of Alexander. Holland and Spain she has seen wither, as she waxed mighty; and she it was who broke the sword of France in the hand of one, in comparison with whom the Grand Monarque was a meek and unambitious prince. She has given names to the arts, to literature, to oratory, to war, and to freedom, which would make her fame immortal were her glorious empire resolved again into anarchy and ruin.

The Revolution of 1688 was the turning point of all this history. The expulsion of the Stuarts was the assumption by the English people of that control over their own affairs which has been the true secret of the wondrous growth and greatness of modern England, and of our own America. To describe the Revolution of 1688, therefore, its rise and its progress, to paint, with special fidelity, events which transpired during a period so pregnant with the future, and the characters of the men who, in great things as in little, helped to determine the result of the perilous enter-

prise which brought the Prince of Orange to England, was the first duty of the historian who had undertaken to trace the course of the English people in the career which then opened before them. And it will not surprise the reflecting reader to find, that in the third and fourth volumes of his history, just issued, Mr. Macaulay has discussed the transactions of but little more than six years. The importance of the crisis fully justifies the extended treatment which it receives at the historian's hands. Within the first year alone, of the reign of William and Mary, England was called upon to decide the question of peace or war with France—a decision which involved a course of foreign policy entirely new, and bound up the fortunes of England with the contingencies of European politics; to settle the principles of allegiance, and the doctrine of sovereignty; to define the limits of religious toleration, and practically to remodel the establishment of the English church. Civil war in Ireland, civil war in Scotland, the reconstruction of the national system of finance, occupied, at one and the same time, the attention of William and his councilors.

It is not too much to say that, within the first two years after the accession of William, England passed through convulsions more radical than those which had shaken the state in the terrible times of the Roses, or in the great civil war.

That a prince who, though of English blood, was of foreign birth and breeding, should have come off safely, and with honor from such trials of his sagacity, his good sense and his honesty, is nothing less than extraordinary; and Mr. Macaulay has done no more than he had a right to do in erecting William into his hero. Should the great work which the historian has projected, by some untoward fate, be permitted to be carried on no further than may be necessary to give us a complete account of the reign of William III., Mr. Macaulay will have done enough for his own glory, though too little for our expectations. For though the special admirers of Mr. Macaulay, the essayist, may find the style and the subjects of that portion of William's history which lies here before us less stimulating and startling than the opening volumes of the work, we think it will finally be conceded that Mr. Macaulay, the statesman and histo-

rian, has nowhere so amply vindicated his claim to these titles as in his masterly discussions of the great constitutional questions which occupied the Convention, the Convocation, and the First Parliament of William's reign. It may be objected, perhaps, that sometimes, as, for instance, in his account of the differences between the parties in religion, just after the coronation of William and Mary, Mr. Macaulay indulges himself in repetitions tending to diffuseness, and adopts a tone rather paranoiac than historical. But Mr. Macaulay, as we have said before, cannot help writing like an advocate—a perfectly honest advocate—and, as we think, an advocate who generally has the best of the cause, as well as of the argument, yet still like an advocate, and his repetitions are, no doubt, intentional, rather than accidental.

We set most value on the philosophical and political merits of the new volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History. But our readers must not imagine that these volumes are destitute of interest more dramatic and exciting.

William, as we have said, is his hero; and he loses no opportunity of bringing into relief the great qualities of that strong, sad, high-spirited, and far-sighted nature. It would not be easy to find a more brilliantly-contrasted pair of sketches, than he gives us of William, taciturn and indifferent at court (vol. iii., p. 40), and of the same man, gallant, cheerful, vivacious in the camp (vol. iii., p. 490).

The glimpses that we have of Mary, are very charming; and, though one is disposed to doubt whether the historian has not over-colored the picture of her domestic felicity, it is hard to quarrel with the touches of a romance so pleasing as is suggested by the story of her devotion to her lord, and of his love for her.

Marlborough is the devil of the piece, and is handled in a very scurvy fashion. It is clear that Mr. Macaulay cherishes something very like a personal hatred to the departed hero of Blenheim.

All scoundrels, indeed, fare so badly at Mr. Macaulay's hands, as almost to move our compassion. Do any of our readers remember his famous article on Barère—an article so excessively vituperative, that we never knew a tolerably candid person to rise from the perusal of it without a strong prejudice in favor of the man so savagely attacked?

An analogous feeling is excited by such vitriolic outlines as that of Melfort, and even by the pertinacity with which James II. is pursued into all the recesses of his selfishness and his folly.

Mr. Macaulay's picture of the humiliating position, and the abject conduct of James, at the court of France, after his ignominious return from Ireland, is positively pitiless.

The friends of William Penn must sound again the Quaker trumpet. Where is Hepworth Dixon? As one seemingly unconscious of all the controversy excited by his former portrait of the great philanthropist, Mr. Macaulay goes on in his third volume to speak of Penn as an acknowledged plotter, and charges him directly with advising an invasion of England by the French. Nor do we see how the charge is to be rebutted. It has yet to be proved that Mr. Macaulay has made a serious error in any statement of facts, and we advise nobody to approach such an enterprise without careful, previous investigation of the cost; for the evidence which this history affords of close and minute study is surprising. As we remarked in the outset of this article, Mr. Macaulay allows no scrap of chronicle, however slight, to be wasted. His text gives to the casual or unpracticed reader no more idea of the labor expended upon it, than one of the tapestried cartoons of Raphael affords of the number of threads woven into its beautiful harmony, and of the weary hours through which the weaver bent over his task. We open the book almost at random, and our eyes fall immediately on a curious illustration of this indefatigable industry. In the course of a very striking description of Belfast as it was in 1688, and as it now is, occurs the following sentence: "The Belfast which William entered, was a small English settlement, of about three hundred houses, commanded by a stately castle, which has long disappeared." Three or four pages further on, we find a note, which tells us, that in the British Museum there is a map of Belfast, made in 1685, so exact, that the houses may be counted.

A man who causes the houses on an old map to be counted, that he may give precision to a paragraph, is not likely to be caught napping.

The wealth of information which Macaulay has acquired from old libraries, old plays, old ballads, from visits



to the haunts of the great, and the scenes of important actions, he has lavished upon his descriptions of the few men whose portraits, at full length, he now, for the first time, introduces into the scene. Upon the picture of Somers, whom Mr. Webster used to call the "incomparable Somers," he lays every touch with a lover's hand. In his description of Swift's "universal villain," Wharton, there is more of brilliancy, and at the same time, more humanity, than in any account we have ever read of that most consistent of profligates and of whigs. Bad as Wharton was, he could not have been a "villain," of whom it could be said with truth, "that he had never given a challenge; had never refused one; had never taken a life, and yet had never fought without having his antagonist's life at his mercy."

Our readers will pardon us, if we call their special attention to the fire and feeling with which Mr. Macaulay recounts battles by sea and land. It is no easy thing to describe a battle well. Where Scott, the poet, failed, and Napier, the soldier, stands alone preëminent among English historians, it is no slight praise to say that Macaulay, the statesman, has been successful. The accounts of the French victory by sea, off Beachy Head, and of the long fight of La Hogue, in which England regained the trident wrested from her hands—of Newton Butler, where the Saxons routed the Celts, and of Killiecrankie, where the Celts defeated the Saxons, are admirable examples at once of impartiality, and of a narrative which becomes easily impetuous without ever ceasing to be intelligible.

Nor does Macaulay excel less in the relation of great civil shows and scenes, such as the rejoicings at Paris, on the receipt of the false tidings of the death of the Prince of Orange; the entry of William into Dublin, after his victory on the Boyne; and the coronation pageantry, with which the third volume opens. One trait alone, in the last mentioned of these passages, strikes us as out of taste, and painful. The daughter of the martyred Lord Russell is introduced, with exquisite tact and feeling, as a prominent figure in the welcome given to the liberator of England; but is there not something repulsive in the touch which the historian adds, to paint

her "stern delight" at the tardy punishment of her father's murderers?

Other pictures Macaulay gives us, which demand the darkest tints upon his palette. Such are the harrowing sentences in which he describes the devastation of the Palatinate, by Duras, under the orders of Louvois, and with the sanction of Louis XIV., whose sanction, given to a villainy so black, to cruelties at once so atrocious and so useless, should alone suffice to make his memory infamous.

Such, too, are the pages that relate the hateful massacre of Glencoe—a massacre never too much to be execrated, but of any real responsibility for which, we think, with Mr. Macaulay, that William III. must be acquitted.

But it is time for us to bring these remarks to an end. Too much for the patience of our readers we may have already said—too much in praise of the spirit of Mr. Macaulay's history, or too much upon the importance of the principles which he means his history to illustrate, we could not easily say.

To all men who need to understand the true theory of government, the true laws which control the condition and the growth of states, these volumes are treasuries of instruction, and of suggestion. And this necessity is laid upon all intelligent Americans. Ours is not a constitution which, having been wisely established by wise men, seventy years ago, will move onward of itself, and carry the nation with it in the path of progress and prosperity. We, like the Englishmen of 1688, must be, in a great measure, the architects of our own fortunes. The working of our government will sway with the impulses of the public heart and mind. Contingencies, unforeseen by our fathers, may—such contingencies indeed do—loom up before us, in the not distant future. When those contingencies come upon us, it will not be what was written by our fathers, but what is understood by ourselves, that will save us. And therefore we should be grateful to every writer who sets before us, as Mr. Macaulay has done, with so much spirit, and sense, and temper, the great results in the past of principles that are as permanent and immutable as the constitution and the exigencies of man.

## ABU HAMOOD'S MULE: AND THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

FROM the tails of oriental sheep (so lengthily treated in a previous paper), there is an easy transition to tales of oriental fancy. One of these usually grotesque narratives was related to the Hakeem, on the following provocation. A Syrian friend was enlarging to him, on the melancholy fact that a man who knows a great truth cannot always declare it, without incurring censure, or even persecution, from the mistaken and testy public. To support this rather antique proposition, he told the following story, which cannot be found in the Arabian Nights:

"There was once a certain kadi, named Abu Hamood, who was inordinately fond of mules. His stables were uproarious with them, and yet not a month passed, but he added some new costly specimen to his stock. He used to visit them every day, fondle and hug them all around, kiss their long silky ears, and receive their bites and kicks, like so many civilities and benedictions. In short, this passion mastered him to such a degree that he ultimately became a very wicked kadi, and would stick at no false judgment or extortion, to possess himself of a tempting piece of mule-flesh. Accordingly, the spirit of evil laid a trap for him; and the kadi fell into it. And this was the manner of his fall:

"One day, as he walked in the streets of Bagdad—looking right and left for mules—he met a Mughreebe, of an exceedingly dark complexion. This Mughreebe was leading the finest mule that had ever been seen in the city; so beautiful, in fact, that it was like the rising sun for strength, and like the full moon for elegance. Abu Hamood stopped in front of the animal, utterly bewildered, and struck blind by its extraordinary graces. In the mean time, the man was walking the mule up and down, before the gates of the kadi's palace. At last, Abu Hamood spoke to him, and said, with a trembling voice, such was his agitation:

"O, Mughreebe, whose mule is that?"

"It is my master's," replied the other. 'He is a Mughreebe, like myself; but he is a prince, while I am a slave.'

"And where is thy master?" continued Abu Hamood.

"He has gone to the bazaars, to buy silks and jewels; and he bade me walk the mule up and down before this palace, until he returned."

"O, Mughreebe!" said Abu Hamood, 'wilt thou not let me take hold of the bridle of this mule, and enjoy the exquisite pleasure of leading him a few paces? And may God reward thee for thy benignity!'

"Take it, O friend!" said the other; 'and I will even thank thee: I have occasion to eat; I will go to the pastry-cook's, and return in a moment.'

"Abu Hamood took the bridle, with a trembling hand, and began to lead the mule up and down, in such a state of enchantment, that an hour passed away, as if it had been a minute. His servants espied him, and rushed out, to relieve him of his strange occupation; but he drove them away, and would suffer no one to touch the bridle, beside himself. At last, he began to wonder at the Mughreebe's prolonged absence, and looked anxiously up and down the street, hoping that he had lost his way, or broken his neck, so that he might never return. In short, no Mughreebe appeared; and, after another hour—which, by reason of his anxiety, seemed to him like a century—Abu Hamood stealthily led the beautiful mule into his own court-yard. There he gave it to his chief servant, and told him to put it into the best stall, and provide it with a bed of silk, instead of straw. But the mule broke away from the servant, and followed the kadi into the saloon, stepping as noiselessly as if his feet had been shod with roses. And thus, when Abu Hamood seated himself on a divan, the mule stood before him, and affectionately put his nose into his new master's bosom, and began to eat some raisins that were secreted there. The kadi was enchanted at the animal's tameness and gentleness, and allowed him to nibble at the raisins, until he had had raisins enough. When he would eat no more, the kadi said:

"Doubtless, this poor mule is thirsty; go, and bring him some water."

"One of the servants brought a shera-by or a narrow-necked jar of water and

a tray, into which it might be poured, and then retired. The mule walked to the door, and closed it with one of his fore-feet; and then, while his master was regarding him with unutterable admiration, returned to the sheraby, and, with a sudden bound, leaped into it, and disappeared. Abu Hamood was struck so perfectly aghast, by this feat, that he could not even cry out; but stood there, with his mouth open, and his eyes fixed on the sheraby. Presently, two long silky ears rose through the narrow mouth of the vessel, and wagged themselves, in a malicious manner, at the kadi; as much as to say: 'Here I am; why don't you catch me?' The poor man screamed with joy, and made a sudden snatch at the ears, which eluded his grasp, and disappeared in the sheraby. Whenever he peered into the opening, there was nothing to be seen, but water; but the moment he rose, and drew back, the long silky ears stood out, and wagged at him, as before. And this continued, until the kadi was quite wild with excitement; the ears dodging him every time, and he using his utmost efforts to seize them, and so recover his mule. He made such an uproar, with his jumping and shouting, that the servants hurried to the saloon, and were confounded to find their master dancing and hallooing insanely around a sheraby of water.

"Come, and help me," cried the kadi. "My mule has got into the sheraby. Help me get him out."

"Your excellency is joking with us," answered the servants. "It is impossible that a mule should get into a sheraby."

"I tell you that he is in there," insisted the kadi. "I saw him jump in, and I saw his ears sticking out."

"God help our poor master!" exclaimed the servants. "His mind is departing from him."

"It is a lie!" roared the kadi. "I am more sane than any of you. If the mule is not in the sheraby, where is he?"

"Doubtless," replied the servants, "your excellency has led him out secretly, in order to play a joke upon us."

"It is false!" screamed the kadi. "He is in the sheraby, as truly as you are a set of ignoramuses."

"Abu Hamood's four wives, and all his relatives, came, and tried, in vain, to convince him that there was no mule in the sheraby. He only foamed at the

mouth, because of their unbelief; and would let none of them touch the vessel, for fear that they should break it, and injure the mule. Accordingly, they concluded him to be stark crazy, and sent, in a hurry, for the best doctors of the city, to prescribe for his case. The doctors decided that his mind had departed from him; and ordered that he should be abundantly whipped, and very stingily fed, for three days, on bread and water. It was of no use for the kadi to struggle, and roar, and swear by the tail of the prophet's mule that he spoke nothing but the truth. He was thrown upon the floor by three stout kavasses, who beat the very dust out of him with their canes, and then dragged him away, and forced him into a gloomy dungeon, appointed for the madmen of Bagdad. Here, he was fed with bread and water—and very short rations at that—until three days had passed over. At the expiration of that time, an old Imam came to the cell; and, putting his head between the bars, and wagging his beard mournfully, said:

"O, kadi! O, dearly beloved friend! has thy mind returned to thee? Art thou convinced, now, that there was no mule in the sheraby?"

"No!" roared Abu Hamood, in great wrath. "I am not convinced. I saw him jump in, and I saw his ears sticking out."

"Accordingly, they gave him another beating, and three days more of bread and water. And now Abu Hamood began to reflect calmly on his position, and to commune with himself, after the following fashion:

"Well, here I am, in a lamentable case, indeed. Because I tell what I have seen, people call me crazy, and whip me, and feed me on short allowance of bread and water. By lying a little, I might deliver myself from prison, and get my house and family back again. I saw the mule jump into the sheraby, and I saw his ears sticking out; but, if I swear to it till my dying day, nobody will ever believe me. I may as well say that I was mistaken, and so find escape from this persecution."

"At the end of three days, the Imam came again, and, with a woeful wag of his beard, said: 'O kadi! O dearly beloved friend! has thy mind returned to thee?'"

"Yes," replied the kadi, 'praise be

to God! He has restored me my wits. I see that I was mistaken, and confess that there was no mule in the sheraby.'

"What has God wrought!" said the Imam; and he wagged his beard for happiness, as he had before done for sorrow. He sent immediately for the family of the kadi, and they all came, weeping for joy, to take their relative out of prison. Abu Hamood was carried to his house, and plentifully fed, while his friends crowded around him, to congratulate him on his recovery. After a while they arose, and left him to slumber; but placed dishes of fruit, and a sheraby of water beside him, so that he might refresh himself again, on waking. The kadi slept soundly, and dreamed of thousands of most beautiful mules, each one of which was led about by a dark-visaged Mughreebe, until suddenly they all leaped into a multitude of water-jars, and disappeared. He awoke with astonishment and vexation, and his eyes fell upon the sheraby at his bedside. There, just as glossy as ever, were the same long ears, wagging at him in the usual tantalizing manner. But Abu Hamood was wiser now than he had been. 'Ah!' said he, 'you may shake your ears at me as much as you please; but I will swear that I never saw them. I am not going to be beaten, and half-starved again, for telling a truth which nobody believes.'

"Accordingly the ears disappeared, and the kadi rose, and pitched the sheraby out of the window, without so much as peeping into it. And from that day unto the day of his death, he was never known to look at a mule, nor to contradict public opinion, on any subject whatsoever."

So much for a Syrian tale, the moral of which accounts for the persecution of Galileo, and for the scorn heaped on Columbus, and for the milk in divers other cocoa-nuts. To this I shall append an incidental sketch of an individual whose existence imaged to my comprehension the history of Simeon Stylites, and those other unsocial saints, who illustrated the earlier ages by their filthiness and fanaticism. The Hakeem and I made a trip to the cedars, and to the summit of Jebel Mekmel, the highest peak of Lebanon. A day's ride through the rudest portion of the mountain, over the most awful roads possible,

brought us to a high, temperate region, green here and there with patches of sweet turf, and musical with copious rivulets and fountains. Decaying snow-banks often lined our path, glaring in spectral contrast with immense thickets of gorgeous oleanders. We reposed beside a gigantic spring of the purest water, bursting up from a large cavity in the rock, with astonishing violence. We flung stones of two or three pounds weight into the boiling caldron, and saw them rise like chips, almost to the surface, and skate away for several feet, down the current. The water was as cold as its mother snows on the mountain above;\* so chilly that, heated as we were by the burning sun, we could scarcely endure to hold it in our mouths. A rivulet of really respectable dimensions bursts from this spring, and rolls hurriedly down deep valleys, to mingle with that sea which it can behold, even from its birth-place. It is the largest stream that I ever saw from one source, except the head-waters of the Syrian river Orontes. There, at the eastern base of the northernmost ridges of Lebanon, I gazed on a river of twenty-five or thirty feet in width, by three feet in depth, rising silently, yet swiftly, like some sudden destiny, from a single fountain.

We slept at the village which I immortalized by my famous misadventure in mule-mounting. We were four or five thousand feet above the sea, in the midst of a country like a highland paradise. To the east, we looked up into a vast amphitheatre, formed by the backbone ridge of Lebanon, and two gigantic spurs, which projected towards the Mediterranean. Far above us, on the enormous slope—a single green speck in its terrible aridity—was the famous grove of cedars, the only remnant of the mighty verdure from which Solomon drew his temple. Downwards we gazed into an astonishing valley, cracked at its bottom by a huge, precipitous chasm. Trees of the temperate climates—oaks, walnuts, and pines—mingled with the familiar, home-like verdure of potato-fields, and Indian corn. Villages dotted the slopes of the stupendous landscape, dimly visible through the rich foliage of their gardens and orchards. Right opposite, on the other side of the ravine, was Ehden,

\* Fahr. 41° all the year round.

or Eden; and, far below it, faintly specking with blackness the yellow walls of the chasm, were the windows and portals of a rock-excavated convent. Rivulets rushed from the tops of the ridges to the extreme depths of the basin—their continuous foam shining through the vast distances, like glittering ribbons of silver. West of us, the valley descended, and opened toward the sea, expiring and broadening into the luxuriant plain of Tripoli. And there lay the city, amid its orange and lemon gardens, looking out on a boundless expanse of waters, dazzling with an imperial robe of sunlight, and fanned by the wings of fitful breezes. It was a landscape of the grandest loveliness, whose memory has risen in gigantic beauty on my spirit, even amid the granite glories of Switzerland.

We descended obliquely into the valley, skirted the grim precipitousness of the great chasm, and began to rise again toward the cedars, and the top of the mountain. An hour or two of climbing carried us away from the cornfields, the oaks, and the walnuts, and brought us to steep acclivities of stony earth, barely flecked, here and there, with a pale, stunted vegetation. We climbed a last rapid ascent, and entered into the shadow of the great cedars. On a clump of rocky knolls, they stand far away from other trees, like a company of ascetics, or prophets, retired from a wicked world. The breath of the mountain snow-drifts souged through their branches, and swept downward, over cornfields and vines, to play with its brother breezes, on the sunlit floor of the sea. A lonely emerald on the naked bosom of the mountain, the grove seemed like a single hopeful thought in some spirit of desolation.

I thought there might be about five hundred trees, of which one-fourth or one-fifth were ancient and colossal, the others of a comparatively modern and slender growth. The old ones usually broke vehemently into several enormous branches, at ten or twenty feet from the ground, and grew scragged and irregular, as if old age, and the consciousness of long experience, made them whimsical and opinionated. The younger trunks were generally free from these eccentricities, and sometimes showed a remarkable straightness. A curious effect was produced by the declination

of the branches, and by the broad sloping sheets of verdure which their upper surfaces presented. We had no means of measuring the trunks, and we contented ourselves with pacing around the roots of some of the more gigantic of the brotherhood. All that I will venture to affirm is, that several were between thirty-five and forty feet in circumference. One of the very largest was almost entirely hollow, and showed, by various signs, that it had been used for a human habitation. Not far from it, towards the lower extremity of the grove, stood a rude stone cabin, shut up, and apparently untenanted. We stared at it a moment, wondering what its purpose might be, and strolled back into the thickest of the shadow. We were looking, in puzzled desire, at the branches above us, longing for a cane or a cedar cone, when a stranger approached us—a slender man, of twenty-two or twenty-three, of a yellowish bronze complexion, dark eyes, a pleasant smile, and costumed after the fashion of the country. Yet he was evidently not a native; for his tent was neither that of a denizen of the Syrian cities, nor of the Syrian deserts. He advanced hesitatingly from among the giant trees, and bade us good morning, in broken Arabic. My linguistic friend responded, and they struck up a conversation: "Do you live in Eden?" said the Hakeem.

"No; I live in the little hut, in the lower part of the grove."

"How came you to live there? What is your occupation?"

"I am a hermit. I am trying to find holiness, by living alone."

"And have you found it?"

"Alas! not yet. Not as I hope to do."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Three years. I lived two years in the large hollow tree above us. Then the people of the villages helped me to build this hut."

"But you are not an Arab?"

"No; I am an Abyssinian. I came from my own country, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in hopes of making myself holy. I did not succeed. There is a great deal of wickedness at Jerusalem, as there is everywhere among men. Then, I sought for a lonely place, where I might be by myself. I found this quiet grove, and this hollow tree. I am not yet holy; but I am better than at Jerusalem."



"But how do you live? Have you no labor?"

"The shepherds and the people of the villages often give me food. The monks, too, in the convent below, are kind to me. And, sometimes, I break off cedar-branches and cones, for Frank travelers, who come this way, and get a little baksheesh from them."

"It must be cold here, in the winter."

"I cannot stay here in the winter. The snow is very-deep. I go down to Tripoli, and live, until spring returns. All the people of these upper villages go down to the plain in winter. Here, they could not keep warm."

"Well, you must break off some cedar-cones for us, and we will give you a baksheesh."

He hurried away, with a rejoiced smile, and soon returned, bearing a long cord, to the end of which was attached a stout hook. A few dexterous flings among the branches, brought down as many cones and switches as we desired. The former were convenient souvenirs, with hard heads and tough constitutions; but the sticks were so small, scraggy, and easily broken, that we despaired ever making canes of them, and soon threw them away.

"What brittle wood!" said the Hakeem. "There is a great historic doubt resting upon that weakness of fibre. The material is evidently unfit for building purposes. It has almost no grain, and snaps in your fingers, like touch-wood. Now, the question arises, how Solomon came to build his temple of it. One of my learned friends, among the American missionaries, contends that he did not. He says that we do not know, very accurately, the ancient Hebrew names for plants, and that the phrase, translated 'the cedar of Lebanon,' perhaps, should be 'the pine of Lebanon.' The pine of Lebanon is a strong wood, and is used in great quantities, for building. The cedar is never so used. Besides, the pine is abundant, and always has been. The cedar is scarce; and we have no proof at all that forests of it ever existed. In short, my friend reasons very well, and I am pretty much of his opinion."

The bleatings of a flock of sheep—which a woolly-coated individual was leading by us, towards the top of the mountain—brought us back from the temple of Solomon, to the subject of luncheon.

"We will have some bread and milk," said the Hakeem. "O, shepherd! O, shepherd! listen! will you sell us some of your milk?"

The man checked his flock; and, catching one of the most motherly ewes, led her towards us.

"There is the milk, O my lords!" said he; "but, in the name of God, where will you have it?"

Yes; there was the milk—a whole bag-full of it—but the difficulty was to come at it. It seemed a little too innocent and pastoral to lie down, and take it warm—like Romulus and Remus—from its pendulous magazine. The hermit saw our perplexity, and dissipated it, by producing from his cabin a stout wooden pail. I was dubious about its sufficient cleanliness; but, as they say that every man must eat his peck of dirt, I determined not to struggle with destiny. The shepherd milked vigorously; the ewe gave down her fluidity in a proper spirit, and the vessel was soon foaming with a sufficiency of fine milk. We soaked our bits of swarthy bread in it, and made a glorious luncheon. We paid the shepherd for his hospitality, and gave a baksheesh, of rather more than ordinary value, to the hermit. He thanked us with blessings, in broken Arabic, and with his soft, timid, womanish smile. We left him to grow holy in that sublime loneliness, and saw his form disappear among the shadows of the souging cedars.

We reached the top of the mountain, and wore out our shoes with running over the loose sharp stones of its surface. We were nine thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea; and the under landscape was consequently immense and magnificent. Still, we were somewhat disappointed—as objects, seen from that altitude, lost much of their distinctness and individuality. The enchanted verdure of that almost incomparable valley, the Bukaa, was dim and hazy, seeming like an obscure brilliant, or a partially-faded flower. The outlines of the summit were bare and rounded—streaked, here and there, with long snow-drifts—and utterly destitute of vegetable or animal life, except dry weeds and a few vagrant, outcast butterflies. On a former visit, the Hakeem scared up a bear, and threw stones at him, as he waddled, in an undignified hurry, down the declivity.

## I AND MY CHIMNEY.

I AND my chimney, two grey-headed old smokers, reside in the country. We are, I may say, old settlers here; particularly my old chimney, which settles more and more every day.

Though I always say, *I and my chimney*, as Cardinal Wolsey used to say, *I and my King*, yet this egotistic way of speaking, wherein I take precedence of my chimney, is hardly borne out by the facts; in everything, except the above phrase, my chimney taking precedence of me.

Within thirty feet of the turf-sided road, my chimney—a huge, corpulent old Harry VIII. of a chimney—rises full in front of me and all my possessions. Standing well up a hill-side, my chimney, like Lord Rosse's monster telescope, swung vertical to hit the meridian moon, is the first object to greet the approaching traveler's eye, nor is it the last which the sun salutes. My chimney, too, is before me in receiving the first-fruits of the seasons. The snow is on its head ere on my hat; and every spring, as in a hollow beech tree, the first swallows build their nests in it.

But it is within doors that the pre-eminence of my chimney is most manifest. When in the rear room, set apart for that object, I stand to receive my guests (who, by the way call more, I suspect, to see my chimney than me), I then stand, not so much before, as, strictly speaking, behind my chimney, which is, indeed, the true host. Not that I demur. In the presence of my betters, I hope I know my place.

From this habitual precedence of my chimney over me, some even think that I have got into a sad rearward way altogether; in short, from standing behind my old-fashioned chimney so much, I have got to be quite behind the age too, as well as running behind-hand in everything else. But to tell the truth, I never was a very forward old fellow, nor what my farming neighbors call a forehanded one. Indeed, those rumors about my behindhandedness are so far correct, that I have an odd sauntering way with me sometimes of going about with my hands behind my back. As for my belonging to the rear-guard in general, certain it is, I bring up the rear of my chimney—which, by the way, is this moment before me—and that, too, both in fancy and fact. In brief, my chimney is my superior; my superior by I know

not how many heads and shoulders; my superior, too, in that humbly bowing over with shovel and tongs, I much minister to it; yet never does it minister, or incline over to me; but, if any thing, in its settlings, rather leans the other way.

My chimney is grand seignior here—the one great domineering object, not more of the landscape, than of the house; all the rest of which house, in each architectural arrangement, as may shortly appear, is, in the most marked manner, accommodated, not to my wants, but to my chimney's, which, among other things, has the centre of the house to himself, leaving but the odd holes and corners to me.

But I and my chimney must explain; and as we are both rather obese, we may have to expatiate.

In those houses which are strictly double houses—that is, where the hall is in the middle—the fire-places usually are on opposite sides; so that while one member of the household is warming himself at a fire built into a recess of the north wall, say another member, the former's own brother, perhaps, may be holding his feet to the blaze before a hearth in the south wall—the two thus fairly sitting back to back. Is this well? Be it put to any man who has a proper fraternal feeling. Has it not a sort of sulky appearance? But very probably this style of chimney building originated with some architect afflicted with a quarrelsome family.

Then again, almost every modern fire-place has its separate flue—separate throughout, from hearth to chimney-top. At least such an arrangement is deemed desirable. Does not this look egotistical, selfish? But still more, all these separate flues, instead of having independent masonry establishments of their own, or instead of being grouped together in one federal stock in the middle of the house—instead of this, I say, each flue is surreptitiously honey-combed into the walls; so that these last are here and there, or indeed almost anywhere, treacherously hollow, and, in consequence, more or less weak. Of course, the main reason of this style of chimney building is to economize room. In cities, where lots are sold by the inch, small space is to spare for a chimney constructed on magnanimous principles; and, as with most thin men,

who are generally tall, so with such houses, what is lacking in breadth must be made up in height. This remark holds true even with regard to many very stylish abodes, built by the most stylish of gentlemen. And yet, when that stylish gentleman, Louis le Grand of France, would build a palace for his lady friend, Madame de Maintenon, he built it but one story high—in fact in the cottage style. But then how uncommonly quadrangular, spacious, and broad—horizontal acres, not vertical ones. Such is the palace, which, in all its one-storied magnificence of Languedoc marble, in the garden of Versailles, still remains to this day. Any man can buy a square foot of land and plant a liberty-pole on it; but it takes a king to set apart whole acres for a grand Trianon.

But nowadays it is different; and furthermore, what originated in a necessity has been mounted into a vaunt. In towns there is large rivalry in building tall houses. If one gentleman builds his house four stories high, and another gentleman comes next door and builds five stories high, then the former, not to be looked down upon that way, immediately sends for his architect and claps a fifth and a sixth story on top of his previous four. And, not till the gentleman has achieved his aspiration, not till he has stolen over the way by twilight and observed how his sixth story soars beyond his neighbor's fifth—not till then does he retire to his rest with satisfaction.

Such folks, it seems to me, need mountains for neighbors, to take this emulous conceit of soaring out of them.

If, considering that mine is a very wide house, and by no means lofty, aught in the above may appear like interested pleading, as if I did but fold myself about in the cloak of a general proposition, cunningly to tickle my individual vanity beneath it, such misconception must vanish upon my frankly conceding, that land adjoining my alder swamp was sold last month for ten dollars an acre, and thought a rash purchase at that; so that for wide houses hereabouts there is plenty of room, and cheap. Indeed so cheap—dirt cheap—is the soil, that our elms thrust out their roots in it, and hang their great boughs over it, in the most lavish and reckless way. Almost all our crops, too, are sown broadcast, even peas and turnips. A farmer among us,

who should go about his twenty-acre field, poking his finger into it here and there, and dropping down a mustard seed, would be thought a penurious, narrow-minded husbandman. The dandelions in the river-meadows, and the forget-me-nots along the mountain roads, you see at once they are put to no economy in space. Some seasons, too, our rye comes up, here and there a spear, sole and single like a church-spire. It doesn't care to crowd itself where it knows there is such a deal of room. The world is wide, the world is all before us, says the rye. Weeds, too, it is amazing how they spread. No such thing as arresting them—some of our pastures being a sort of Alsatia for the weeds. As for the grass, every spring it is like Kossuth's rising of what he calls the peoples. Mountains, too, a regular camp-meeting of them. For the same reason, the same all-sufficiency of room, our shadows march and counter-march, going through their various drills and masterly evolutions, like the old imperial guard on the Champs de Mars. As for the hills, especially where the roads cross them, the supervisors of our various towns have given notice to all concerned, that they can come and dig them down and cart them off, and never a cent to pay, no more than for the privilege of picking blackberries. The stranger who is buried here, what liberal-hearted landed proprietor among us grudges him his six feet of rocky pasture?

Nevertheless, cheap, after all, as our land is, and much as it is trodden under foot, I, for one, am proud of it for what it bears; and chiefly for its three great lions—the Great Oak, Ogg Mountain, and my chimney.

Most houses, here, are but one and a half stories high; few exceed two. That in which I and my chimney dwell, is in width nearly twice its height, from sill to eaves—which accounts for the magnitude of its main content—besides, showing that in this house, as in this country at large, there is abundance of space, and to spare, for both of us.

The frame of the old house is of wood—which but the more sets forth the solidity of the chimney, which is of brick. And as the great wrought nails, binding the clapboards, are unknown in these degenerate days, so are the huge bricks in the chimney walls. The architect of the chimney must have had the pyramid of Cheops before him; for,

after that famous structure, it seems modeled, only its rate of decrease towards the summit is considerably less, and it is truncated. From the exact middle of the mansion it soars from the cellar, right up through each successive floor, till, four feet square, it breaks water from the ridge-pole of the roof, like an anvil-headed whale, through the crest of a billow. Most people, though, like it, in that part, to a razed observatory, masoned up.

The reason for its peculiar appearance above the roof touches upon rather delicate ground. How shall I reveal that, forasmuch as many years ago the original gable roof of the old house had become very leaky, a temporary proprietor hired a band of woodmen, with their huge, cross-cut saws, and went to sawing the old gable roof clean off. Off it went, with all its birds' nests, and dormer windows. It was replaced with a modern roof, more fit for a railway wood-house than an old country gentleman's abode. This operation—razeeing the structure some fifteen feet—was, in effect upon the chimney, something like the falling of the great spring tides. It left uncommon low water all about the chimney—to abate which appearance, the same person now proceeds to alic fifteen feet off the chimney itself, actually beheading my royal old chimney—a regicidal act, which, were it not for the palliating fact, that he was a poulterer by trade, and, therefore, hardened to such neck-wrangings, should send that former proprietor down to posterity in the same cart with Cromwell.

Owing to its pyramidal shape, the reduction of the chimney inordinately widened its razed summit. Inordinately, I say, but only in the estimation of such as have no eye to the picturesque. What care I, if, unaware that my chimney, as a free citizen of this free land, stands upon an independent basis of its own, people passing it, wonder how such a brick-kiln, as they call it, is supported upon mere joists and rafters? What care I? I will give a traveler a cup of switchel, if he want it; but am I bound to supply him with a sweet taste? Men of cultivated minds see, in my old house and chimney, a goodly old elephant-and-castle.

All feeling hearts will sympathize with me in what I am now about to add. The surgical operation, above referred to,

necessarily brought into the open air a part of the chimney previously under cover, and intended to remain so, and, therefore, not built of what are called weather-bricks. In consequence, the chimney, though of a vigorous constitution, suffered not a little, from so naked an exposure; and, unable to acclimate itself, ere long began to fail—showing blotchy symptoms akin to those in measles. Whereupon travelers, passing my way, would wag their heads, laughing: "See that wax nose—how it melts off!" But what cared I? The same travelers would travel across the sea to view Kenilworth peeling away, and for a very good reason: that of all artists of the picturesque, decay wears the palm—I would say, the ivy. In fact, I've often thought that the proper place for my old chimney is ivied old England.

In vain my wife—with what probable ulterior intent will, ere long, appear—solemnly warned me, that unless something were done, and speedily, we should be burnt to the ground, owing to the holes crumbling through the aforesaid blotchy parts, where the chimney joined the roof. "Wife," said I, "far better that my house should burn down, than that my chimney should be pulled down, though but a few feet. They call it a wax nose; very good; not for me to tweak the nose of my superior." But at last the man who has a mortgage on the house dropped me a note, reminding me that, if my chimney was allowed to stand in that invalid condition, my policy of insurance would be void. This was a sort of hint not to be neglected. All the world over, the picturesque yields to the pocketesque. The mortgagor cared not, but the mortgagee did.

So another operation was performed. The wax nose was taken off, and a new one fitted on. Unfortunately for the expression—being put up by a squint-eyed mason, who, at the time, had a bad stitch in the same side—the new nose stands a little awry, in the same direction.

Of one thing, however, I am proud. The horizontal dimensions of the new part are unreduced.

Large as the chimney appears upon the roof, that is nothing to its spaciousness below. At its base in the cellar, it is precisely twelve feet square; and hence covers precisely one hundred and forty-four superficial feet. What an

appropriation of terra firma for a chimney, and what a huge load for this earth! In fact, it was only because I and my chimney formed no part of his ancient burden, that that stout peddler, Atlas of old, was enabled to stand up so bravely under his pack. The dimensions given may, perhaps, seem fabulous. But, like those stones at Gilgal, which Joshua set up for a memorial of having passed over Jordan, does not my chimney remain, even unto this day?

Very often I go down into my cellar, and attentively survey that vast square of masonry. I stand long, and ponder over, and wonder at it. It has a druidical look, away down in the umbrageous cellar there, whose numerous vaulted passages, and far glens of gloom, resemble the dark, damp depths of primeval woods. So strongly did this conceit steal over me, so deeply was I penetrated with wonder at the chimney, that one day—when I was a little out of my mind, I now think—getting a spade from the garden, I set to work, digging round the foundation, especially at the corners thereof, obscurely prompted by dreams of striking upon some old, earthen-worn memorial of that by-gone day, when, into all this gloom, the light of heaven entered, as the masons laid the foundation-stones, peradventure sweltering under an August sun, or pelted by a March storm. Plying my blunted spade, how vexed was I by that ungracious interruption of a neighbor, who, calling to see me upon some business, and being informed that I was below, said I need not be troubled to come up, but he would go down to me; and so, without ceremony, and without my having been forewarned, suddenly discovered me, digging in my cellar.

"Gold digging, sir?"

"Nay, sir," answered I, starting, "I was merely—ahem!—merely—I say I was merely digging—round my chimney."

"Ah, loosening the soil, to make it grow. Your chimney, sir, you regard as too small, I suppose; needing further development, especially at the top?"

"Sir!" said I, throwing down the spade, "do not be personal. I and my chimney—"

"Personal?"

"Sir, I look upon this chimney less as a pile of masonry than as a personage. It is the king of the house. I am but a suffered and inferior subject."

In fact, I would permit no gibes to be cast at either myself or my chimney; and never again did my visitor refer to it in my hearing, without coupling some compliment with the mention. It well deserves a respectful consideration. There it stands, solitary and alone—not a council-of-ten flues, but, like his sacred majesty of Russia, a unit of an autocrat.

Even to me, its dimensions, at times, seem incredible. It does not look so big—no, not even in the cellar. By the mere eye, its magnitude can be but imperfectly comprehended, because only one side can be received at one time; and said side can only present twelve feet, linear measure. But then, each other side also is twelve feet long; and the whole obviously forms a square; and twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four. And so, an adequate conception of the magnitude of this chimney is only to be got at by a sort of process in the higher mathematics, by a method somewhat akin to those whereby the surprising distances of fixed stars are computed.

It need hardly be said, that the walls of my house are entirely free from fire-places. These all congregate in the middle—in the one grand central chimney, upon all four sides of which are hearths—two tiers of hearths—so that when, in the various chambers, my family and guests are warming themselves of a cold winter's night, just before retiring, then, though at the time they may not be thinking so, all their faces mutually look towards each other, yea, all their feet point to one centre; and, when they go to sleep in their beds, they all sleep round one warm chimney, like so many Iroquois Indians, in the woods, round their one heap of embers. And just as the Indians' fire serves, not only to keep them comfortable, but also to keep off wolves, and other savage monsters, so my chimney, by its obvious smoke at top, keeps off prowling burglars from the towns—for what burglar or murderer would dare break into an abode from whose chimney issues such a continual smoke—betokening that if the inmates are not stirring, at least fires are, and in case of an alarm, candles may readily be lighted, to say nothing of muskets.

But stately as is the chimney—yea, grand high altar as it is, right worthy for the celebration of high mass be-



fore the Pope of Rome, and all his cardinals—yet what is there perfect in this world? Caius Julius Cæsar, had he not been so inordinately great, they say that Brutus, Cassius, Antony, and the rest, had been greater. My chimney, were it not so mighty in its magnitude, my chambers had been larger. How often has my wife ruefully told me, that my chimney, like the English aristocracy, casts a contracting shade all round it. She avers that endless domestic inconveniences arise—more particularly from the chimney's stubborn central locality. The grand objection with her is, that it stands midway in the place where a fine entrance-hall ought to be. In truth, there is no hall whatever to the house—nothing but a sort of square landing-place, as you enter from the wide front door. A roomy enough landing-place, I admit, but not attaining to the dignity of a hall. Now, as the front door is precisely in the middle of the front of the house, inwards it faces the chimney. In fact, the opposite wall of the landing-place is formed solely by the chimney; and hence—owing to the gradual tapering of the chimney—is a little less than twelve feet in width. Climbing the chimney in this part, is the principal stair-case—which, by three abrupt turns, and three minor landing-places, mounts to the second floor, where, over the front door, runs a sort of narrow gallery, something less than twelve feet long, leading to chambers on either hand. This gallery, of course, is railed; and so, looking down upon the stairs, and all those landing-places together, with the main one at bottom, resembles not a little a balcony for musicians, in some jolly old abode, in times Elizabethan. Shall I tell a weakness? I cherish the cobwebs there, and many a time arrest Biddy in the act of brushing them with her broom, and have many a quarrel with my wife and daughters about it.

Now the ceiling, so to speak, of the place where you enter the house, that ceiling is, in fact, the ceiling of the second floor, not the first. The two floors are made one here; so that ascending this turning stairs, you seem going up into a kind of soaring tower, or lighthouse. At the second landing, midway up the chimney, is a mysterious door, entering to a mysterious closet; and here I keep mysterious cordials, of a

choice, mysterious flavor, made so by the constant nurturing and subtle ripening of the chimney's gentle heat, distilled through that warm mass of masonry. Better for wines is it than voyages to the Indies; my chimney itself a tropic. A chair by my chimney in a November day is as good for an invalid as a long season spent in Cuba. Often I think how grapes might ripen against my chimney. How my wife's geraniums bud there! Bud in December. Her eggs, too—can't keep them near the chimney, on account of hatching. Ah, a warm heart has my chimney.

How often my wife was at me about that projected grand entrance-hall of hers, which was to be knocked clean through the chimney, from one end of the house to the other, and astonish all guests by its generous amplitude. "But, wife," said I, "the chimney—consider the chimney: if you demolish the foundation, what is to support the superstructure?" "Oh, that will rest on the second floor." The truth, is, women know next to nothing about the realities of architecture. However, my wife still talked of running her entries and partitions. She spent many long nights elaborating her plans; in imagination building her boasted hall through the chimney, as though its high mightiness were a mere spear of sorrel-top. At last, I gently reminded her that, little as she might fancy it, the chimney was a fact—a sober, substantial fact, which, in all her plannings, it would be well to take into full consideration. But this was not of much avail.

And here, respectfully craving her permission, I must say a few words about this enterprising wife of mine. Though in years nearly old as myself, in spirit she is young as my little sorrel mare, Trigger, that threw me last fall. What is extraordinary, though she comes of a rheumatic family, she is straight as a pine, never has any aches; while for me with the sciatica, I am sometimes as crippled up as any old apple tree. But she has not so much as a toothache. As for her hearing—let me enter the house in my dusty boots, and she away up in the attic. And for her sight—Biddy, the housemaid, tells other people's housemaids, that her mistress will spy a spot on the dresser straight through the pewter platter, put up on purpose to hide it. Her faculties are alert as her limbs and her senses.

No danger of my spouse dying of torpor. The longest night in the year I've known her lie awake, planning her campaign for the morrow. She is a natural projector. The maxim, "Whatever is, is right," is not hers. Her maxim is, Whatever is, is wrong; and what is more, must be altered; and what is still more, must be altered right away. Dreadful maxim for the wife of a dozy old dreamer like me, who dote on seventh days as days of rest, and out of a sabbatical horror of industry, will, on a week day, go out of my road a quarter of a mile, to avoid the sight of a man at work.

That matches are made in heaven, may be, but my wife would have been just the wife for Peter the Great, or Peter the Piper. How she would have set in order that huge littered empire of the one, and with indefatigable painstaking picked the peck of pickled peppers for the other.

But the most wonderful thing is, my wife never thinks of her end. Her youthful incredulity, as to the plain theory, and still plainer fact of death, hardly seems Christian. Advanced in years, as she knows she must be, my wife seems to think that she is to teem on, and be inexhaustible forever. She doesn't believe in old age. At that strange promise in the plain of Mamre, my old wife, unlike old Abraham's, would not have jeeringly laughed within herself.

Judge how to me, who, sitting in the comfortable shadow of my chimney, smoking my comfortable pipe, with ashes not unwelcome at my feet, and ashes not unwelcome all but in my mouth; and who am thus in a comfortable sort of not unwelcome, though, indeed, ashy enough way, reminded of the ultimate exhaustion even of the most fiery life; judge how to me this unwarrantable vitality in my wife must come, sometimes, it is true, with a moral and a calm, but oftener with a breeze and a ruffle.

If the doctrine be true, that in wedlock contraries attract, by how cogent a fatality must I have been drawn to my wife! While spicily impatient of present and past, like a glass of ginger-beer she overflows with her schemes; and, with like energy as she puts down her foot, puts down her preserves and her pickles, and lives with them in a continual future; or ever full of expecta-

tions both from time and space, is ever restless for newspapers, and ravenous for letters. Content with the years that are gone, taking no thought for the morrow, and looking for no new thing from any person or quarter whatever, I have not a single scheme or expectation on earth, save in unequal resistance of the undue encroachment of hers.

Old myself, I take to oldness in things; for that cause mainly loving old Montaigne, and old cheese, and old wine; and eschewing young people, hot rolls, new books, and early potatoes, and very fond of my old claw-footed chair, and old club-footed Deacon White, my neighbor, and that still nigher old neighbor, my betwisted old grape-vine, that of a summer evening leans in his elbow for cosy company at my window-sill, while I, within doors, lean over mine to meet his; and above all, high above all, am fond of my high-mantled old chimney. But she, out of that infatuate juvenility of hers, takes to nothing but newness; for that cause mainly, loving new cider in autumn, and in spring, as if she were own daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, fairly raving after all sorts of salads and spinages, and more particularly green cucumbers (though all the time nature rebukes such unsuitable young hankerings in so elderly a person, by never permitting such things to agree with her), and has an itch after recently-discovered fine prospects (so no grave-yard be in the background), and also after Swedenborgianism, and the Spirit Rapping philosophy, with other new views, alike in things natural and unnatural; and immortally hopeful, is forever making new flower-beds even on the north side of the house, where the bleak mountain wind would scarce allow the wiry weed called hardhack to gain a thorough footing; and on the road-side sets out mere pipe-stems of young elms; though there is no hope of any shade from them, except over the ruins of her great granddaughter's grave-stones; and won't wear caps, but plaits her gray hair; and takes the Ladies' Magazine for the fashions; and always buys her new almanac a month before the new year; and rises at dawn; and to the warmest sunset turns a cold shoulder; and still goes on at odd hours with her new course of history, and her French, and her music; and likes young company; and offers to ride young colts; and sets out young suckers in

the orchard; and has a spite against my elbowed old grape-vine, and my club-footed old neighbor, and my claw-footed old chair, and above all, high above all, would fain persecute, unto death, my high-mantled old chimney. By what perverse magic, I a thousand times think, does such a very autumnal old lady have such a very vernal young soul? When I would remonstrate at times, she spins round on me with, "Oh, don't you grumble, old man (she always calls me old man), it's I, young I, that keep you from stagnating." Well, I suppose it is so. Yea, after all, these things are well ordered. My wife, as one of her poor relations, good soul, intimates, is the salt of the earth, and none the less the salt of my sea, which otherwise were unwholesome. She is its monsoon, too, blowing a brisk gale over it, in the one steady direction of my chimney.

Not insensible of her superior energies, my wife has frequently made me propositions to take upon herself all the responsibilities of my affairs. She is desirous that, domestically, I should abdicate; that, renouncing further rule, like the venerable Charles V., I should retire into some sort of monastery. But indeed, the chimney excepted, I have little authority to lay down. By my wife's ingenious application of the principle that certain things belong of right to female jurisdiction, I find myself, through my easy compliances, insensibly stripped by degrees of one masculine prerogative after another. In a dream I go about my fields, a sort of lazy, happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing, loafing, old Lear. Only by some sudden revelation am I reminded who is over me; as year before last, one day seeing in one corner of the premises fresh deposits of mysterious boards and timbers, the oddity of the incident at length begat serious meditation. "Wife," said I, "whose boards and timbers are those I see near the orchard there? Do you know any thing about them, wife? Who put them there? You know I do not like the neighbors to use my land that way; they should ask permission first."

She regarded me with a pitying smile.

"Why, old man, don't you know I am building a new barn? Didn't you know that, old man?"

This is the poor old lady that was accusing me of tyrannizing over her.

To return now to the chimney. Upon being assured of the futility of her proposed hall, so long as the obstacle remained, for a time my wife was for a modified project. But I could never exactly comprehend it. As far as I could see through it, it seemed to involve the general idea of a sort of irregular archway, or elbowed tunnel, which was to penetrate the chimney at some convenient point under the staircase, and carefully avoiding dangerous contact with the fire-places, and particularly steering clear of the great interior flue, was to conduct the enterprising traveler from the front door all the way into the dining-room in the remote rear of the mansion. Doubtless it was a bold stroke of genius, that plan of hers, and so was Nero's when he schemed his grand canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. Nor will I take oath, that, had her project been accomplished, then, by help of lights hung at judicious intervals through the tunnel, some Belzoni or other might have succeeded in future ages in penetrating through the masonry, and actually emerging into the dining-room, and once there, it would have been inhospitable treatment of such a traveler to have denied him a recruiting meal.

But my bustling wife did not restrict her objections, nor in the end confine her proposed alterations to the first floor. Her ambition was of the mounting order. She ascended with her schemes to the second floor, and so to the attic. Perhaps there was some small ground for her discontent with things as they were. The truth is, there was no regular passage-way up stairs or down; unless we again except that little orchestra-gallery before mentioned. And all this was owing to the chimney, which my gamesome spouse seemed despitely to regard as the bully of the house. On all its four sides, nearly all the chambers sidled up to the chimney for the benefit of a fire-place. The chimney would not go to them; they must needs go to it. The consequence was, almost every room, like a philosophical system, was in itself an entry, or passage-way to other rooms, and systems of rooms—a whole suite of entries, in fact. Going through the house, you seem to be forever going somewhere, and getting nowhere. It is like losing one's self in the woods; round and round the chimney you go,

and if you arrive at all, it is just where you started, and so you begin again, and again get nowhere. Indeed—though I say it not in the way of fault-finding at all—never was there so labyrinthine an abode. Guests will tarry with me several weeks and every now and then, be anew astonished at some unforeseen apartment.

The puzzling nature of the mansion, resulting from the chimney, is peculiarly noticeable in the dining-room, which has no less than nine doors, opening in all directions, and into all sorts of places. A stranger for the first time entering this dining-room, and naturally taking no special heed at what door he entered, will, upon rising to depart, commit the strangest blunders. Such, for instance, as opening the first door that comes handy, and finding himself stealing up stairs by the back passage. Shutting that door, he will proceed to another, and be aghast at the cellar yawning at his feet. Trying a third, he surprises the housemaid at her work. In the end, no more relying on his own unaided efforts, he procures a trusty guide in some passing person, and in good time successfully emerges. Perhaps as curious a blunder as any, was that of a certain stylish young gentleman, a great exquisite, in whose judicious eyes my daughter Anna had found especial favor. He called upon the young lady one evening, and found her alone in the dining-room at her needle-work. He stayed rather late; and after abundance of superfine discourse, all the while retaining his hat and cane, made his profuse adieus, and with repeated graceful bows proceeded to depart, after the fashion of courtiers from the Queen, and by so doing, opening a door at random, with one hand placed behind, very effectually succeeded in backing himself into a dark pantry, where he carefully shut himself up, wondering there was no light in the entry. After several strange noises as of a cat among the crockery, he reappeared through the same door, looking uncommonly crest-fallen, and, with a deeply embarrassed air, requested my daughter to designate at which of the nine he should find exit. When the mischievous Anna told me the story, she said it was surprising how unaffected and matter-of-fact the young gentleman's manner was after his reappearance. He was more candid than ever, to be sure; hav-

ing inadvertently thrust his white kids into an open drawer of Havana sugar, under the impression, probably, that being what they call "a sweet fellow," his route might possibly lie in that direction.

Another inconvenience resulting from the chimney is, the bewilderment of a guest in gaining his chamber, many strange doors lying between him and it. To direct him by finger-posts would look rather queer; and just as queer in him to be knocking at every door on his route, like London's city guest, the king, at Temple Bar.

Now, of all these things and many, many more, my family continually complained. At last my wife came out with her sweeping proposition—in toto to abolish the chimney.

"What!" said I, "abolish the chimney? To take out the back-bone of anything, wife, is a hazardous affair. Spines out of backs, and chimneys out of houses, are not to be taken like frosted lead-pipes from the ground. Besides," added I, "the chimney is the one grand permanence of this abode. If undisturbed by innovators, then in future ages, when all the house shall have crumbled from it, this chimney will still survive—a Bunker Hill monument. No, no, wife, I can't abolish my back-bone."

So said I then. But who is sure of himself, especially an old man, with both wife and daughters ever at his elbow and ear? In time, I was persuaded to think a little better of it; in short, to take the matter into preliminary consideration. At length it came to pass that a master-mason—a rough sort of architect—one Mr. Scribe, was summoned to a conference. I formally introduced him to my chimney. A previous introduction from my wife had introduced him to myself. He had been not a little employed by that lady, in preparing plans and estimates for some of her extensive operations in drainage. Having, with much ado, extorted from my spouse the promise that she would leave us to an unmolested survey, I began by leading Mr. Scribe down to the root of the matter, in the cellar. Lamp in hand, I descended; for though up stairs it was noon, below it was night.

We seemed in the pyramids; and I, with one hand holding my lamp over head, and with the other pointing out, in the obscurity, the hoar mass of the

chimney, seemed some Arab guide, showing the cobwebbed mausoleum of the great god Apis.

"This is a most remarkable structure, sir," said the master-mason, after long contemplating it in silence, "a most remarkable structure, sir."

"Yes," said I complacently, "every one says so."

"But large as it appears above the roof, I would not have inferred the magnitude of this foundation, sir," eyeing it critically.

Then taking out his rule, he measured it.

"Twelve feet square; one hundred and forty-four square feet! sir, this house would appear to have been built simply for the accommodation of your chimney."

"Yes, my chimney and me. Tell me candidly, now," I added, "would you have such a famous chimney abolished?"

"I wouldn't have it in a house of mine, sir, for a gift," was the reply. "It's a losing affair altogether, sir. Do you know, sir, that in retaining this chimney, you are losing, not only one hundred and forty-four square feet of good ground, but likewise a considerable interest upon a considerable principal?"

"How?"

"Look, sir," said he, taking a bit of red chalk from his pocket, and figuring against a whitewashed wall, "twenty times eight is so and so; then forty-two times thirty-nine is so and so—aint it, sir? Well, add those together, and subtract this here, then that makes so and so," still chalking away.

To be brief, after no small ciphering, Mr. Scribe informed me that my chimney contained, I am ashamed to say how many thousand and odd valuable bricks.

"No more," said I fidgeting. "Pray now, let us have a look above."

In that upper zone we made two more circumnavigations for the first and second floors. That done, we stood together at the foot of the stairway by the front door; my hand upon the knob, and Mr. Scribe hat in hand.

"Well, sir," said he, a sort of feeling his way, and, to help himself, fumbling with his hat, "well, sir, I think it can be done."

"What, pray, Mr. Scribe; *what* can be done?"

"Your chimney, sir; it can without rashness be removed, I think."

"I will think of it, too, Mr. Scribe," said I, turning the knob, and bowing him towards the open space without, "I will *think* of it, sir; it demands consideration; much obliged to ye; good morning, Mr. Scribe."

"It is all arranged, then," cried my wife with great glee, bursting from the highest room.

"When will they begin?" demanded my daughter Julia.

"To-morrow?" asked Anna.

"Patience, patience, my dears," said I, "such a big chimney is not to be abolished in a minute."

Next morning it began again.

"You remember the chimney," said my wife.

"Wife," said I, "it is never out of my house, and never out of my mind."

"But when is Mr. Scribe to begin to pull it down?" asked Anna.

"Not to-day, Anna," said I.

"When, then?" demanded Julia, in alarm.

Now, if this chimney of mine was, for size, a sort of belfry, for ding-donging at me about it, my wife and daughters were a sort of bells, always chiming together, or taking up each other's melodies at every pause, my wife the key-clapper of all. A very sweet ringing, and pealing, and chiming, I confess; but then, the most silvery of bells may, sometimes, dismally toll, as well as merrily play. And as touching the subject in question, it became so now. Perceiving a strange relapse of opposition in me, wife and daughters began a soft and dirge-like, melancholy tolling over it.

At length my wife, getting much excited, declared to me, with pointed finger, that so long as that chimney stood, she should regard it as the monument of what she called my broken pledge. But finding this did not answer, the next day, she gave me to understand that either she or the chimney must quit the house.

Finding matters coming to such a pass, I and my pipe philosophized over them awhile, and finally concluded between us, that little as our hearts went with the plan, yet for peace' sake, I might write out the chimney's death-warrant, and, while my hand was in, scratch a note to Mr. Scribe.

Considering that I, and my chimney,



and my pipe, from having been so much together, were three great cronies, the facility with which my pipe consented to a project so fatal to the goodliest of our trio; or rather, the way in which I and my pipe, in secret, conspired together, as it were, against our unsuspecting old comrade—this may seem rather strange, if not suggestive of sad reflections upon us two. But, indeed, we, sons of clay, that is my pipe and I, are no whit better than the rest. Far from us, indeed, to have volunteered the betrayal of our crony. We are of a peaceable nature, too. But that love of peace it was which made us false to a mutual friend, as soon as his cause demanded a vigorous vindication. But I rejoice to add, that better and braver thoughts soon returned, as will now briefly be set forth.

To my note, Mr. Scribe replied in person.

Once more we made a survey, mainly now with a view to a pecuniary estimate.

"I will do it for five hundred dollars," said Mr. Scribe at last, again hat in hand.

"Very well, Mr. Scribe, I will think of it," replied I, again bowing him to the door.

Not unexvexed by this, for the second time, unexpected response, again he withdrew, and from my wife and daughters again burst the old exclamations.

The truth is, resolve how I would, at the last pinch I and my chimney could not be parted.

"So Holofernes will have his way, never mind whose heart breaks for it," said my wife next morning, at breakfast, in that half-didactic, half-reproachful way of hers, which is harder to bear than her most energetic assault, Holofernes, too, is with her a pet name for any fell domestic despot. So, whenever, against her most ambitious innovations, those which saw me quite across the grain, I, as in the present instance, stand with however little steadfastness on the defence, she is sure to call me Holofernes, and ten to one takes the first opportunity to read aloud, with a suppressed emphasis, of an evening, the first newspaper paragraph about some tyrannic day-laborer, who, after being for many years the Caligula of his family, ends by beating his long-suffering spouse to death, with a garret door wrenched off its hinges, and then, pitching his little innocents out of the

window, suicidally turns inward towards the broken wall scored with the butcher's and baker's bills, and so rushes headlong to his dreadful account.

Nevertheless, for a few days, not a little to my surprise, I heard no further reproaches. An intense calm pervaded my wife, but beneath which, as in the sea, there was no knowing what portentous movements might be going on. She frequently went abroad, and in a direction which I thought not unsuspecting; namely, in the direction of New Petra, a griffin-like house of wood and stucco, in the highest style of ornamental art, graced with four chimneys in the form of erect dragons spouting smoke from their nostrils; the elegant modern residence of Mr. Scribe, which he had built for the purpose of a standing advertisement, not more of his taste as an architect, than his solidity as a master-mason.

At last, smoking my pipe one morning, I heard a rap at the door, and my wife, with an air unusually quiet for her, brought me a note. As I have no correspondents except Solomon, with whom, in his sentiments, at least, I entirely correspond, the note occasioned me some little surprise, which was not diminished upon reading the following:—

"NEW PETRA, April 1st.

"SIR:—During my last examination of your chimney, possibly you may have noted that I frequently applied my rule to it in a manner apparently unnecessary. Possibly also, at the same time, you might have observed in me more or less of perplexity, to which, however, I refrained from giving any verbal expression.

"I now feel it obligatory upon me to inform you of what was then but a dim suspicion, and as such would have been unwise to give utterance to, but which now, from various subsequent calculations assuming no little probability, it may be important that you should not remain in further ignorance of.

"It is my solemn duty to warn you, sir, that there is architectural cause to conjecture that somewhere concealed in your chimney is a reserved space, hermetically closed, in short, a secret chamber, or rather closet. How long it has been there, it is for me impossible to say. What it contains is hid, with itself, in darkness. But probably a secret closet would not have been con-

trived except for some extraordinary object, whether for the concealment of treasure, or what other purpose, may be left to those better acquainted with the history of the house to guess.

"But enough: in making this disclosure, sir, my conscience is eased. Whatever step you choose to take upon it, is of course a matter of indifference to me; though, I confess, as respects the character of the closet, I cannot but share in a natural curiosity.

"Trusting that you may be guided aright, in determining whether it is Christian-like knowingly to reside in a house, hidden in which is a secret closet,

"I remain,

"With much respect,

"Yours very humbly,

"HIRAM SCRIBE."

My first thought upon reading this note was, not of the alleged mystery of manner to which, at the outset, it alluded—for none such had I at all observed in the master mason during his surveys—but of my late kinsman, Captain Julian Dacres, long a ship-master and merchant in the Indian trade, who, about thirty years ago, and at the ripe age of ninety, died a bachelor, and in this very house, which he had built. He was supposed to have retired into this country with a large fortune. But to the general surprise, after being at great cost in building himself this mansion, he settled down into a sedate, reserved, and inexpensive old age, which by the neighbors was thought all the better for his heirs: but lo! upon opening the will, his property was found to consist but of the house and grounds, and some ten thousand dollars in stocks; but the place, being found heavily mortgaged, was in consequence sold. Gossip had its day, and left the grass quietly to creep over the captain's grave, where he still slumbers in a privacy as unmolested as if the billows of the Indian Ocean, instead of the billows of inland verdure, rolled over him. Still, I remembered long ago, hearing strange solutions whispered by the country people for the mystery involving his will, and, by reflex, himself; and that, too, as well in conscience as purse. But people who could circulate the report (which they did), that Captain Julian Dacres had, in his day, been a Borneo pirate, surely were not worthy of credence in their collateral notions. It is queer what wild whimsies of rumors will, like toadstools, spring

up about any eccentric stranger, who, settling down among a rustic population, keeps quietly to himself. With some, inoffensiveness would seem a prime cause of offense. But what chiefly had led me to scout at these rumors, particularly as referring to concealed treasure, was the circumstance, that the stranger (the same who razed the roof and the chimney) into whose hands the estate had passed on my kinsman's death, was of that sort of character, that had there been the least ground for those reports, he would speedily have tested them, by tearing down and rummaging the walls.

Nevertheless, the note of Mr. Scribe, so strangely recalling the memory of my kinsman, very naturally chimed in with what had been mysterious, or at least unexplained, about him; vague flashings of ingots united in my mind with vague gleamings of skulls. But the first cool thought soon dismissed such chimeras; and, with a calm smile, I turned towards my wife, who, meantime, had been sitting near by, impatient enough, I dare say, to know who could have taken it into his head to write me a letter.

"Well, old man," said she, "who is it now, and what is it about?"

"Read it, wife," said I, handing it.

Read it she did, and then—such an explosion! I will not pretend to describe her emotions, or repeat her expressions. Enough that my daughters were quickly called in to share the excitement. Although they had never before dreamed of such a revelation as Mr. Scribe's; yet upon the first suggestion they instinctively saw the extreme likelihood of it. In corroboration, they cited first my kinsman, and second, my chimney; alleging that the profound mystery involving the former, and the equally profound masonry involving the latter, though both acknowledged facts, were alike preposterous on any other supposition than the secret closet.

But all this time I was quietly thinking to myself: Could it be hidden from me that my credulity in this instance would operate very favorably to a certain plan of theirs? How to get to the secret closet, or how to have any certainty about it at all, without making such fell work with the chimney as to render its set destruction superfluous? That my wife wished to get rid of the chimney, it needed no reflection to show; and that

Mr. Scribe, for all his pretended disinterestedness, was not opposed to pocketing five hundred dollars by the operation, seemed equally evident. That my wife had, in secret, laid heads together with Mr. Scribe, I at present refrain from affirming. But when I consider her enmity against my chimney, and the steadiness with which at the last she is wont to carry out her schemes, if by hook or by crook she can, especially after having been once baffled, why, I scarcely knew at what step of hers to be surprised.

Of one thing only was I resolved, that I and my chimney should not budge.

In vain all protests. Next morning I went out into the road, where I had noticed a diabolical-looking old gander, that, for its doughty exploits in the way of scratching into forbidden inclosures, had been rewarded by its master with a portentous, four-pronged, wooden decoration, in the shape of a collar of the Order of the Garotte. This gander I cornered, and rummaging out its stiffest quill, plucked it, took it home, and making a stiff pen, inscribed the following stiff note:

"CHIMNEY SIDE, April 2.

"MR. SCRIBE.

"Sir:—For your conjecture, we return you our joint thanks and compliments, and beg leave to assure you, that

"We shall remain,

"Very faithfully,

"The same,

"I and my Chimney."

Of course, for this epistle we had to endure some pretty sharp raps. But having at last explicitly understood from me that Mr. Scribe's note had not altered my mind one jot, my wife, to move me, among other things said, that if she remembered aright, there was a statute placing the keeping in private houses of secret closets on the same unlawful footing with the keeping of gunpowder. But it had no effect.

A few days after, my spouse changed her key.

It was nearly midnight, and all were in bed but ourselves, who sat up, one in each chimney-corner; she, needles in hand, indefatigably knitting a sock; I, pipe in mouth, indolently weaving my vapors.

It was one of the first of the chill nights in autumn. There was a fire on the hearth, burning low. The air with-

out was torpid and heavy; the wood, by an oversight, of the sort called soggy.

"Do look at the chimney," she began; "can't you see that something must be in it?"

"Yes, wife. Truly there is smoke in the chimney, as in Mr. Scribe's note."

"Smoke? Yes, indeed, and in my eyes, too. How you two wicked old sinners do smoke!—this wicked old chimney and you."

"Wife," said I, "I and my chimney like to have a quiet smoke together. It is true, but we don't like to be called names."

"Now, dear old man," said she, softening down, and a little shifting the subject, "when you think of that old kinsman of yours, you *know* there must be a secret closet in this chimney."

"Secret ash-hole, wife, why don't you have it? Yes, I dare say there is a secret ash-hole in the chimney; for where do all the ashes go to that we drop down the queer hole yonder?"

"I know where they go to; I've been there almost as many times as the cat."

"What devil, wife, prompted you to crawl into the ash-hole! Don't you know that St. Dunstan's devil emerged from the ash-hole? You will get your death one of these days, exploring all about as you do. But supposing there be a secret closet, what then?"

"What, then? why what should be in a secret closet but—"

"Dry bones, wife," broke in I with a puff, while the sociable old chimney broke in with another.

"There again! Oh, how this wretched old chimney smokes," wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "I've no doubt the reason it smokes so is, because that secret closet interferes with the flue. Do see, too, how the jams here keep settling; and it's down hill all the way from the door to this hearth. This horrid old chimney will fall on our heads yet; depend upon it, old man."

"Yes, wife, I do depend on it; yes, indeed, I place every dependence on my chimney. As for its settling, I like it. I, too, am settling, you know, in my gait. I and my chimney are settling together, and shall keep settling, too, till, as in a great feather-bed, we shall both have settled away clean out of sight. But this secret oven; I mean, secret closet of yours, wife; where ex-

actly do you suppose that secret closet is?"

"That is for Mr. Scribe to say."

"But suppose he cannot say exactly; what, then?"

"Why then he can prove, I am sure, that it must be somewhere or other in this horrid old chimney."

"And if he can't prove that; what, then?"

"Why then, old man," with a stately air, "I shall say little more about it."

"Agreed, wife," returned I, knocking my pipe-bowl against the jam, "and now, to-morrow, I will a third time send for Mr. Scribe. Wife, the sciatica takes me; be so good as to put this pipe on the mantel."

"If you get the step-ladder for me, I will. This shocking old chimney, this abominable old-fashioned old chimney's mantels are so high, I can't reach them."

No opportunity, however trivial, was overlooked for a subordinate fling at the pile.

Here, by way of introduction, it should be mentioned, that besides the fire-places all round it, the chimney was, in the most hap-hazard way, excavated on each floor for certain curious out-of-the-way cupboards and closets, of all sorts and sizes, clinging here and there, like nests in the crotches of some old oak. On the second floor these closets were by far the most irregular and numerous. And yet this should hardly have been so, since the theory of the chimney was, that it pyramidically diminished as it ascended. The abridgment of its square on the roof was obvious enough; and it was supposed that the reduction must be methodically graduated from bottom to top.

"Mr. Scribe," said I when, the next day, with an eager aspect, that individual again came, "my object in sending for you this morning is, not to arrange for the demolition of my chimney, nor to have any particular conversation about it, but simply to allow you every reasonable facility for verifying, if you can, the conjecture communicated in your note."

Though in secret not a little crestfallen, it may be, by my phlegmatic reception, so different from what he had looked for; with much apparent alacrity he commenced the survey; throwing open the cupboards on the first floor, and peering into the closets on the second; measuring one within,

and then comparing that measurement with the measurement without. Removing the fire-boards, he would gaze up the flues. But no sign of the hidden work yet.

Now, on the second floor the rooms were the most rambling conceivable. They, as it were, dovetailed into each other. They were of all shapes; not one mathematically square room among them all—a peculiarity which by the master-mason had not been unobserved. With a significant, not to say portentous expression, he took a circuit of the chimney, measuring the area of each room around it; then going down stairs, and out of doors, he measured the entire ground area; then compared the sum total of all the areas of all the rooms on the second floor with the ground area; then, returning to me in no small excitement, announced that there was a difference of no less than two hundred and odd square feet—room enough, in all conscience, for a secret closet.

"But, Mr. Scribe," said I stroking my chin, "have you allowed for the walls, both main and sectional? They take up some space, you know."

"Ah, I had forgotten that," tapping his forehead; "but," still ciphering on his paper, "that will not make up the deficiency."

"But, Mr. Scribe, have you allowed for the recesses of so many fire-places on a floor, and for the fire-walls, and the flues; in short, Mr. Scribe, have you allowed for the legitimate chimney itself—some one hundred and forty-four square feet or thereabouts, Mr. Scribe?"

"How unaccountable. That slipped my mind, too."

"Did it, indeed, Mr. Scribe?"

He faltered a little, and burst forth with, "But we must not allow one hundred and forty-four square feet for the legitimate chimney. My position is, that within those undue limits the secret closet is contained."

I eyed him in silence a moment; then spoke:

"Your survey is concluded, Mr. Scribe; be so good now as to lay your finger upon the exact part of the chimney wall where you believe this secret closet to be; or would a witch-hazel wand assist you, Mr. Scribe?"

"No, sir, but a crow-bar would," he, with temper, rejoined.

Here, now, thought I to myself, the

cat leaps out of the bag. I looked at him with a calm glance, under which he seemed somewhat uneasy. More than ever now I suspected a plot. I remembered what my wife had said about abiding by the decision of Mr. Scribe. In a bland way, I resolved to buy up the decision of Mr. Scribe.

"Sir," said I, "really, I am much obliged to you for this survey. It has quite set my mind at rest. And no doubt you, too, Mr. Scribe, must feel much relieved. Sir," I added, "you have made three visits to the chimney. With a business man, time is money. Here are fifty dollars, Mr. Scribe. Nay, take it. You have earned it. Your opinion is worth it. And by the way,"—as he modestly received the money—"have you any objections to give me a—a—little certificate—something, say, like a steam-boat certificate, certifying that you, a competent surveyor, have surveyed my chimney, and found no reason to believe any unsoundness; in short, any—any secret closet in it. Would you be so kind, Mr. Scribe?"

"But, but, sir," stammered he with honest hesitation.

"Here, here are pen and paper," said I, with entire assurance.

Enough.

That evening I had the certificate framed and hung over the dining-room fire-place, trusting that the continual sight of it would forever put at rest at once the dreams and stratagems of my household.

But, no. Inevitably bent upon the extirpation of that noble old chimney, still to this day my wife goes about it, with my daughter Anna's geological hammer, tapping the wall all over, and then holding her ear against it, as I have seen the physicians of life insurance companies tap a man's chest, and then incline over for the echo. Sometimes of nights she almost frightens one, going about on this phantom errand, and still following the sepulchral response of the chimney, round and round, as if it were leading her to the threshold of the secret closet.

"How hollow it sounds," she will hollowly cry. "Yes, I declare," with an emphatic tap, "there is a secret closet here. Here, in this very spot. Hark! How hollow!"

"Psha! wife, of course it is hollow. Who ever heard of a solid chimney?"

But nothing avails. And my daughters take after, not me, but their mother.

Sometimes all three abandon the theory of the secret closet, and return to the genuine ground of attack—the unsightliness of so cumbrous a pile, with comments upon the great addition of room to be gained by its demolition, and the fine effect of the projected grand hall, and the convenience resulting from the collateral running in one direction and another of their various partitions. Not more ruthlessly did the Three Powers partition away poor Poland, than my wife and daughters would fain partition away my chimney.

But seeing that, despite all, I and my chimney still smoke our pipes, my wife reoccupies the ground of the secret closet, enlarging upon what wonders are there, and what a shame it is, not to seek it out and explore it.

"Wife," said I, upon one of these occasions; "why speak more of that secret closet, when there before you hangs contrary testimony of a master mason, elected by yourself to decide. Besides, even if there were a secret closet, secret it should remain, and secret it shall. Yes, wife, here for once I must say my say. Infinite sad mischief has resulted from the profane bursting open of secret recesses. Though standing in the heart of this house, though hitherto we have all nestled about it, unsuspecting of aught hidden within, this chimney may or may not have a secret closet. But if it have, it is my kinsman's. To break into that wall, would be to break into his breast. And that wall-breaking wish of Momus I account the wish of a church-robbing gossip and knave. Yes, wife, a vile eaves-dropping varlet was Momus."

"Moses?—Mumps? Stuff with your mumps and your Moses!"

The truth is, my wife, like all the rest of the world, cares not a fig for my philosophical jabber. In dearth of other philosophical companionship, I and my chimney have to smoke and philosophize together. And sitting up so late as we do at it, a mighty smoke it is that we two smoky old philosophers make.

But my spouse, who likes the smoke of my tobacco as little as she does that



of the soot, carries on her war against both. I live in continual dread lest, like the golden bowl, the pipes of me and my chimney shall yet be broken. To stay that mad project of my wife's, naught answers. Or, rather, she herself is incessantly answering, incessantly besetting me with her terrible alacrity for improvement, which is a softer name for destruction. Scarce a day I do not find her with her tape-measure, measuring for her grand hall, while Anna holds a yard-stick on one side, and Julia looks approvingly on from the other. Mysterious intimations appear in the nearest village paper, signed "Claude," to the effect that a certain structure, standing on a certain hill, is a sad blemish to an otherwise lovely landscape. Anonymous letters arrive, threatening me with I know not what, unless I remove my chimney. Is it my wife, too, or who, that sets up the neighbors to badgering me on the same subject, and hinting to me that my chimney, like a huge elm, absorbs all moisture from my garden? At night, also, my wife will start as from sleep, professing to hear ghostly noises from the secret closet. Assailed on all sides, and in all ways, small peace have I and my chimney.

Were it not for the baggage, we would together pack up, and remove from the country.

What narrow escapes have been ours! Once I found in a drawer a whole port-

folio of plans and estimates. Another time, upon returning after a day's absence, I discovered my wife standing before the chimney in earnest conversation with a person whom I at once recognized as a meddling architectural reformer, who, because he had no gift for putting up anything, was ever intent upon pulling down; in various parts of the country having prevailed upon half-witted old folks to destroy their old-fashioned houses, particularly the chimneys.

But worst of all was, that time I unexpectedly returned at early morning from a visit to the city, and upon approaching the house, narrowly escaped three brickbats which fell, from high aloft, at my feet. Glancing up, what was my horror to see three savages, in blue jean overalls, in the very act of commencing the long-threatened attack. Aye, indeed, thinking of those three brickbats, I and my chimney have had narrow escapes.

It is now some seven years since I have stirred from home. My city friends all wonder why I don't come to see them, as in former times. They think I am getting sour and unsocial. Some say that I have become a sort of mossy old misanthrope, while all the time the fact is, I am simply standing guard over my mossy old chimney; for it is resolved between me and my chimney, that I and my chimney will never surrender.

#### ON THE PIER.

**D**OWN at the end of the long, dark street,  
Years, years ago,  
I sat with my sweet-heart on the pier,  
Watching the river flow.

The moon was climbing the sky that night,  
White as the winter's snow:  
We kissed in its light, and swore to be true—  
But that was years ago!

Once more I walk in the dark old street,  
Wearily to and fro;  
But I sit no more on the desolate pier,  
Watching the river flow!

## CIRCE.

## A STORY OF PARIS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IT was at Chartres, in Beauce, that I first heard of Restif de la Bretonne.

The journey from Paris to Chartres, by Versailles and Maintenon, and Mme. de Pompadour's Cr  cy, and Rambouillet, is one of the pleasantest excursions possible. All the way you traverse rich and smiling corn-fields; and, as you sweep by the old chateaux, a vision of stately dames goes with you—the pomp and glory of the Grand Monarque—a magnificence of princes, and courtiers, and poets.

And Chartres itself, which greets you from afar, with its twin towers, is one of the most interesting of provincial cities. It has been famous in history. The sea kings harried it a thousand years ago. English Edward, smitten by a storm which "reminded him of the judgment day," looked from Breteigny to its cathedral towers, and swore to give peace to conquered France. Within its walls the wars of the League were ended, when the crown was placed upon the handsome head of Henry of Navarre.

A glorious place it is, that old cathedral! Everybody who cares about such matters knows well its high renown; the surpassing splendor of its painted windows, as famous for their glowing azure as those of Strasburg for their autumnal gold; the majesty of its proportions; the vigorous sweep of its arches, each one of which might find Mr. Ruskin in texts for a book of sermons; the delicate intricacy of its sculptured work. I remember it now as one recalls a dream bewildering with multifarious and exquisite details of beauty.

There is also a large inn at Chartres, with a dirty court-yard full of fowls, and a windy salon, which is one of the worst inns in the world; and a bishop's house, with a large tin mitre over the gateway.

We had been walking about the cathedral in a whirl of wonder and delight, and we sat down on two little chairs (for the use of which we paid two sous apiece to a forlorn old lady, in a very clean cap), in the great nave, to look at the maze or labyrinth of colored marbles in the pavement.

In and out the circles wind till the brain reels with the eye in following them.

"Once," said Paul, "the priests used to set their penitents the task of traveling through this maze, saying prayers at divers stations. It was held to be a substitute for a pilgrimage to Palestine."

"I should have preferred the pilgrimage," I said. Paul touched my arm. I looked up and saw a procession of fifteen or twenty persons coming through the transept before us. They were all well-dressed, well-looking persons, mostly of the stronger and wiser sex. But in the midst of them walked an elderly lady, dressed in white, and wearing a bridal veil, who was supported by a grave, white-headed gentleman, on the breast of whose civilian's coat blazed half a dozen stars, and whose gray moustache curled as fiercely as that of an Austrian field-marshal.

"What a pair of lovers!" whispered Paul to me; "the bride should be adorned with some of the roses from these pillars, that bloomed from the sculptor's chisel five hundred years ago!"

I scarcely heeded him, for there was something so simple, and dignified, and distinguished in the ancient bridegroom's carriage and face, that I felt sure some history, long chilled and dumb, must be warming into life again beneath those snowy locks.

The party advanced to the high altar, where the priest awaited them. The solemnly beautiful marriage service of Rome began, and Paul was silent, for he knew it was the first time that I had witnessed this impressive ceremony.

Paul, as he listened, scanned the company; and, when all was ended, he whispered to me, "I see the Prefect of the Department here, whom I happen to know, and I will find out all about this."

He left me, and in a few moments returned with a comely personage, who wore the eternal red ribbon in his button-hole, and whose closely-cut iron-gray whiskers clung to his brown cheeks as lichens cling to the brown trunk of a tree.

"M. le Préfet du Département d'Eure et Loire!"

And M. le Préfet took a little chair.

"Yes," he said to Paul, but looking at me, "you are right, that is a romantic story. The Général is something of an Amadis. Forty, yes, fifty years ago, he was madly in love with Mademoiselle. Her father, of course, was rich, the son of a *fermier-général*—the lover hadn't a penny. There were many scenes and many tears, and then the father got a diplomatic appointment from the First Consul, and went away with his daughter to Germany, and married her there to somebody with a name as long as his pedigree, and the lover went into the army. He did not rise so fast as our Marceau, whose obelisk you can see here in our vegetable market—"Soldier at sixteen years of age; General at twenty-three; died at twenty-seven;" but he rose rapidly enough, was in Italy, on the Rhine, at Austerlitz, at Jéna, at Moscow, at Ligny. He never married. Three months ago he went to Wiesbaden, where he met the old Countess Von ——. There was a recognition, and she was a widow—and the dénouement you have witnessed to-day. He is a brave old man, and in our times, when to-morrow forgets to-day, the story is not without interest."

"Quits à la Restif de la Bretonne!" said Paul.

"Not precisely!" replied the Prefect.

"Le Général — is a gentleman, and an honest man! But, n'importe! you will dine with me, gentlemen!"

The next morning saw us on our way back to Paris. As we thundered along, alone in our comfortable carriage, I turned to Paul, and said:

"Who was Restif de la Bretonne, of whom you spoke, yesterday?"

Paul laughed. "Who was Restif de la Bretonne? How long will it be, I wonder, before some peripatetic Parisian, wandering westward in search of the splendors and the sins that will then have left our Boulevards for your Broadway, and to whom New York will then be what Paris is now to Venetians, shall ask just such a question about —, or —, or —, your great men of to-day, whom not to know, living in your country, would be more fatal than to wear bad boots? Shall the lion, then, be remembered no longer than the hunter? Restif de la Bretonne! Do you mean that you never heard of him?"

"Never in my life, till yesterday."

"And he wrote two hundred books! And Mercier—you have heard of Mercier? Mercier said that, excepting himself, Restif was the greatest genius he had ever known; and Restif was sure that his system of the universe was far superior to the nonsense of Newton, and the clumsy fancies of Buffon!"

"But tell me about him," I said, "and never mind my ignorance. What made you think of him yesterday?"

"You had better read what Gérard de Nerval has written about him," Paul replied; "he has made a romance of his history, which was, in fact, a romance most melancholy and most significant. Poor Gérard! his own life was a romance of another sort, as pure in sentiment as that of Restif was polluted. Gérard in Paris, with his dead love in his heart, always seemed to me like a Nocturne of Chopin, played by an enthusiast, in a busy, glittering ball-room."

"Rambouillet, cinq minutes d'arrêt!" cried the guard.

"Ah! Rambouillet!" said Paul, looking out of the window. "Rambouillet!" and his voice was full of bitterness. "Here is a lovely place. They have made a water-cure establishment of it now; but all the water in France will not cure the nation of the infection which all these fine people—now dead and gone—poured into its veins. We curse the memory of the wicked Pompadour, by whose chariot a king of France stood bareheaded, in the sight of all his army; but this ugly old Chateau de Rambouillet saw the beginning of it all! And Madame de Maintenon, with all her piety and her prudery! I am glad selfish old King Louis wouldn't let her have a screen to keep her from the cold. I detest them all! I hate dirt and disorder; but when I see one of these old chateaux, I think with more complacency of the Place de la Concorde, and the guillotine, and the mad fishwomen, and the days of September!"

"Why, Paul, I didn't know you lived in the Mountain," said I, as he sank back in his seat, and the train moved on.

"Neither do I live in the Mountain!" he answered, vehemently; "but I love my country; and when I think of the days of the Bourbon monarchy, my blood boils in me."

"*Tiens mon cher!*" he continued after a moment, "all this old world is very amusing to you. You delight in the literary pastels of dilettanti, like *Sainte Beuve*; you range the galleries and fall in love with the piquant ladies of *Watteau* and *Lancret*, with the crayons of *Latour*, the beauties of *Chardin*, smiling their diabolical little smiles, and darting their vivid glances at you through their half-shut eyes. 'Ah!' you cry, 'how becoming that powder was; how it brought out the rose-lights of the skin, the fine veining, the delicate shadows!' and then you rave about the *petits soupers*; didn't you try three days ago to drag me off into the *Rue de l'Arcade*, and make me hunt up for you the *petite maison* of *Soubise*; of *Soubise*, that Marshal of France who went to sleep and lost an army; *Soubise*, that prince and Christian gentleman, whose frescoes and whose fêtes put *Pompeii* to the blush? All that is very amusing to you, I say. You see it all through a delicious *demi-jour* of romance; to you it is a spectacle; to us, *mon cher*, to us, Frenchmen, it is a reality, for which we are paying, still paying, not with our pence only, that would be little, but paying with our character, our national instincts, with the life and soul of our people."

"Nay, my dear Paul," I answered, "you don't quite do me justice. If I enjoy the spectacle of an age more brilliant and more corrupt than anything in history since the days of the decadence of Rome, don't fancy that I abdicate my moral sense, or that I forget the other side of the canvas; the ugly threads behind, that show all gilding and color in the front of the tapestry; the misery of the wretches who wove them in. Your *Du Barrydom* as *Carlyle* calls it——"

"And admirably well!" cried Paul.

"And admirably well," I went on, "was a world so different from ours——"

"For which thank God, night and day!" said Paul.

"—that it fascinates us like the story of *Lamia*—like the legend of *Circe*——"

"Like the legend of *Circe*, precisely!" Paul broke in again. "That is the phrase. The court of the Grand Monarque was bad enough; but, after all, King *Louis XIV.*, small of heart as he was, had some great qualities, and in his days French gentlemen had not forgotten that they had a country

and a God. They respected some things still—they respected genius, after a fashion—they respected the church, and—well, yes! they respected women."

"Which was more than could be said of their fathers," I interrupted, "in the days of Francis the First and *Bran-tôme*."

"Possibly!" Paul rejoined; "but, no matter! When the Regent came, reading *Rabelais*, on Christmas eve, in the chapel of *St. Louis*, and *Louis XV. le Bien-Aimé!* who believed in nothing but his fears——"

"Give the Regent his due," said I; "he had his little creed, too. You know he kicked a valet for speaking of death in his presence!"

"Well," Paul resumed, "in those times, all Paris was an island of *Circe*. There every *Venus* was worshipped, except *Venus Cloacina*——"

"And *Venus Murcia, the stupid!*" I interposed.

"No! I do not except her!" answered Paul. "*Choderlos de Laclos*, and the *Marquis de Sade*, worshipped her, for which we ought to be grateful. If their abominable books were less stupid, they might still be read. Men of genius, men of character, men of feeling, came to this *Aean isle*, from the provinces; how many of them emulated the example of *Ulysses*? You know, my friend, that I make no parade of morality; but, when I think of the blight which the gross and groveling temper of the last days of the monarchy brought upon the intellect and the heart of France, I sometimes grow warm, and cease to be indulgent to your fancies for that *rococo* old world."

"At least, then, indulge my fancy for a cigar," I answered, laughing, "for we have the carriage to ourselves."

"Why, certainly, *mon cher*."

"And while I smoke, pray tell me about that mysterious *Restif*. I shall soon be in the mood of listening, for tobacco is, as one of our old poets says, a plant of singular use; which gives so excellent an edge to a man's wit, that none should dare to take it but a gentleman; therefore, my dear Paul, proceed."

"Yes," he answered, "the story of *Restif* is still more apropos of the declamation I have just been inflicting on you than of yesterday's marriage—that strange marriage! but who knows!

more rain falls sometimes in May than in November, and that brave old general may have quite as long a honey-moon as some young couples we have seen!"

"But, Restif?"

"Enfin! you must read all about him in poor Gérard's '*Confidences de Nicolas*;' the facts will seem to you romantic, perhaps, but they are facts, and well established. I would send you to the *Biographie Universelle*, but—it is one of our misfortunes in France, that our political spites and hatreds crawl in everywhere, even into our literature. I will sketch Gérard's picture for you, from memory. You will see that Restif was one of the victims of that Circe, whose laureate was Grécourt, and whose painter was Boucher!"

"Restif was a provincial. He was born at Sacy, a little town that lies on the frontier betwixt passion and frivolity—between Burgundy and Champagne. His parents were respectable farmers, and they meant to make the little Nicholas a curé. The child showed no premature inclinations that way. He was of a wayward temper, and loved to go into the woods with the shepherds. There he sought out cool caverns and secluded clumps of trees, and went through all the wild dramatic life which every gifted and impassioned child leads in his secret soul. In the woods he was a king, a priest, a slayer of giants. At home, his family, good, simple people enough, saw in him only an odd, rather naughty boy. When he was twelve years old, his father's shepherd (men were still pious then) asked leave to make the pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael. He got leave, but who should keep the sheep? Nicholas. Papa Restif hesitated; the boy was young, and wolves were no strangers in that region, thanks to the sweet influences of feudalism and of royal wars. But Nicholas pleaded, and had permission. Rejoicingly he went forth, three great dogs at his side, breathed the fresh air, listened to the song of the birds, looked on the blue sky and the leafless brilliant autumn flowers, with eyes anointed by the new sense of freedom. His imagination was kindled—and by what? by the world about him, by the world within him? No! (and mark this, for it shows you the original generosity and tenderness of the boy's nature,) by the thought of shepherd Jacquot, wending his lonely way, far off, through the

lonely forest! He composed his first poem, that day, on that subject, and if not so long nor so elegant, it is as fervent and affectionate as Horace's ode on the voyage of Virgil. That day, too, he discovered a kingdom, of which he was to take possession, as did the Spaniards of the New World, in the name of religion.

"Straying about, with the poor sheep at his heels, into the recesses of the woods, where there was more of the picturesque than of pasture, he came on a sombre valley, famous for legends of the robbers, and excommunicated persons, who were held to haunt it in the shape of beasts. Long did Nicholas waver; but his sheep, who had no superstition, where they saw a blade of grass, ran before him; the pigs followed the sheep, and Nicholas had to follow the pigs. He overtook them under a great oak, and there he beheld, mingling with his herd, a huge wild boar, such as he had read of in his favorite stories. Nicholas stood spell-bound among the bushes, pushed aside the branches, and looked out with mingled fear and delight. He fancied himself in fairy-land. There was the savage boar disporting with the tame swine; presently a roebuck bounded across the glade; hares ran in and out upon the turf; a lapwing, Solomon's bird, flew up and sat on the bough of a great honey-pear tree. Then there was a rustling in the undergrowth opposite him, and suddenly, with eyes like burning coals, the tawny, pointed head of a wolf looked over at the boy! And at that moment the great dogs came up. They rushed barking into the glade; wolf, boar, roebuck, and hare all vanished! The lapwing flew away, and, of all the little poet's vision, as of so many greater poet's visions, only the honey-pear tree remained! He filled his pockets and went home. But he had discovered a kingdom.

"The next day he came again. 'I must build me a monument for a witness,' said he, 'as they do in the Bible my father reads.' And so he worked away for several days, till he had reared a pyramid of stones. Then he be-thought him of the Biblical custom of sacrifices. He caught a bee-eater, a bird whose name is its condemnation, and solemnly put it to death. Then he ran out of his valley, and called some other shepherd lads and lasses, to be his witnesses. He set forth to them his



rights, which they recognized; lighted a pile of dry wood, and then, filled with sacerdotal dignity, stood erect by his altar, saw the entrails of the bird consumed, roasted the flesh, singing, meanwhile, some verses of the Psalms, and finally distributed of the burnt-offering to those who were present. The three dogs were the only witnesses, I fancy, who found the feast palatable."

"Why, all this," said I, "is singularly like Goethe's boyish Pantheism, of which he gives such a charming account in the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.'"

"Yes! but it all happened before Goethe was born, and was put on record before he had grown up. I tell you these things, because nothing is so characteristic as the childhood of a man of genius."

"This sacerdotal experience soon got wind. Nicholas had an elder half-brother, the Abbé Thomas, who was a teacher among the Jansenists, at Bicêtre. The abbé heard what the boy had done, thought his soul in danger, and came to the farm of La Bretone, expressly to thrash him back into the true way. He made such representations, that Nicholas was confided to him, and they went back together by the *coche-d'eau*, to Auxerre. Once there, the abbé ceased to be a brother, and became a teacher. Nicholas was subjected to that rigid intellectual discipline by which the Port Royalists had developed the genius of a Pascal and a Racine. That Port Royal, my friend, was a grand school. It kept for us in France all the seriousness which Calvin left behind him, when he went to Geneva. The Jesuit teachers, on the contrary, were pliant, accommodating, superficial, and we owe them a sad debt; one of them came to Bicêtre, as rector, in the course of time; quarreled with the Jansenism of the teachers, denounced their books, and sent Thomas and his brother off to Sacy."

"There Thomas transferred his young charge to another brother, still older, who was also an ecclesiastic, and curé of Courgis. Nicholas began to learn Latin, and one learns much in learning Latin at fifteen! He read Phœdrus and the Virgilian Elogues, and soon for him—"

"A softer sapphire melts into the sea,  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass."

I broke in.

"Bon! only he was not very near the sea! But he went to church one Easter day, and there, like Petrarch, found his Laura. That is not strange, by the way, mon cher. Have you never noticed how the perfumes of the incense, the play of warm light upon gorgeous coloring, the enchantments of the music in the Roman service, conspire to intoxicate one into a sort of nervous exaltation, in which state, not the slightest impression passes unheeded, and every emotion soon becomes intense? Well, there, among the communicants, Nicholas espied a young girl, tall, fair, modest, her coloring soft and subdued, as if, wrote Restif, years afterwards, nature meant to give more beauty to her blushes when they came; her loveliness, her carriage, her tasteful costume, combined to make Nicholas feel that he had found the being of whom he had dreamed over his grammars and dictionaries. Nicholas was no common boy; and, you who are of the race of Byron, you will not need to have me prove that one may love as passionately and suffer as keenly, in the spring of life, as in its summer. Perhaps, more so, for the heart then is less selfish."

"The young girl's name was Jeanette Rousseau. She was three years older than Nicholas—for when did a young poet love a woman younger than himself? She rose within him 'his life's star;' he became the closest of students, that he might deserve to win her—her birth-day became his holy-tide; he passed daily before her house, and saluted her father's poplar trees, as his dearest friends; he made for himself a little prayer, in Latin, asking God to give her to him; and, finding that the bell-ringer at the church, who was a vine-dresser, often wanted to quit the temple, for the field, Nicholas offered to be his substitute; and, going early to the church, he would kneel where Jeanette kneeled, kiss the stones her feet had pressed, and recite his little litany. He never spoke to her—his heart swelled so in him, at the sound of her voice, that, if he drew too near her, he became like a stock, or a stone."

"As Gérard recites all this young history, it is one of the most delicious of idyls. How Nicholas found a confidant in his brother's housekeeper, Marguerite—who, in her youth had been asked in marriage by Jeannette's father, and denied to him by her uncle; how the

sympathy of Marguerite disturbed and bewildered him sadly; how, in one of these terrible fevers of the heart and brain, which so often drive young people nearly to madness, and are so rarely comprehended—so constantly exasperated, by their elders, Nicholas committed an extravagance, which caused him to be sent off to learn printing of one Parangon, at Auxerre: all this, you must read in the pages of Gérard. You will easily conceive that this turbulent and premature nature expanded rapidly in the atmosphere of the printing-office. Apprentice as he was, the compositors soon learned to respect him; he studied, read, and wrote—yes, he wrote a letter to Jeannette, to whom he had never dared to speak, in octo-syllabic verses, and sent it by post. Her father, of course, carried it to the Curé; and the family of Restif sentenced the young culprit to perpetual banishment.

"At Auxerre, Nicholas found a friend in Mme. Parangon, the wife of his master—a young, lovely, intelligent woman, who interested herself in his studies, and became attached to him, for a service which he accidentally rendered her. They read poetry together—the Cid of Corneille, the Zaire of Voltaire. Nothing could be more ingenuous, more charming, than the early days of this intimacy.

"But the breath of Circe came wafted on the Northern wind, even to Auxerre.

"A certain Mme. Minon came first, fresh from Paris.

"Our apprentice reads delightfully," said Mme. Parangon; 'he has just been making me cry over Zaire.'

"Ah!' cried the Minon, clapping her hands, '*tant mieux!* he shall read us La Pucelle—that will be very amusing.'

"Ignorant Nicholas and innocent Mme. Parangon agreed to the proposal; but the lady had the good sense to look at the book, before giving it to her young friend—and then, of course, threw it aside.

"More fatal than Minon, was the second envoy of the enchantress. Next door to the printing-office was a convent of Cordeliers. One evening, Nicholas was surprised by the appearance of one of these monks, half-dressed, excited, alarmed—

"A snare has been set for me!" cried the monk; 'I have lost my robe. Let me get into the convent through your back-door, or I am lost!'

"Nicholas saved the fellow. His name was Gaudet d'Arras; and, coming a few days after, he invited Nicholas to dine with him.

"He told Nicholas, in the confidence of the dessert, that his family had forced him into the ecclesiastical life, and so did away with something of the unfavorable effect which his conduct had produced on the honorable heart of the young man.

"Gaudet d'Arras gradually made his way with Nicholas. He was thoroughly a son of the age, a materialist, a scoffer, a libertine in spirit, and in temper. Appearing in his own person as the victim of those feudal institutions against which all thinking and high-spirited men were everywhere beginning to revolt, Gaudet d'Arras continued to interest this ardent, independent intellect, and began to undermine the ingenuous, romantic, and religious disposition of Nicholas. He put the love of Nicholas for Jeannette, and his friendship for Mme. de Parangon, in the light in which they would have been seen by the Regent and his *roués*, who used to amuse themselves with robbing the mails, to laugh over the love-letters. Long did the heart of Nicholas hold out; but he was young, he was unformed, he was full of vague desires, aspirations, hopes. What were such as he, in the hands of Circe and her ministers?

"His life trembled on that moment betwixt good and evil, which marks the backward or the forward course of destiny.

"Haunted by the spirit of Gaudet, Nicholas was no longer at his ease in the presence of Mme. Parangon. One day he stammered into a demi-declaration of love to her, while reading to her from the 'Cid.' She received what he said with a surprise, and a motherly dignity, which restored him to himself; but the first step was taken, and Gaudet d'Arras was ever at his side, with his misty materialism, his incomprehensible, but exciting and intoxicating theories. The heart of Nicholas began to turn with his brain. Your imagination will paint to you the steps of folly and madness down which he hurried. It cannot paint to you any figure more sweet, and simple, and lovely, than Mme. Parangon, as she appears in the pictures of Gérard. She was a woman, pardon me, mon cher, more rare, I fancy, in Protestant than in Catholic

countries; a woman as stainless as our saints, yet as merciful as our religion! I see the shadow of a doubt on your brow, but you will find such women in France still; not often in our books, but whenever you meet a true French gentleman, you will perceive that such women exist, and that he has known them.

"Well, the presence of Mme. de Parangon became a torture at once and a fascination to our unhappy Nicholas. Gaudet lifted to his lips the cup of Circe. He began to haunt the vulgar village orgies. You remember de Musset's 'La Coupe et les Lèvres?'"

"I answered,

"Ah! malheur à celui qui laisse la débauche Planter le premier clou sous sa mamelle gauche;  
Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase profond;  
Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est impure  
La mer y passerait sans laver la saoulerie,  
Car l'abîme est immense, et la tache est au fond!"

"Yes!" Paul resumed, sadly, "the Circe of the Palais Royal breathed contagion over the half of France. The influences of Mme. Parangon, sweet as those of the Pleiades, were rained down in vain upon Restif. He began to wear the bold air, to throw himself into the coarse attitudes, to speak with the husky, vinous voice, of vulgar debauchees. He wrote verses in the style of Lafare and Chaulieu to Aglae and Marianne, to Delphine and to Rose. Little by little he broke the heart of Mme. Parangon, and so depraved himself, that long afterwards, looking back on these days, he wrote, 'but for my love of work, I should have become a ruffian at nineteen.'

"Well, one day Mme. Parangon died; Gaudet d'Arras went away; Nicholas must seek his fortune at Paris. Before he went, Parangon, who knew that Nicholas had addressed his wife, and was coarse enough to suspect her (she then lying in her grave), avenged himself by leading Nicholas into a marriage with one of the worst and most notorious girls in the town. This Agnes soon ran away with one of her cousins, but not till the miserable union had completed the moral perversion of Nicholas.

"I shall not follow Restif through all his Parisian history. I have dwelt specially on his youth, that I might illus-

trate to you the fatal influence of the spirit of that last age upon a genius born for poetry and truth.

"Yet if you are not tired, I should like to relate to you an episode or two of that strange career, which paints the manners of those times far better than solemn histories."

"By all means," I answered; "we are not very near Paris yet, and I will light another cigar."

"In 1757, Nicholas used to be seen every night at the Comédie Française, where his graceful and vigorous form, his black, expressive eyes, his strongly-marked features, and rich brown complexion, his air of mingled audacity and refinement, his costume always elegant, though simple, made him a noticeable figure in the parterre. He was pursuing his trade as a printer, but spent a large part of his gains at the theatre, of which he was as fond as Goethe. Moreover he had conceived a dreamy ideal passion for 'la belle Guéant,' who was then winning all suffrages. A born poet is a man born to eternal illusions; and Nicholas for a year had been feeding his fancy on the sight of this divinity of the stage. He had never spoken to her. She was his Jeannette of Paris. Ah! how different from the fair young vision of his boyhood, and yet a dream of Arcadia in the island of Circe!

"He used to follow her out to her sedan-chair every night, and saw with joy that she always entered it alone. He used to walk by her windows, and watch her shadow on the curtains, as he had walked by the poplars of La Fontaine Froide, and kissed the stones of the church of Sacy.

"One night, on leaving the theatre, Mlle. Guéant, instead of taking her chair, put her arm through that of another actress, and hurried off some distance down the street, to a carriage, into which she got, and rode rapidly away. The heart of Nicholas burned with jealousy. He ran after the carriage in a kind of frenzy, and, getting out of breath, jumped up behind. The coach stopped at last, in the then splenddid quarter of the Temple. Nicholas was at the door in an instant, and then, for the first time, reflected,

"What business have I here?"

"Get out first, Junie!" said Mlle. Guéant's sweet, deep voice.

"As Junie descended, Nicholas re-

cognized a *danseuse* whom he had met before, and held out his hand.

"You of the party!" cried Junie. "Are you a prince then, or a poet; for we have no others here?"

"I am a prince of the house of the Emperor Pertinax," answered Nicholas solemnly; "but where are we?"

"At the Hotel de Hollande, where the Venetian ambassador gives a fête; but your arm, man, your arm!"

Nicholas mechanically obeyed, and they followed Mlle. Guéant up the brilliant stairway into the splendid salon. There were many women there, Voltaire's Camargo, the too famous Guimard, Arnold, Levasseur. The supper was exquisite; and when it was over, each guest, in turn, was called upon. This one sang, that one danced, Grécourt recited a tale, Piron a reckless poem; one of the actresses turned at last to Nicholas, and la belle Guéant fixed her eyes upon him. He hesitated. "Will you give us something, monsieur?" said Mlle. Guéant, with a smile. "He is a little prince," cried Junie, "he is good for nothing, does nothing. He is a descendant of the Emperor Pert—Pert"—Nicholas blushed to the eyes.—"Pertinax! that's it!" said Junie. The Venetian ambassador frowned. He was strong in genealogies. He, a Mocenigo of the Libro d'Oro, had no faith in princes of Imperial Roman blood. Nicholas saw that he was in danger. He rose and began to recite his genealogy; how Helvius, son of Pertinax, hidden in the Apennines, had wedded Didia Juliana, the persecuted daughter of the Emperor Didius! A coquette's abbé shook his head dubiously. Nicholas overwhelmed him with quotations, and recited the marriage contract of his ancestors. Then he went on from Pertinax to Pertinax, down to the sixtieth of the name, who translated his patronymic into the French Restif. Of all this long story he made a cutting brilliant satire on genealogies in general; so well he told it, and so captivated all his hearers, that they urged him to go on and tell his own history. That, you know, was the age of confessions. Nicholas made his rapidly, passionately, with a kind of fiery simplicity, which moved that frivolous company, and lit a spark of youth again in those worn-out hearts.

"As he ended, la belle Guéant, with

a voice full of emotion, exclaimed, 'Is all that possible? Can one really love so!'

"Yes, madame," answered Nicholas, 'it is as true as the genealogy of the Pertinaxes. As to the person I loved, she was so like you that nothing could console me for the loss of her, but my admiration of you!'

"A storm of applause followed. Restif was pronounced a finer poet than Rousseau, a more touching romancer than Prévost.

"From that moment the poor workman had entered the magic circle of the splendid pollutions of his age.

"The supper ended in a style not then uncommon.

"At a signal all the lights were put out, and a sort of blind-man's buff began in the dark. Nicholas, standing confounded, by his chair, suddenly felt a soft hand trembling in his. The voice of la Guéant spoke in the darkness, 'Will you find my carriage for me?'

"As they descended the stairs, they heard the laugh of Junie in the distance.

"Thirty years afterwards, Restif—then a man of distinction—dined with Beaumarchais, in the Hotel de Hollande. La belle Guéant had died in the flower of her youth; the ambassador of Venice had been put out of the way, by the Council of Ten."

"After all, you must admit there was no little romance in that *rococo* age," said I, "in spite of its gold lace and its perukes."

"Yes," answered Paul, "romance enough of a certain kind, but I am with Danton for prose and decency. Restif had enough of your *romance*," he continued. "He was twice *romantically* married. Once, just after his hateful Agnes was good enough to die; he was sitting in the Luxembourg garden, and the talk of two ladies near by him attracted his attention. Restif was as curious, you must know, as Condamine, who stole a trifle in Smyrna, that he might experience the *bastinado*, and so he listened with all his ears, when he found that these ladies were discussing matters of business. They were foreigners, and the younger one must infallibly lose all her fortune in a lawsuit, if she could not become a Frenchwoman by marriage within twenty-four hours. Here was a case for a knight-errant! Restif to the rescue! He

stepped up to the distressed damsel, offered his services, was accepted, and they were married the next day!

"Of course the bride soon decamped, and carried with her all the savings of poor Restif, and everything he possessed but the clothes on his back!

"After this marriage, he lived for years a wild life of feverish adventure.

"His soul was full of instincts early perverted—never utterly destroyed. He wanted to be something and to do something.

"Beaumarchais had introduced him somewhat into the world; his ambition as a writer was kindled; he resolved to teach his age by painting himself and his life; he became the most terrible realist of literature. Inflamed by the example of Rousseau, he thirsted to reform mankind; and infected, as he was, with the materialism of the times, he believed that life was only to be understood through experience; that nobody could know what pitch was without touching it; that one ought to try everything, exhaust everything, and so reach the perfection of wisdom by draining the world."

"I think," said I, "we have a Restif or two on our side of the Atlantic, even now!"

"Oh! impossible," Paul replied; "you cannot have comprehended the man, if you say so. Why, his books are the very seething scum of the philosophy of the encyclopedists. He tore off every veil from himself; his novels, his social theories, his political pamphlets are all so many 'Confessions of Restif.' You think Rousseau cynical, but Rousseau is reserved in comparison with Restif. 'People,' he says, in his famous *Paysan perversi* (a book that ran through forty-two editions in England alone!) 'think fables instructive. Well, I am a great fabulist, teaching others at my own expense. I am all animals! sometimes a cunning fox; sometimes a slow, obstinate donkey; sometimes a fierce, bold lion; sometimes a cowardly, hungry wolf!' I spare you the eagle, the goat, and the hare—the details of the spell of Circe! There is nothing good nor bad in itself; let us find out the use of everything, and so make the world more comfortable—there is the sum of Restif's philosophy. Do you mean to say that anything like this doctrine prevails in your young, patriotic, religious America?"

"Prevails? no!" I answered, "nor precisely that doctrine. But I am not sure that our materialism is less dangerous for being more specious than Restif's was. In the time of Restif you had in France a world of the aristocracy, who worshiped pleasure, and who believed Restif's creed without sharing his philanthropy. In America, now, we have a world of busy men, who worship success, and whose creed is even more desolate. They *don't care* whether there be anything good or bad; as some one has neatly summed it up, their faith is simply this: 'there's nothing new, there's nothing true, and it don't much signify!' It is the sad side of our life that we haven't even our romance; that we are not so much vicious as apathetic; so that sometimes one is really at a loss to know why people should take the trouble to live."

"At least, if this be so," Paul answered, "you are spared the madness of misdirected philosophy; the inflammation of disorderly thought such as preceded our terrible revolution."

"No," I replied; "amid our busy world we have another world of passionate materialistic thinkers. Everything is questioned, everything is denied. We have men who insist upon experiencing everything; who insist that all the moral law is discoverable in the nerves; that this life was meant to be complete. Have we not our 'spiritualists,' who tell us that all the unseen world is literally a lackeydom for the convenience of this; our students of nature, who are, after all, the mere slaves of impulse?"

"Heaven help you, then," Paul replied, "for you have mighty convulsions before you!"

"What finally became of Restif?" I asked, after a pause.

"He lived on into the Revolution. His works multiplied with his years. It was his habit to traverse Paris day and night; sometimes he wandered through the most brilliant quarters—sometimes through the foulest. But wherever he stumbled on an adventure, he pursued it; the life, the passions, the miseries, the crimes of Paris, were his constant study. His 'romances' were so numerous that, in the disorder of his brain, he came at last to believe that he had a wife in every street of the city, and to fancy himself the father of every child he met. Whatever happened to him



he instantly committed to print; there is not a scene of his hundred novels which is not a picture from life. And what pictures! Once he pursued a lady in a black satin cloak, with green slippers, up into one of the gambling-houses of the Quays. He never saw her face; and when he tried to make some inquiries at the gambling-house, he was told that his life depended on his silence. Years afterward, while descending the Rhine, he saw a lovely young girl in the company of two ladies, and overhearing their conversation, found that the child was the lifelong disappointment of a prince of the house of Courtenay, who had sent his wife, the daughter of the Duc de Richelieu, in search of an heir, fourteen years before! There were circumstances in the tale which poured a sudden light upon Restif's memory of the green slippers. And yet, we hear people declaim against Rousseau for leaving his children at the Foundling Hospital, as if he were the one unnatural being of his age!"

"Restif called himself a reformer. He published his romances as fast as we now print in the newspapers. In six years he wrote eighty-five volumes! They all had one object: to persuade men that property was the root of all mischief."

"He anticipated St. Simon, then, and Proudhon?" I said.

"If you choose to put together, as people always do, men who are as much alike as Voltaire and Rousseau," Paul replied, with a smile. "He was a Socialist, certainly, in a vague, fiery fashion. But the revolution disturbed and distressed him. He mourned, terribly, over the death of Mirabeau, of whom he has left us the most vivid sketches, and Cubirès draws a melancholy picture of Restif as he saw him, towards the end of his life, silent and moody, and not answering when he was spoken to. He was no longer the Restif of those fine festivals which Grimod de la Reynière used to give, where no one was admitted who would not promise to drink eleven cups of coffee, and where, after a series of electrical experiments, dinner was announced by a herald in his tabaret, and served in silver, on a round table lighted with three hundred and

sixty-six lamps; while lovely serving-maids, in Roman robes, presented their long tresses to the guests, for napkins!

"Weary and worn out, at last, Restif, about the year 1794, went back to Courgis, where he had first learned Latin and love. The republicans had laid waste the church; but the poplars of La Fontaine Froide were still standing. Where was Jeannette Rousseau?"

"Restif walked up to the old house. An old woman sits spinning in the doorway. It is Jeannette; the same bright eye lights up the withered roses of her cheeks; the old grace lingers about the lines of her bowed and trembling form!"

"Do you recognize me, mademoiselle?" said Restif.

"I have seen you, I think, sir," she replied; "but I am an old woman now, and it was long since."

"I am Nicholas Restif, the choir-boy of the curé of Courgis!"

"The poor old couple fell into each other's arms, weeping."

"Jeannette had read, from time to time, the books of Restif. She had seen that, in everybody whom he painted, he had pleased himself with tracing some trait of Jeannette. She had not forgotten those old meetings—those octo-syllabic verses!"

"I have never married," said she. "We are too old now for happiness; but we can, at least, die together."

"And a curé was found, who ventured to unite, in secret, this melancholy pair."

"Was it strange I should have thought of Restif, yesterday, in the Cathedral?"

"No!" I answered, "nor was it strange that the Prefect should have repudiated the reminiscence!"

"Then, you don't think Restif very engaging, with all his 'romance,'" said Paul. "But, in his old age, the French nation voted him two thousand francs, 'for his services to morality!' and the Academy would have received him, but for his 'want of taste!'"

"And here!" he cried, as a furious ringing of bells broke in upon his talk, "here we are, at the Embarcadere, and this is Paris. Restif is at rest now. Is the spell of Circe broken?"

## MY MISSION.

EVERY spirit has its mission, say the transcendental crew;  
 "This is mine," they cry; "Eureka! This the purpose I pursue;  
 For, behold, a god hath called me, and his service I shall do!

"Brother, seek thy calling likewise, thou wert destined for the same;  
 Sloth is sin, and toil is worship, and the soul demands an aim:  
 Who neglects the ordination, he shall not escape the blame."

O my ears are dinned and wearied with the clatter of the school:  
 Life to them is geometric, and they act by line and rule—  
 If there be no other wisdom, better far to be a fool!

Better far the honest nature, in its narrow path content,  
 Taking, with a child's acceptance, whatsoever may be sent,  
 Than the introverted vision, seeing Self preëminent.

For the spirit's proper freedom by itself may be destroyed,  
 Wasting like the young Narcissus, o'er its image in the void:  
 Even virtue is not virtue, when too consciously enjoyed.

I am sick of canting prophets, self-elected kings that reign  
 Over herds of silly subjects, of their new allegiance vain;  
 Preaching labor, preaching duty, preaching love with lips profane.

With the holiest things they tamper, and the noblest they degrade—  
 Making Life an institution, making Destiny a trade;  
 But the honest vice is better than the saintship they parade.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized;  
 But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised:  
 Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

Take the current of your nature; make it stagnant if you will;  
 Dam it up to drudge forever, at the service of your mill:  
 Mine the rapture and the freedom of the torrent on the hill!

Straighten out its wavy margin; make a tow-path at the side:  
 Be the dull canal your channel, where the heavy barges glide—  
 Lo, the muddy bed is tranquil, not a rapid breaks the tide!

I shall wander o'er the meadows where the fairest blossoms call;  
 Though the rocky ledges seize me—fling me headlong from their wall,  
 I shall leave a rainbow hanging o'er the ruins of my fall!

I shall lead a glad existence, as I broaden down the vales,  
 Brimming past the regal cities, whitened with the seaward sails,  
 Feel the mighty pulses of ocean ere I mingle with its gales!

Vex me not with weary questions; seek no moral to deduce—  
 With the Present I am busy, with the Future hold a truce:  
 If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

## LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Our New Barber—Reminiscences of our Old Barber—A Dog of another Color—October Woods—A Party on the Water—Home, Sweet Home, with Variations (Flute Obligato)—A Row to the Palisades—Iroquois Legend—Return to the Cottage.

WE have gotten a new barber in the village. It is a good thing to have a barber in the country. You hear all the news, all the weddings, the engagements, the lawsuits, and other festive matters in his aromatic shop. Our former Master Nicholas has left us suddenly—"Maestro Nicolas quando barbero del mismo pueblo." We miss him very much. I used to admire his long and learned essay upon the uman air. The uman air, for want of capillary attraction, could not maintain its place upon the uman ead, without the united juices of one hundred and fifty-five vegetables. So long as he devoted himself to procuring the necessary vegetables, and hung his argument upon a hair, he did very well. It was pleasant to doze under his glib fingers and his vegetal philosophy. But, unfortunately, he got into politics. Barbers usually have excitable temperaments. The barber of our village became the softest of the soft. He was ready to argue with anybody and everybody, in his "garden of spices."

One day, while I was under his tuition, at the end of a prolonged debate with one of his sitters, by way of clinching his point, he did me the honor of tapping me twice upon the cranium, with the back of his hair-brush. "Sir," said he (tap), "I tell you *that is so*" (heavy tap). In consequence, I predicted his speedy downfall. Sure enough, he laid a wager that his candidate would have a majority in our village over all the rest of the candidates, and the next election only gave his candidate *two votes*. Next day our barber was missing. Public vandalism had crushed him.

We have procured a new barber. He is in the dyeing line of business. It is the color, not the quantity of hair, that engages all his lubricating efforts. To convert the frost of age into a black or brown scalp is the highest ambition of his genius. Not only that; he anticipates time, and suggests preventive treatment to younger men. To me he is excessively tiresome.

I have bought me a new dog: a snow-white terrier, with rose-colored ears and

paws. She is as white as new plucked cotton, or February clouds. All our other dogs, Jack, Zack, and Flora, are black; Juno, by contrast, looks strikingly white. One day, I found four black dogs under the porch. Of the four, I should say Juno was the blackest. She had been to the barber's on a visit, and he had given her a coat of his confounded Praxiteles balsam. Now she is growing out of it; but her present appearance is so repulsive, that the other dogs will not associate with her. Some day, I mean to give that barber a talking to about the matter.

Who that loves nature can forsake the country in October? Before the leaves fall, before "the flying gold of the woodlands drive through the air," we must visit our old friends opposite—the Palisades; we must bring forth our boat once more, and "white-ash it" over the blue river to the "*chimneys*." "What do you think of it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?" Mrs. S. replied she was willing. So then, on Saturday, if the weather be fair, we will make our final call upon them. The weather was fine, the air warm, the sky clear, the river smooth, the boat in order, and over we went. I had invited a German gentleman, Mr. Sumach, to accompany us, on account of his flute. He is a very good performer upon that instrument, and music always sounds to great advantage upon the water. When we approached the great cliffs, Mr. Sumach opened his case, and took therefrom the joints of an extraordinary large flute. Then he moistened the joints and put it together. Then he held it up and arranged the embouchure to his satisfaction, and then he wiped it off with his handkerchief. Then he held it up again at right angles, and an impudent boy, in another boat, fishing, told him he'd better take in his boom, if he didn't want to jibe. Then Mr. Sumach ran rapidly through a double octave, executed a staccato passage with wonderful precision, and wound up with a prolonged bray of great brilliancy and power. Then the boy, by way of jibing himself, imitated the bleating of a sheep. Then I bent the

white-ash oars to get out of the reach of the boy, and the blisters on my hands became painfully bloated. Then Mr. Sumach, who had been trilling enough to make anybody nervous, proposed that we should sing something. Then Mrs. Sparrowgrass suggested "Home, sweet Home." Then we commenced (flute obligato).

## HOME SWEET HOME!

WITH VARIATIONS.

"Mid (Taw-tawtle) pala (Tawtle)  
 Though-oh! (Tawtle-taw!)  
 Be it (Taw-tawtle) hum—(Tawtle)  
 Taw, Tawtle-taw! (*rapid and difficult  
 passage, ending with an inimitable shake*).  
 A cha- (Tawtle) skies! (Tawtle) halo (Taw,  
 Taw),  
 Which (Taw-tawtle) world (Taw) not  
 (Taw-tawtle), where  
 Home! (*trill B flat*) Hoem! (*rapid and difficult  
 passage*).  
 Sweet! (Toodle) sweet! (Toodle) home!  
 (Toodle).  
 Be it (Tawtle-de-doodle-diddle-doodle—  
 taw) 'ble,  
 There's no-oh! (Toodle) home!"

By this time we had reached the base of the Palisades.

Now then, here we are—a segment of sand you might cover with a blanket, and all the rest of the beach a vast wreck of basaltic splinters! Rocks, rocks, rocks! From bits not larger than a water-melon, up to fragments the size of the family tea-table. All these have fallen off those upper cliffs you see rising from the gold, brown, and crimson of autumnal leaves. Look up! no wonder it makes you dizzy to look up. What is that bird? Mrs. Sparrowgrass, that is an eagle.

It was a pleasant thing, after we had secured the boat by an iron grapnel, to pick our way over the sharp rocks—now holding by a lithe cedar, now swinging around a jutting crag by a pendulous wild grape-vine, anon stepping from block to block, with a fine river view in front and below; and then coming suddenly upon the little nook where lay the flat stone we were in quest of, and then come the great cloth-spreading, and opening of the basket. And we took from the basket: first, a box of matches and a bundle of choice cigars of delicate flavor; next, two side bottles of claret; then we lifted out carefully a white napkin, containing only one fowl, and that not fat; then two pies, much the worse for the voyage; then two

more bottles of claret; then another centre-piece—ham sandwiches; then a bundle of knives and forks, a couple of cork-screws, a tier of plates, six apples, and a half bottle of olives; then twenty-seven hickory nuts, and a half dozen nut-crackers; and then came the cheese and the manuscript.

Oh! golden November sky, and tawny river! bland distance, and rugged foreground, wild crimson vines, green cedars, many-colored, deciduous foliage, gray precipices, and delicious claret! What an afternoon that was, *under the palisades!*

"Mr. Sumach," said I, after the pip-pins and cheese, "if you will cast your eyes up beyond the trees, above those upper trees, and follow the face of the precipice in a direct line for some four hundred feet perpendicularly, you will see a slight jutting out of rock, perhaps twenty feet below the top of the crags." Mr. Sumach replied the sun was shining so brilliantly, just then, upon that identical spot, that he could see nothing at all. As, upon careful inspection, I could not see the spot myself, I was obliged to console myself with another sip of claret. Yet there it was, just above us.

"Mr. Sumach," said I, "I wish you could see it, for it is one of the curiosities of our country. You know we have five wonders of the world in America—the Falls of Niagara, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Trenton Falls, and the Palisades. Now sir, just above us, almost at the brink of that dizzy height, there is singular testimony of the freaks of nature. That tough old rock, sir, has had a piece taken out of it, squarely out, by lightning, probably; and the remnants of the vast mass now lie around us, covered with lichens, nut shells, dead leaves, table cloth, and some claret bottles. If you will go with me some two miles north, there is a path up the mountains, and we can then walk along the top of the vast precipice, to the spot directly over us." Mr. Sumach declined, on the ground of not being accustomed to such rough walking. "Then, sir, let me describe it to you. From that jutting buttress of rock in front, to the opening there, just back of you, there is a flat platform above us, wide enough for a man to lie down, with his head close to the inner wall, and his feet a few inches over the precipice. That plat-

form is probably one hundred and fifty feet long; the wall behind it is some twenty feet high; there is a little ravine, indicated by the gap up there, by which you can reach the platform. Once on it, you will see the wall back of you is very flat and even, as well as the stone floor you tread upon." Mr. Sumach answered "very well?" in a tone of inquiry. "Now," said I, "here, in this paper, is the Legend of the Palisades, and, as we are upon legendary ground, I will read it to you." Mr. Sumach, with a despairing look at his giant flute-case, said he would like much to hear it; so, after another sip of claret, I unrolled the manuscript, and read:

#### A LEGEND OF THE PALISADES.

Long before the white sails of Europe cast their baleful shadows over the sunny waters of the western continent, a vast portion of this territory, bounded by perpetual snows and perpetual summer, was occupied by two mighty nations of red men. The Iroquois, by far the most warlike nation, dominated, with its united tribes, the inland from Canada to North Carolina, and east and west, from central Pennsylvania to Michigan; while the great Algonquin race peopled the sea-board, from Labrador almost to the Floridas, and extending itself westward, even to the borders of Oregon, again stretched along, beyond the waters of the Mississippi, unto the hunting-grounds of the swarthy Appalachians. This bright river, in those days, flowed downward to the sea, under some dark, Indian name; and, where yonder village glitters with its score of spires and myriad windows, the smoke of numerous camp-fires curled up amidst pointed wigwams, of poles, and skins, and birch-bark, wrought with barbaric characters.

Of the Algonquin tribes that formerly inhabited the banks of this mighty stream, tradition has scarcely preserved a name. A handful of colored earthen beads, a few flint arrow-heads, are the sole memorials of a once great populace. But tradition, with wonderful tenacity, clings to its legends. Even from the dross of nameless nations, some golden deed shines forth, with a lustre antiquity cannot tarnish. So among the supernatural songs of the Iroquois we find a living parable.

Long before the coming of the pale faces, there was a great warrior of the

Onondaga-Iroquois, by name the Big Papoose. He had a round, small, smooth face, like that of a child; but his arms were long, and his shoulders broad and powerful as the branches of an oak. At the council fires he spoke not; at hunting parties he was indolent; and of the young squaws, none could say: "he loves me." But if he spoke not at the council fires, the people knew the scalps in his wigwam were numerous as the cones upon the pine tree; and if he cared not for hunting, yet he wore a triple collar, made of the claws of grizzly bears, and the old braves loved to sing of the great elk he had pursued and killed with a blow of his stone axe, when his feet were as the wings of a swallow. True it was, the love that is so common to man, the love of woman, was not in his breast; but the brightest and boldest maiden eyes dropped in his presence, and many a time the bosoms of the young squaws would heave—just a little. Yet the Big Papoose was the friend of children. Who bound the tiny flint arrow-heads to the feathered shafts, and strung the lithe bow with the sinews of deer, and practiced the boy warriors of the tribe in mimic warfare, and taught them to step with the foot of the sparrow, and to trap the fox, the rabbit, and the beaver, and to shout the death whoop, the *sa-sa-kuan*? Who was it but the Big Papoose, lying yonder, face downward, on the frozen crust of the lake, his head covered with skins, and around him a score of boy warriors, lying face downward, too, watching the fish below, through the holes in the ice, that they might strike them with the pointed javelin, the *aishkun*? Yes, he was the friend of children, the Big Papoose! There was then a very old brave of the Onondaga tribe; his hair was like the foam of the waterfall, and his eyes were deep and dark as the pool beneath it. He was so old that he could lay his hand upon the head of a hundred years and say—"boy!" He it was who had found, far in the north, under the uttermost stars, the sacred pieces of copper; he it was who had seen the great fish, so large that a single one could drink up the lake at a mouthful; and the great Thunder Water he had seen—Niagara; and the cavern, big enough to contain all the Indian tribes, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, and the stone arch that held up the skies, tho



sun and moon, and the clouds he had stood beneath, and he had seen it.

He was called the White Cloud, and sometimes, when the summer's heat had been too powerful upon the earth, and the green leaves of the maize drooped too much, he would bring forth the magic red pipe, and smoke, and blow the smoke towards the west, and then the vapors would rise up from the great Lake Ontario, and approach him, and overshadow him; and the rain would fall, and the leaves rise up refreshed, and the little birds would sing loudly in the wet forest. Then, too, would the Big Papoose sit on the same log with the White Cloud, and ask him to tell of the mysteries of the skies; and the Sachem would chant of the White Rabbit of the north, the Queen of the Heavens that holds dominion over the uttermost stars, and the snows of winter; that hides in the summer, when the sun is powerful, that she may rival his brightness in the season of frost.

One day the Big Papoose said to the old chief, "Why, oh White Cloud, do you ever blow the smoke of the calumet towards the west, is there not rain, too, in the east?" Then, the white-haired answered: "Because I like not the visions I see, when I blow the smoke towards the east. As the smoke from the calumet moves westward, I behold in it nations of red men, moving, and ever moving, towards the caverns of the sun. But when I blow the smoke towards the east, I see the red men no more, but the glitter of mighty waters, and winged canoes, in size like the lofty hemlocks of the forests, and potent arrows of fire that dart forth with clouds and thunderings. And further, and further towards the east, I see more and more of the winged canoes, in number like the leaves that are blown by the winds of autumn; and the winged canoes bear many nations, and in the approaching nations, I see not one red man." "I have dreamed," replied the young warrior, "of a maiden, whose eyes were in color like yonder lake, and whose skin was beautiful as the snow at sunset." "Do you not think of her often, more than of the women of the Onondagas?" said the White Cloud. The young warrior bowed his head. "The time will come," said the old chief, "when the women with blue eyes will think of the young chief of the Onondagas." "When?" said his lis-

tener, eagerly. The White Cloud touched with his finger a young pine, whose stem was not thicker than a stalk of maize, one moon old, and replied, "When this trunk has grown so a man may stretch his arms around it and yet his right hand cannot meet his left, then will the young chief of the Onondagas live in the thoughts of the maiden with the skin like the flush of sunset on the snow." "You speak truth," answered the young chief, "so, too, have I dreamed." "Tell me," continued the white-haired prophet, "whom do you envy of living men?" "Not one," replied the young warrior. "Whom of the dead do you envy?" "The warriors who are dead in battle, and yet live famous in the songs of the Iroquois!" "Look!" said the prophet. A volume of smoke arose from the red pipe, and the old man blew it gently towards the east. The Iroquois saw it spread into a plain, variegated with hills and rivers, and the villages of his tribe. Then it passed beyond the boundaries of his nation, and he recognized the habitations of the Algonquins, he saw their burial places, and the stretched skins with the accursed totems of his hereditary enemies; he saw, too, the noted warriors of their tribes, the women, the medicine men, and the children. Then the cloud rose up over a mountain, and he looked from its level summit down upon a sparkling river, broader than the rivers of his own country, and beyond, on the opposite side, were villages of Algonquin tribes, the wigwams of the Nepperhans. And he was standing on the brink of gigantic cliffs, whose vast shadows lay midway across the sparkling river; and as he looked his foot touched a fragment of rock, and it fell sheer down from the summit of the precipice to its base, and struck nothing as it fell. And just beyond him was a shelf of rock hanging over a terrible shore, huge splinters of stone were under his feet, and, as his eyes wandered up and down the sparkling river, far as his vision reached, the great shadow of the precipice, and the savage walls of stone, and the fragmentary shore went on unending. Then the sparkling river grew dimmer, and the rocks faded from view, and he saw only the blue sky, and the clouds, and, far off in the east, an eagle. "My son," said the white-haired, "you have seen it. To-morrow night loosen the thongs of your moccasins beyond the wigwams of the Iroquois. In the

country of the Algonquins are those wondrous precipices, and before seven days you will see the eastern sun rising over the sparkling river. Take with you this bag of pigments, and painting implements. On the bare rocks above the platform you have seen inscribed the totem of your tribe, and the record of your achievements. Go! I say no more."

Then the White Cloud put the tube of the calumet to his lips, and as the smoke arose from the kinikinic, the bowl of the red pipe expanded wider and wider, and the blue vapor spread out like the mist that rises from a lake in a midsummer morning. Then there came a powerful wind from the east, and the smoke rolled away before it, and was driven with inconceivable swiftness over the Lake Ontario, until it grew red under the sinking sun, and passed to the far-off hunting grounds of the Dacotahs. The young chief watched until it vanished, and then turned to his companion. There was nothing near him but the green grass, and the slender pine the White Cloud had touched with his finger.

Then the Big Papoose took the bag of pigments to his wigwam, and prepared for the journey. Around his broad chest he drew the folds of a gorgeous hunting shirt, decorated with many-hued bars of the porcupine, and secured it with a gaudy belt of wampum. His leggings were fringed with the hair of scalps, and Indian beads and shells of various colors, and his moccasins were wrought with quills, tinted like flowers of the prairie. Then he took from the notched poles of the wigwam his tufted bow, and a sheaf of arrows tipped with brilliant feathers, and he thrust the stone axe through his belt of wampum, and shook once more the slender spear-staff with its ponderous head of pointed flint. And as he passed on beyond the wigwams of his tribe, the young squaws gazed after him with wondrous dark eyes, and the old women said, "Perhaps he will bring with him, when he returns, a Chenango woman, or a squaw from the blue Susquehanna."

Twice the moon rose, and he saw the maize fields of the Algonquins. Later and later she glittered over his solitary path by the rocky gorges of the Delaware. Then he saw in the north the misty mountains of Shawangonk, and lodges of hostile tribes without number,

and other maize fields, and at night the camp-fires of a great people. Then he came to shallow rivers dotted with canoes, and these streams were less broad than the river of the Oswegos. And then he saw before him a sloping upland, and just as the moon and the dawn were shining together, he stood under tall trees on the summit, and beneath him was the platform of rock, and the waters of the sparkling river.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I am sorry to interrupt you, "but isn't that our boat out there, going up the river?" "Yes," added Mr. Sumach, suddenly leaping up with energy, "and my flute, too, I believe." "It cannot be," I replied, "for I fastened the boat with an iron grapple," and, as I did not like to be interrupted when I was reading, told Mr. Sumach very quietly, but severely, he would find his bassoon just back of our stone table. The explanation being satisfactory, I was allowed to proceed with the legend.

There was a pathway to the platform; as it might be, a channel for the heavy rains, that sometimes pour from the table-lands of the precipice to the ravine, and tumble, in a long, feathery torrent, over its rocky breast. It was a narrow passage, with walls of stone on either side, and ended just a few feet south of the jutting ledge; so that the young chief had to leap from the brink of the gorge to the edge of the platform. There he looked around, and behind him rose up the flat surface of thunder-split rock. Then he walked to the further end of it, and laid upon the ground his tufted bow and sheaf of arrows, loosened his belt of wampum, cast down his terrible stone axe, and leaned his pointed spear against the vast wall of the terrace. Then he took from the bag the pigments and the painting implements, and before midday he had sketched, upon the rocky background, the vast outline of his picture.

It was at the moment when he had completed the totem of his tribe, when he was nearest the gorge and farthest from his weapons, that a fawn darted from the chasm to the plateau, gathered up its affrighted form at sight of him, and then sprang sheer over the brink. The next instant, an Algonquin warrior leaped upon the ledge. A startled look at the Iroquois, a contemptuous glance at the pictograph, two panther bounds,

and the hereditary foes were struggling in a death grapple, upon the eaves of the precipice. Sometimes they leaned far over the brink, and then, unitedly, bent back, like twin pine trees, overblown. Both were unarmed; for the Algonquin had not suspected an enemy in a place where the foot of an Iroquois had never trod, and the weapons of his adversary were distant from them a bow-shot. So, with terrible strength, and zeal, and skill, each sought to overthrow the other, until, in the struggle, they fell, still clutched together, upon the rocky floor of the battle-ground. There, with tremendous throes and throbs of anger, they lay, until the shadows of the cliff had stretched far over the bosom of the sparkling river.

"Let us rise," said the Algonquin. The warriors rose to their feet, and stood gazing at each other.

There they stood, upon that terrible brink. The touch of a hand would have precipitated either upon the fragmentary shore below.

"Let us not perish," said the Algonquin, "like the raccoon and the fox, starving in the death-lock, but let us die like braves."

The Iroquois listened.

"Do you go," continued the Algonquin, "tell the warriors of my tribe to come, that they may witness it, and I will leap with you from this ledge upon the death below."

The Iroquois smiled.

"Stay," added the Algonquin, "I am a child. Do I not know the fate of an Iroquois, who would venture within the camp of my people? Remain you, until my return, that the history of my deed may be inscribed with that you have pictured upon these rocks."

The Iroquois smiled again, and said, "I wait." The Algonquin bounded from the parapet, and was gone.

Left to himself, the Iroquois collected together his painting implements, and filled with brilliant colors the outlines he had sketched upon the wall. Then he cast his spear far into the sparkling river, and sent the stone axe circling through the air, until it splashed far out in the stream, and he broke the tufted

bow with his powerful arms, and snapped his feathered arrows one by one. Then he girded on his gorgeous belt of wampum, and waited. Of whom was he dreaming, as he sat beneath the shadow of the pictograph? Was it not of the blue-eyed maiden, with cheeks like the flush of sunset on the snow?

The Iroquois waited. Then he heard a murmur, as of the wind stirring the leaves, then the rustle of rapid footsteps, and, as he started to his feet, the cliffs above him were thronged with Algonquin warriors. There was silence for an instant, and then an hundred bows were bent, an hundred bow-strings snapped, an hundred arrows converged through the air, and struck him! But as he turned to hurl defiance at his enemies, a warrior form bounded upon the parapet; it caught the figure, studded with arrows and tottering upon the brink, in its arms, and screamed into the dying ears, "I am here, O Iroquois!" and then, except the pictograph, nothing human remained upon the platform of the Palisades!

When I had finished the legend, Mr. Sumach startled the echoes with a burst of fluting that defies description. So I set to work resolutely, to pack up the basket, for I thought such a place as the one we were visiting did not require the aid of art to make it interesting. After the packing was finished, we started off for the boat, Mr. Sumach tooting over the rocks in a marvelous manner, until we came to the place where some climbing was necessary, and there I had the satisfaction of seeing the flute dislocated and cased, and then it fell in the water, where Mr. S. had some trouble to get at it. When we got to the place of anchorage, we found the tide had risen, and the grapnel under water, but no boat. So I suppose the other end of the rope had not been tied to the ring in the bow. We had a pretty walk, though, to Closter, and hired another boat. As our boat was brought home next day, it was no great matter, but I wished the person who found it for us had found also the oars and the thole pins.

## THE GENTLEMAN'S SHAWL.

ON my way to the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, I lodged one night at the very snug inn which intercepts tourists at the Brigg of Turk, near the royal hunting forest of Glenfinlan, and just half a mile from the hostel of Ardcheanochrochan. Formidable as the Turkish name was, it was less so than the unpronounceable Gaelic one. By tarrying there overnight, I gained an early glimpse of my first Highland shepherd, seated on a rock, enveloped in a shawl of hoddén-gray, which entirely covered him, and was a protection against the cold drizzle. Since that day, the Scotch shawl has become American.

The simplest variety of human apparel, after the fig-leaf and the fur, must have been the web of rude cloth, wrought, as the Arab and Indian now work it, by means of a warp stretched on the earth, and a shuttle flying across it with the woof-thread. Between this and the Jacquard loom, there is a vast stretch of progress; yet it is surprising to observe what showy and even elegant textures come out of these primitive instruments. The early raiment probably did not vary much from the parallelogram of white cotton, which the Hindoo gracefully winds about him, and which he, at other times, wreathes into a manifold turban, when the sun beats too hotly for any European hat or umbrella. This long-cloth, as it is technically called—and the name has crept into the commercial parlance of the world—admits of every variety of adjustment, according to the figure, means, and taste of the wearer. Seen in contrast with the ebony or olive skin of the Hindoo, and among the palmary foliage of tropical trees, it leaves scarcely anything to be desired, and is, in truth, the elementary origin of all sculptured drapery. The great bas-relief of Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford, which commemorates Sir William Jones, by representing him as one of a group compiling the digest of Indian Law, illustrates this flexibility of the simple web, which may be seen in several conformatiions on the three Brahmin sages. The consummate taste of Flaxman led him to seize at once on this native trait, and he is true to Asiatic costume. The *Cummerbund*, which renders to the

lower castes that service which gave a name to *Gallia Braccata*, is twisted as ungracefully as is the Scotch shawl by a Glasgow clerk, when he out-highlands the Highlander.

A garb so simple and obvious must have commended itself to every nation which possessed the textile art; and, assuredly, the investigations of our day do not lead antiquaries back to any period when the loom was unknown. Such savages as are ignorant of the shuttle, have degenerated from a more luxurious people, who once flaunted in its motley products. It is not in continental Asia that we find any such barbarism; because from thence we derive the shawl, both name and thing. Cashmere was long famous for shawls, properly so called, before Europe knew anything of an article now so largely included in commerce. To the looms of this delightful region we also owe the species of cloth universally known as cassimeres, or cashmeres. While that country was under the king of Candahar, the shawl-business alone employed forty thousand frames. The finest of these are believed to be woven of the warmest, or most non-conducting material ever used by man. The long shawls were a hundred and twenty-six inches by fifty-four; and the square shawls were about seventy inches. The elegant blending of colors was as much admired as the texture. These superb coverings loaded the camels of caravans and cafilas, pressing on their weary marches to Northern India, Cabul, Tattary, Persia, and Turkey. As to value, it is enough to say, that the time has been when a celebrated London dealer held one of his cashmere shawls at five hundred guineas. Napoleon's introduction of the Tibet goat into France is justly recorded among his pacific benefits to mankind. The shawl which M. Jacquard wove for the Empress Josephine, during the breathing time of Amiens, came from a loom, or machine, which cost twenty thousand francs. The wool of the cashmere goat is daily spun and woven in Glasgow and Paisley.

If any one cares to inquire about Hebrew shawls, he need only make his beginning at any one of the sixteen synagogues of New York. When peo-

ple wonder in Broadway, why Mr. Cohen or Mr. Levi wears his shawl with so matchless a nonchalance, the solution is, that he has practiced it ever since his boyhood, in the putting on of the Tallith, or prayer-cloak, which every devout Israelite wears at his public devotions. Some of these are very beautiful. And while the young banker's clerk, of Wall-street, reduces his Judaism to a minimum, by letting his synagogue-cloak shrink into a mere scarf about his shoulders, the venerable Polish or Syrian Jew, such as we have occasionally met on high festivals, covers his whole body, and even his head, with this token of reverence. We have been told that the fringe, which is upon the ends of this silken shawl, is annexed in compliance with a precept in the Fourth Book of Moses,\* which says: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue." The name of these fringes is *Tsitsith*, meaning "flowers," or a "flower-like ornament." With this we are, however, less concerned than with the shawl-like character of the Oriental mantle, which is, after all, a modification of the sheet and the blanket, of which the former is worn by the Indian of Bengal, and the latter by the Indian of Michilimackinac. So widely distributed is the gentleman's shawl, that the trapper of the West wears a blue mantle named, from a town in Gloucestershire, a *Stroud*; and the South American ambassador wraps his shoulders in a figured texture from Thibet. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, no doubt, wore the shawl, now called a *shelmé* by the Arabs. "It is almost a general custom," says Bishop Pococke, "among the Arabs and Mahometan natives of Egypt, to wear a large blanket, either white or brown; and in summer, a blue and white cotton sheet: putting one corner over the left shoulder, they bring it behind, and under the right arm, and so over their bodies, throwing it behind over the left shoulder, and so the right arm is left bare for action."† Mr.

Lane, who, with characteristic fidelity, brought back from Cairo as minute an account of the modern Egyptian wardrobe as if he had been a tailor in search of Arab fashion-cards, speaks thus: "A kind of blue and white plaid (called *miláye*) is also worn by some men; but more commonly by women, in the account of whose dress it will be fully described: the men throw it over their shoulders, or wrap it about the body." As afterwards described, this is almost a tartan, "woven in small checkers of blue and white, or cross stripes, with a mixture of red at each end."‡

Antiquity is all in favor of the shawl. Not to meddle with Fingal, which Mr. Macaulay takes as his standard of impudent forgery,§ we beg leave to dip a little into the Talmud, which is so well authenticated, that, notwithstanding its vastness, many Russian Jews have thought it worth while to commit it all to their memories.|| In both Talmuds—to wit, that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon—an inventory of Hebrew garments is given, in eighteen particulars. Among these, is the shawl masculine—not, indeed, called by its Hebrew name, Tallith; but by a Greek name, in Hebrew letters, Kolbin, that is, *Kolóbion*.¶ Though the Colobium of the Romans is said to have been the sleeveless mantle, or poncho, out of which grew the tunic,\*\* we dare assert it was the Haik or Hyke, universal among the Kabyles and Arabs of Africa and the Levant; a garb which, whether floating upon the haunches of a fleet Arabian, or swathed around the sleeping Bedouin, is far more picturesque than the best fit of a French dress-coat.

The "web of Penelope" has become proverbial, as descriptive of the doing and undoing effected by rich and beautiful widows—*Penelopes telam retexere*—there can be no longer any doubt that it was a shawl for her traveled husband. The whole thing is in the nineteenth book of the Odyssey, and we would gladly give it in Greek; but, as our younger lady-readers may not have gone so far, Cowper's exact rendering must suffice:

"I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword,  
A purple cloak magnificent."

\* Numbers xv, 37, 38, 39. Deuteronomy xxiii, 12.

† Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. i., pp. 48 and 73.

‡ History of England, Lond. ed., vol. iii., p. 363. Note.

§ Professor Gfrörer, of Stuttgart, in his History of Prim. Christianity.

|| Lightfoot. Hor. Hebr. in Luc., ix., 3.

† Vol. I., p. 190.

\*\* Gellius, vii., 12.



The radiant colors of the Mexican blanket, now familiar to our eyes upon the shoulders of returned Californians, and the grotesque but ample flow of the South American poncho, are going far to convince us that our priggish and succinct style of body-coats, surtouts, box-coats, and caped top-coats, must give place to some felicitous blending of art and nature, as in the shawl. A simple web of party-colored cloth, as we have already said, is an element of beauty, which gives employment to every æsthetic talent belonging to the arts of dress, of painting, or of sculpture. These qualities belong to the gentleman's shawl, which, we proceed to show, was the ancient Pallium, the etymological origin alike of the funereal pall, and the lamb's-wool vestment bestowed on an archbishop by the pope. Those widely err, who think of the pallium as what we call a made-up garment; it was, in the beginning, a square, or oblong piece of cloth—that is, a shawl; and the wonderful functions which it discharges in the marble relics of art, are due to this, its free and unconventional character. It was taken right from the loom, without so much as a hem, and without tailoring. This *Himation*, or outer garment, was often used as a blanket, or even a bed. Like the Scotch shawl, it was generally party-colored, and often had a fringe. "The more splendid and elegant tints were produced by the application of the murex, the kermes, the argol, and the saffron. Pale green was also worn. The pallium of one color (*ἰδιόχρουν ἱμάτιον*), literally, the "self-colored blanket," was distinguished from the variegated (*ποικίλον*): and, of this latter class, the simplest kinds were the striped, in which the effect was produced by inserting, alternately, a woof of different colors; and the check, or plaid (*scutulatum, tessellatum*), in which the same colors were made to alternate in the warp also. Zeuxis, the painter, exhibited, at the Olympic games, a plaid, having his name woven in the squares, in golden letters."\* To show the adaptation of the ancient blanket-shawl, we might borrow statements from the classics, of its use as a bed, a carpet, a curtain, a sail, a housing, a swaddling-cloth, and a winding-sheet. Just as

Glengarry, or McCallum More, lays off his tartan, so Telemachus puts off his purple shawl, when about to try his father's bow.†

Now if Mr. Philip Chesterfield or Mr. George Washington Howard chooses to object to the gentleman's shawl on the score of ungracefulness, we shall proceed to join issue with him, on a point in which we have all the Muses on our side. If that excellent Gentile priest, the Abbé Winkelmänn, could be brought into court, he would bring along with him the Berlin gem, of which he says that "it holds among intaglios the same place which Homer occupies among poets." Here, among five of the "Seven against Thebes," we should observe Polynices and Parthenopæus arrayed in the pallium. And, as we already meet Scottish gentlemen in the woollen line, who sport a gold shawl-pin, especially when snow or rain induce that truly Highland fold of the plaid which leaves a semblance of hood and sleeves, so the ancients came to employ a brooch, *περόνη*, or fibula, over the right shoulder. The statue of Phocion, in the Vatican, is thus presented, and no one can look at even a print of this, without recognizing the folds of the shawl.‡ And hereby hangs a tale. "Phocion's wife," says Aelian, "wore Phocion's plaid," but Xanthippe would not appear in that of Socrates.§ The aforesaid pallium was part of a Greek philosopher's stock in trade, as necessary as the white cravat of a clergyman, and was called, from its want of nap, tribon; in Latin, palliastrum. Antisthenes first doubled his blanket, and the other Cynics followed suit; it is well known that Diogenes lived and died in a shawl. The word "palliate" is derived from the muffling disguise of this garment.||

We have strayed sadly off from our shepherd at the Brigg o' Turk, with his scanty plaid. Let us return to say, that according to Pennant, it is a striped or variegated cloth, worn as a garment by the Highlanders of Scotland. The Gaelic word is *plaidie*; which Jamieson, our best Scotch authority, interprets "an outer loose weed of tartan worn by the Highlanders." The *tartan* is "cloth checkered with stripes of various colors." All who are versed in Celtic

\* Mr. Yates's art. "Pallium," in Smith's Antiquities.

† Mus. Pio-Clement., tom. I., tav. 43. Cited by Yates, *ubi supra*.

§ Aelian, Var. Hist., ed. Tauchnitz, p. 109.

† Homer, Od. xxi., 118.

|| Smith, p. 720.

annals know that each pattern of this cross-barred or striped woollen is claimed by some clan. There is, or was, a shop in Argyll-street, Glasgow, where one might furnish himself with any of these insignia; and a costly work has appeared, representing all the Highland chieftains, each in the family tartan. But the proper and distinctive name of the gray or striped shawl, as worn in the lowlands, and noted in Guy Mannering, is the *maad* or *maud*. The shepherd's plaid, now strangely become a fashionable adornment, has been for

generations the protection of the Scottish hind, against mists little short of rain, and during snows. The caprices of dress are droll. Young fellows come from abroad, wearing with much complacency the clasp-pouch or *gibecière*, which not long ago was the symbol of a courier, and which, before that, was the huntsman's game-bag. But the mercury being near zero at this present writing, I will not breathe a word against a mode so warm, so pliant, so time-honored, and so sensible, as that of the Scotch *maud*.

# SNIP-SNAP.

CYNTHIA SUSAN SIMPSON, age eighteen, with the pretty talent of pleasing men, was the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow-Squash Valley.

This little talent of pleasing men is sometimes given by nature as a compensation for the lack of every other accomplishment, or the means of procuring any; but this was not the case with Cynthia, who had good Yankee sense, and a vein of sprightliness in her composition, which latter, as I take it, requires several other talents for its support, otherwise it soon degenerates into silliness—whence it sours into vulgar ill-nature in the country girl—in the lady of society into sarcasm.

Cynthia was pretty, in the freshness of her age. American beauty comes forth like a flower, and is cut down. The loveliness of girlhood rarely ripens in the matron. And Cynthia was afraid to risk her loveliness, no doubt; for whilst she encouraged the attentions of many "beaux," who, in the language of her society, "went to see her" evening after evening, at the snug farmhouse of her father, whenever any of these swains took the opportunity to press upon her notice the nature of his case, and urge the necessity of its speedy cure, she cut the matter short with him.

Truth must be said, that amongst all her admirers there was not one who was *a priori*—that is, before a reciprocation of his love took place—a very desirable match for her.

The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid his last visit to her one afternoon, in a brand new suit of glossy, fine, black broad-cloth. Pretty Cynthia was alone, and prepared by previous experience to discern symptoms of an approaching assault upon the Malakoff of her affections. She pursed her pretty little mouth, and sewed, with nimble-glancing fingers, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's shirts, of unbleached cotton; and thought to herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and wondered how he would get out of the fix in which he found himself, and how he could dare to think she had given him encouragement—and looked—very bewitching. Poor Seth sat on the verge of his chair, and gazed through the window, which was open, into the woods, but his was a mind like that of Wordsworth's Peter,

"A primrose, on the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And nothing more."

He did not find any inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the ashes.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, at length, "did you ever see a crow?"

"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a mouse.

"Black—ain't it?" said Seth.

"Very."

Then came a pause. "Darn it—I wish she'd help me out," said Seth in his own thought. "The little minx knows what I want to say, and she might help me to say it."

What man has not thought this before now, at courting time—and wished to borrow feminine tact, and the larger experience of women, to help him out of the slough of despond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man, who offered himself to her, got through with it?

"Ever see an owl?" said Seth, at length, falling back upon his own resources.

"Often, Mr. Seth," lisped pretty Cynthia.

"It's got big eyes—ain't it, now?"

"Very big eyes," said she.

Seth grew angry. Angry with himself, no doubt; but anger, like Phœbus Apollo at sunset, glows brightest in reflection. He thought it a "mean shame," she wouldn't "help him out," while she sat there, looking "good enough to eat," and laughing at him, as even his blunt perception told him, whilst her attention was apparently bestowed upon the shirt-sleeve. He wished it were *his* shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred up the ashes on the hearth, and almost made up his mind that "he warn't going to give her another chance at him;" but Cynthia dropped her cotton-ball, and Seth, not rising from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, as she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him feel "all over—ever so," as he some time afterwards expressed the sensation to me.

"Miss Cynthia, may be you are fond of maple candy?"

"Very," said she.

"Well, now," said Seth, rising, "the next time I come, I'll try and bring you a great gob."

But as he rode home, behind his old farm mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain't going back to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix, and never helps him." And sure enough, he never did return. Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and many folks, even to this day, believe she wished him back again. It is the way of women to want the thing that can't be had. At least, so men say (if not in practice, in theory), and Cynthia's mouth watered, I dare say, for many a week after, for that gob of maple candy.

THE MORAL. Let every man, oh!

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pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way, and not in your way, and help him out at that, being sure, however, that you are in harmony with his mode of procedure. Never disturb ice-cream when it is going to freeze; nor lift the pot as it begins to boil; nor make a false step and get out of time, when your partner is meditating a *revers* in the *deux temps*, or the polka. Many a declaration of affection has been frightened off by some wrong note sung in the treble of the duet, which put it out of harmony.

Cynthia, though so pretty a girl, and so experienced in the art of saying "no," to an offer of marriage, had yet a good deal to learn in her own craft; and, indeed, no experience ever primes a woman for the decisive moment. Each case must be met on principle, and not on precedent. It is our business to discover, in this story of "Snip-Snap," how far pretty Cynthia profited by the experience she prided herself upon in the rejection of her lovers.

It was a mellow autumn morning, and a russet glow had tinged the woods at the back of Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth Taggart's wedding-day. He was to marry, that evening, Susie Chase—a smiling little rose-bud of a wife, to whom he found plenty of things to say, as sweet to Susie's ears as to her lips his maple candy. Cynthia, as one of her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and as she wished to shine that night, in all her bravery, and wanted some new ribbons for her head-dress, this want tempted her abroad, a little after noon, when the harvest-fields were quiet and the yoked oxen stood relieved from labor, leisurely chewing the sweet morsel reserved for that soft, sunny hour of rest, as men of business use to do the thought of the last letter written by the hand they love, till the burden of the day is laid aside, putting it apart (with all its woman's nonsense, and half unreasonable fancies), pure from the contact of the pile of yellow letters lying on their desk—offerings upon the shrine of Jupiter Mammon.

Our pretty Cynthia tripped along her path, scattering a cloud of grasshoppers and crickets, as she stepped; and in her silly little pride of bellehooed heart held, though she would not have

confessed the thought, that her relative value to her crowd of beaux was in the same proportion as that of one woman to many grasshoppers.

At a turn in the path, she came suddenly on one of these admirers—Frank Handy. Frank's face flushed. He had been thinking of her when she surprised him—thinking of her all that day and through a sleepless night; and in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy had smiled on him, and laid her gentle hand in his, and had been gathered to his heart—it was a shock to come thus suddenly upon so different a reality. At the moment he encountered her, he was indulging himself in an imaginary love scene, in which he was calling her, in heart, "My Cynthia, my love," and at the sudden sight of her, all such presumptuous fancies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinking like varintated coral polypes when danger approaches—each into the recesses of its cell.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," he said, stammering before he gathered self-possession, and accustomed himself to her presence. "I was on my way to make you a call. If you will allow me, I will turn round and walk with you."

"I am not going far, Mr. Frank, only into the village, for some ribbon for my hair, and gentlemen dislike shopping," (knowing perfectly well that he would go with her).

"I know where a wild hop-vine grows," said he, "it would make a much prettier ornament for your hair than any ribbons you could buy in the village."

"And will you get me some?"

"Turn this way into the woods, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. I am going away from here to-morrow, perhaps. I have been offered a professorship in a school of agriculture."

"Indeed, Mr. Handy."

There was a pause, and Cynthia resumed, a little hurriedly: "I should think you would like going away from here. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among us."

"I shall like it, in some respects, better than my present life," said Handy. "This farmer's life, when there are no higher interests to accompany it, does not draw out the best energies of a

man. His nature, like his thoughts, goes round and round in the routine, like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no progress."

"This man thinks higher things than I think," was Cynthia's thought as he said this, and, for a moment, she felt humbled in his presence; but she rallied her pretensions, remembered her bellehood and her conquests, and the light in which she always had been looked upon by all her lovers, and was almost disposed to revenge upon Frank Handy the passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, twining the hop-wreath for her head. He did not speak. His thoughts were busied with the words that he would say to her when he broke silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting at his side—waiting for the hop-wreath, with its pale green bells, that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia grew impatient as she found he did not speak to her. She addressed him several questions, which he answered with an air of preoccupation. She wandered from his side a few yards among the rocks, turning over with her foot some pebbles covered with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life, which made its home there. The influences of the day stole into her heart, and made her answers more soft and natural.

At last Handy broke silence, calling her to him, as she stood watching the stir which the point of her foot had produced in an ant-hill.

"Miss Cynthia."

"Is it finished?" she said, quickly.

"Not the garland—but the struggle in my breast is finished. I have been questioning with myself whether I should say to you what I am about to say."

Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly to tear apart its delicate veins and fibres.

"Miss Cynthia, is it pleasant to you to have a man say he loves you?"

"I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose so. That is, I think it is very embarrassing sometimes."

"Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia?"

He was taking her on a new tack. It was different from anything she had ever before experienced. She did not like this way of having his offer.

"It is embarrassing when I know that my only answer can be No," she said, looking him in the face a moment,

and then casting her eyes upon the lime leaf she was dissecting.

"It would be more embarrassing, I think, if you were not so sure," he said, "and if you took the matter into consideration."

"It never wants any consideration with me," she answered.

"What! did you never place before your mind the subject of marriage? Have you been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a belle? And did you never look beyond, to see what the happy duties of a wife, and the sweet ties of home might be?"

Cynthia laughed, but the laugh was affected and constrained. "What nonsense, Mr. Handy!"

"It is not nonsense," he replied; "such thoughts are fit for maiden meditation—they are womanly—and *womanly*, above everything else, I should wish my wife to be."

"I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr. Handy. We will go now, if you please, if you have finished my garden."

"It is not ready for you yet," said Handy, passing it over one arm while he took her hand. "Cynthia, beloved! you must listen to me."

She drew her hand away, but he took it again, and resumed. "You must let me feel its pulses beat against my hand, while I tell you the secret of my life—of my life, for I have always loved you. I loved you when you were a blooming little girl, and we both went to school to Ezekias Reed, dear Cynthia. I have loved you against hope—at times against my better reason. I have hesitated to tell you this, because encumbrances on my farm made my position less than that which I thought ought to be offered to you. I have watched you with your other admirers; and, in some moments, have not thought that any other had your preference, so that other men have taken their chance before me. This offer of a professorship, which adds a thousand dollars to my income, makes it possible for me to address you. Cynthia! there are depths of tenderness which no human eye has ever fathomed, in many a strong man's heart—depths which, perhaps, are never, by the shallower nature of your sex, entirely reciprocated or understood. It is not alone my heart, it is my very nature—heart and soul, mind and strength—that I offer to you. The love of you,

like things which plants absorb and assimilate into their own growth, has become part of me. This is a tried and true affection, Cynthia. It has waited patiently until the moment came when it might be offered to your acceptance. Cynthia, if you will lay this little hand in mine" (and he let it fall, but stretched out his hand towards her), "I will strengthen you, and elevate you, and guide you. You shall be a woman of higher rank (as God ranks woman), for your union with a man's stronger, steadier, and more single-minded nature; and, Cynthia, your influence for good on me will be incalculable. Who can estimate what a man owes to the affection of a woman? All that I have in me that is good will be doubled by your influence. You must draw forth—perhaps create—the gentleness, delicacies, and the tendernesses that complete the manly character."

He paused, and Cynthia stood with her hand hidden in the folds of her mantle.

"No," she said slowly; "I am sorry, Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish to you."

There was an embarrassed silence between them for a few moments, and then Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising pride, continued:

"I am not good enough to answer your expectations, Mr. Handy. You must look elsewhere for the kind of woman who will satisfy you."

Handy started, and his face flushed eagerly. He was about to speak. Cynthia caught the lighting of his eyes; but when they rested on her face, he said that her words were not wholly sincere, and the look faded.

"You are not dealing fairly with me, Miss Cynthia, nor yet with your own heart," he said, a little bitterly. "You are not convinced of what you said this moment. You think in your heart I am a foolish fellow, and that I ask too much. You do *not* think that Cynthia Simpson falls short of the reasonable ideal of any man."

"I don't know why you should say such things," said Cynthia, growing angry and nearly ready to cry. It was the first time any offer had been made to her which had not left behind it a self-satisfied feeling of triumph; and yet here was Frank Handy, as incomparably superior to any other suitor she had ever had as . . . Well, no matter.



"Miss Cynthia," said Frank, "when a man loves a woman, as I have long loved you, he singles her out from the whole world as his representative of womanhood; and there is that in her before which he bows down, doing homage to the woman's nature within her. But this does not imply unconsciousness of her faults. He may see where she comes short of her own capability. And that marriage is true union in which the husband, up to whom she looks, and on whom she should lean, strengthens her better in its struggle against her worse nature.

They were walking towards the homestead, and walking fast. Cynthia was angry, disturbed, and mortified. Was this a time to dwell upon her faults? She admitted that she had some. Vague confession! by no means implying that Cynthia knew that, at that moment, she was proud, vain, insincere, and petulant, and that she was crushing down the better feelings of her heart, to give the victory within her to the worst. If Handy wanted her, she thought, he might woo her with more respect to her pretensions. And he *should* woo her. If he loved her as he said he did, she knew her power was great. He should bring his homage not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself—to Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full display of all her faults, and even in opposition to his better reason. She was not to be defrauded of her triumph, and it would be a great one, indeed, if she forced him, by her faults themselves, to surrender at discretion.

They reached the steps over the stone fence which led on to the highway. In their path lay a disabled grasshopper. Frank set his foot on it and crushed it firmly. "Miss Cynthia," said he, "few women have the courage to treat rejected suitors thus. It is the true humanity."

He helped her over the steps, and paused. He took the hop-wreath carefully from his arm, and gave it into her hands. She took it with an indifferent air, and, as she took it, crushed some of the green blossoms. She would have treated him with more courtesy (had Frank but known it), if she had been entirely indifferent to his admiration.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, impressed her with a

a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts when brought into conflict with his self-possession and sincerity. "I know very well how you have dealt by many men, and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks, and take my chance among your many other patient suitors. It is true, that the wound that you inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you would respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you. Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, he saw it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which my judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that dim her beauty, and shining forth in her sweet queenliness upon the lonely darkness of the man who can teach her what it is to love. I do not know what I shall think. To-day has shaken my confidence in you. As I said before, I shall make you no further offer; but, if I make up my mind to renew the one I have just made you, I shall say Snip! during the evening; and, if you answer Snap! I shall understand it is favorably received by you. Mind," he added, "I think it doubtful whether, notwithstanding my love for you, I shall think it right to say it. I am going into the fields to 'meditate till eventide' upon my course, and I may bring back the conviction, that for the present rejection of my suit I ought to be much obliged to you. Nor shall I say Snip! more than once. In this uncertainty I leave the matter to your consideration."

"What impertinence!" thought Cynthia. "I never heard of such a thing!" And she began to cry, standing alone upon the highway, holding her hop-wreath in her hand.

"I don't know what I had better do. I wish he had taken some other way of

speaking to me. Oh! why should he be so very unkind? I don't care. It is his loss a great deal more than mine, if he is really in love with me."

The evil spirit was coming back, and it whispered, "He will certainly say Snip! but you had better not say Snap! too readily."

She walked on thinking, imagining a triumph, when suddenly the thought came to her, that she was confessing to herself she wanted to say Snap!—and why? It was not possible that the tables of her pride were turned upon her; that she was in Frank Handy's power, to refuse or to take; that she loved him! "I don't care for him at all," was the suggestion of the bad angel. "I only want to teach him for the future to behave. He is a presuming, exacting, self-conceited fellow."

"Have you ever, in the course of your experience," said the good angel, "seen any other man like Frank? Has not the conversation of this very day raised him to a height in your esteem . . . which is . . . which must be . . . almost . . . That is, he stands before you in a light in which no other man has ever stood before?"

"I don't believe he loves me," said her perverse heart, "or else he would have taken a great deal more pains to win me."

"Ah!" said the good angel, "what better love can a man give, than that which sees your faults and strengthens you against them? True, he has set his ideal of womanhood so high, that you do not come up to it; but he sees in you capabilities for good, beyond those of other women, though to the height of your capabilities you have never attained."

"Oh! I shall be a worse woman, and an unhappy woman, if I do not love Frank Handy, and if Frank Handy does not love me," said her heart, now turning to its better instincts, as she threw herself upon her little, white, dimity-covered bed, in her own chamber, and, shutting out the light from her eyes, thought what life would be if Frank never said Snip!—Frank, who was even then walking in the fields, trying to think all the harm he could of her.

Here she lay, and cried, and disquieted herself in vain. And she thought over all the good she had ever heard of Frank Handy, and—strange!—that though it seemed to her he had the good

word and good opinion of every man who knew him, no one had ever quite seemed to appreciate him to his full value. Perhaps he had never shown his inmost heart to other people as he had to her. Her wounded feeling seized upon the balm she found in such a thought. Frank was not a man to put forth his pretensions. She had wronged him very much in calling him conceited and presuming. He had spoken only what he had a right to think about his own sincerity; and oh! how she wished he could think a great deal better of her.

During the burst of tears that followed this reflection, the great farm teabell rang. Cynthia sprang from her bed and wiped her eyes. If she looked as if she had been crying, might not some one say she was fretted to lose Seth Taggart? Seth Taggart, indeed! She wasn't going to cry for losing any man. And the evil spirits resumed their sway.

So Cynthia went down stairs towering in pride and wrath. She had half a mind not to go to the wedding. No, she could not do that. People would certainly say things she would not like about her and Seth Taggart, if she staid away. It was delicate ground with her, this matter of Seth Taggart's, because he had never made her any offer. "I think men treat women shamefully," said Cynthia in her thoughts, summing up all her wrongs at once, as she sat at the teatable, priming herself with pride against the weakness before which she felt her courage giving way.

"Cynthy, I reckon you'd best go and dress you," said her mother, as she was clearing away the table after tea; "you leave the things, and I'll wash up and put away. It will take you some time to fix yourself, and you ought to be there early, if you are going to stand up with Sue."

"Who's the groomsman, Miss Bridesmaid!" said her father.

"Frank Handy, sir," said Cynthia, with a toss of her head.

"Ha! Handy?" said her father, "a right clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a lucky woman he stands up with to be married to."

Cynthia escaped to her own room, and she began to cry again. There! her father spoke well of Frank; but nobody could know him as well as she knew him. Oh! if he only would come back.

Why hadn't she known the state of her own heart that morning? But he took her so by surprise, and all her evil feelings had got uppermost at the moment. It would be very cruel of him—very—not to try her again.

Thus she thought, until she was sufficiently advanced in her toilet to put her wreath on. Should she wear it? Would it not be confessing too much, if he were to see it in her hair? She looked for some ribbons in her drawer, but at this moment her father called her, and said, if she came quick he would drive her over to Susie's before he unharnessed his old mare. So she put on the hop-wreath in a hurry, giving it the benefit of her doubt, and its trembling green bells mixed with the light curls of her pretty sunny hair.

"Where did you get that thing from?" said her father. "It's mighty tasty, I declare. Give me a kiss, Cynthia. I hope your beaux will think you look half as pretty as I do. And it's better, my child, to be admired by your old father, who loves you, than by a crowd of foolish fellows, half of whom get round a pretty girl just like my flock of sheep out yonder, one following because another is making up to her."

"Foolish fellows!" they were "foolish fellows." But Frank Handy was not one of them. Frank had never followed in her train sufficiently to be accounted one of her suitors. It was this very "foolish" flock, whose ranks he scorned to enter. All that her father said, seemed to justify her nascent feeling. She kissed the old man's ruddy cheek, and felt as if the callow love, that fluttered at her heart, had almost been made welcome by his approbation.

"What time shall I come for you, Cynthia?" said he, as she alighted at Susy's door.

"Oh! not till late, father," she said, hurriedly. "Stay—not at all. Some of the young men will walk home with me; or, if they don't, I'll come with Tommy Chase. He's only eleven, but he's tall of his age."

And now Cynthia found herself in the bride's chamber. The pretty little rose-bud, blushing in her wedding muslin, and going to be very happy, because . . . well, it takes a good deal more sense than Susie had to be unhappy in life when one is blessed with a sweet temper and a good digestion. A super-added power of suffering is a proof of

an advance in organization, and we submit the argument to the skeptic: whether this truth does not imply the necessity of some power or influence which shall counterbalance and adjust this sensitiveness to suffering in the highest natures?

Cynthia was waited for to put the finishing touches to the bridal toilet, for Cynthia had taste, and Cynthia among her "girls" had a reputation for good-nature. Her fingers failed her as she pinned the wedding wreath, and she trembled more than the bride did when the buggy that had been sent for the minister stopped at the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going down to receive the minister.

"Cynthia, you go and tell the gentlemen they may come in."

Cynthia shrank back. But as bridesmaid it was her office, and the others pushed her to the door.

"She didn't want to see Seth Taggart, I reckon," said one of the girls in a half whisper. "Don't you see how pale she has grown?"

Cynthia falsified this speech by looking scarlet before the girl addressed could turn her head; and she opened the door of the room, where the bridegroom and his men were caged, with an air in which assumed indifference was strongly marked, and said, "Gentlemen, we are ready," with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing in her head.

Seth, long and lean, and shiny, in his wedding suit, as a snake in a new skin, took little Susie on his awkward arm; Frank Handy, quite collected, and self-possessed, offered his to the bridesmaid, and they followed the bride and bridegroom into the best parlour. Cynthia and Frank were parted, when they took their places for the ceremony. It was only a moment that she leaned upon his arm; but that moment gave her a new sensation. It was a pride, such as no woman need be ashamed of, in resting upon manly strength. His arm did not tremble, though all her nerves seemed twittering like wires stretched, and suddenly let loose. He seemed so strong, so calm, so self-collected, and so dignified, that she began to feel her own unworthiness, and to mistrust her power.

She cast her eyes down during the service, tried to bring her rebel nerves under control—she heard nothing, and saw no one. The minister had blessed

them both, and kissed the bride. Everybody came round the pair with salutations. The kissing was rather indiscriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of kissing all the girls, and of course he kissed the bridesmaid. His former sensation of "all over—ever so" transferred itself to her in a different way. She would as soon have kissed a clam.

"Cynthy, you and Frank bring in the cake. You seem to forget all you have got to do," said one of the young girls of the party.

"Frank! Here! Your bridesmaid's waiting, and I declare, I don't believe you have taken the privilege of the kiss you are entitled to."

Frank was called away from the side of a lady in blue, a stranger from the city, who had been brought by some of the guests. She had no other acquaintances, and Frank seemed to be attentive to her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," said he, turning from the lady, and taking no notice of the latter part of the speech that was addressed to him, "let us do all that is expected of us."

They went together into the pantry, and were there alone. Cynthia thought, "if he intends to say Snip! now is the moment." But Frank was intent on arranging the cake on plates, and disposing them on a large waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refuge in silence, and the cake. It may have been the sweet, unwholesome smell of wedding cake which made her head ache violently.

"It is a foolish custom," said Frank, as they arranged the cake. "Foolish, that persons, because they are happy, should want to make other folks sick. But there is a great deal of selfishness in the display of newly-married happiness, as that essay by Elia tells us."

Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the courage of Cynthia. Now she thought he will say "Snip!" Can I say "Snap!" Oh! no.

She put on a little coquetry. "You will not have any cake at your wedding, Mr. Frank," she said. "Everything about that will be the perfection of good sense and reason."

She had not intended to be sarcastic, but as the speech fell from her lips, it sounded so. It was trifling—unworthy. She wished she had not said it. Its tone was out of harmony with what she felt.

"Come," said Frank, "let us feed

them." He took one of the handles of the tray, and the bridesmaid took the other. The room was very merry. The cake was served with plenty of noise, and the wine after it. Frank seemed to be quite self-possessed, and attentive to everybody. Cynthia's beaux could make nothing of her. She answered their questions wrong. A rumor ran that she was wearing the willow for Seth Taggart. She declined to dance, on the plea that she must keep herself disengaged for her duties as a bridesmaid, and, indeed, her head ached so she feared the motion. Agonized by her self-consciousness, and with too little spirit left to make head against the reports that were going about, she could not but perceive that Frank seemed not to remember her.

"Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy is so taken up with?" she said to one of the party. Cynthia had always called him "Frank" before, but consciousness made her now reject the old familiarity.

"Oh! that is somebody very wonderful. Everybody else is afraid to speak to her. She has written a book. Frank seems to be right down flirting with her—doesn't he? I declare, now, he always wanted somebody out of the way. Nobody here was good enough for Frank. Have you heard he has been offered a professorship, and is going away? He is going to live in the same place she does. I shouldn't wonder at his courting her—should you?"

"I don't care," said Cynthia in her heart, "I don't care. Oh! yes I do. I care that he should have weighed me in the balances so calmly this afternoon, and found me so unworthy, that he takes back the love he has offered me. Has he judged me very cruelly? Or am I quite unworthy of his attachment? Oh! think that this morning I had it in my power to be happy all my life, when I refused him! Oh! how can any one compare any other man with him? And he loved me only to-day—and now, to-night, his reason says I am not good enough to be his wife; and he is afraid of being unhappy with me. Indeed, I am not good enough—but I would try to be."

"..... If you would snip it."

It was Frank Handy's voice. She caught the word, and looked up eagerly. Frank saw her, and stopped embarrassed. He was holding up a torn fold in the dress of his partner in blue.

"If I knew where to find a needle and thread," said the authoress, with a half look at the bridesmaid.

"I know. Let me sew it up for you," said Cynthia.

Her pride had left her. She felt humbled to the dust. It would be a relief to do something for this woman—better than herself—whom Frank preferred to her.

"Let me do it," she said earnestly.

"Mr. Handy, I shall depend upon your escort."

Frank Handy bowed, and the girls went together into a bed-room.

Escort?—was it his escort to the city? He had told her he should go there. Cynthia sewed up the hole in the blue dress, very sadly and quietly.

The animation faded from the young authoress's face, as she looked down on Cynthia's quivering lip, and saw a big tear fall upon her sewing. She had heard some one say, she had been the victim of false hopes raised by Seth Taggart; and had in her heart despised her for it; but now she felt as if the sad, heart-broken love bestowed on him endorsed him as far better than he looked. It was a woe, however, to which she could not openly allude. But, as Cynthia set the last stitch in her dress, she stooped down and kissed her. "Every sorrow has its lesson," she said, "as every weed has a drop of honey in its cup. Blessed are they who suck that drop, and store it for good uses."

She had gone, and Cynthia was left alone. Yes, she had much to learn. This night's experience had taught her that her reign was over, and her career of belle-hood run. She, who was not good enough to keep a good man's heart when she had won it, would set herself to her new task of self-improvement. She would have her dear old father's love, and live at home, and little children, too, should learn to love her. And then, perhaps, some day, when they both grew old, Frank Handy might, perhaps, see that he had judged her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, that she had rejected him. At least, every improvement in her would be due to his influence, though unseen; and so, even in her lonely life, he would not be altogether dissociated from her. She sat in the dark, with her hands clasped tightly over her burning forehead.

She heard voices in the passages. The party was breaking up. People

were beginning to go. Oh! why had she staid alone so long! Perhaps during that hour Frank might have changed his mind. She had deprived herself of the opportunity.

She started up and hurried out amongst the company. They were all getting their cloaks and shawls on. Frank, in his great coat, was standing impatiently at the house-door.

"Please to tell her that my buggy has come up first," he said to some one, as Cynthia presented herself in the passage.

"I am ready," said the lady in blue, presenting herself.

Frank raised his hat to the company; and took her on his arm.

"Shut up that door," said somebody; "and don't let the night air into the house."

So the door closed with a jar that went to Cynthia's very heart. She turned aside and tried to help some of the girls to find their shawls and hoods. "Every lassie had her laddie," Cynthia only had no one to take her home. She asked Tommy Chase to walk home with her, and he said he would as soon as he had had some more cake and some more supper.

Cynthia went back into the empty parlor, and sat down by an open window looking on the yard. She hid her face in her hands. All sorts of thoughts went singing through her brain; but the one that presented itself oftenest, was an humble resolution that she would try to be such a woman as Frank Handy wisely might have loved.

There was a stir among the vines that draped the window-frame. She did not look up. It was the wind. She heard it sigh. She felt its warm breath near her cheek—warmer, surely, than the night wind. She lifted her head quickly.

"Snip!" said Frank's voice at her side. It trembled; and he trembled as he stood with a great hope and a great fear contending in his breast. His self-possession was all gone. The struggle had unnerved him.

"Oh! Snap!" cried Cynthia suddenly. And then, drooping her head, crowned with the hop bells, lower and lower—more and more humbly, till it rested on the window sill,—she said in a broken voice: "I know I am not worthy, Frank; but you must teach me."



## THE MALAKOFF MARSEILLAISE.\*

THREE times the Frenchmen charged, with cheers, to win the Malakoff;  
 Three times they rolled in tumult down, and heard the Russian scoff.  
 What's to be done? their hearts grow cold, that *Vive l'Empereur*  
 Falls faint and dead—a broken spell, a battle-cry no more.  
 Ah, one there *was*—remembered still—of glory's brighter days—  
 They murmur, they pronounce a name—that name, the Marseillaise!—

From man to man,  
 The whisperings ran:  
 "Long live the Marseillaise!"

The murmur grows; they talk aloud: "Our fathers' song!" they cry,  
 "Heard round their lovely tricolor, in the gallant times gone by;  
 O'er battle-fields and battered walls they sung it, marching free  
 From the Alps and the Pyrenees, all round, to the rolling Zuyder Zee.  
 We'd try the conquering charm, this day, and, though its port-holes blaze,  
 We'll give you that bloody Malakoff—but give us the Marseillaise!"

Says a brown zouave:  
 "My Chief, let us have  
 One touch of the Marseillaise!"

Grave looks the stout Pelissier, when he hears that startling word,  
 Says, "Nonsense! Go!" but well I know his Frenchman's heart was stirred:  
 "Those English fly from yon Redan; they're quashed, and, on my soul,  
 Unless I win our Malakoff, good-by, Sebastopol!  
 Well, form them, in God's name afresh, and let the bands," he says,  
 "If they've recovered wind enough, lead off the Marseillaise.

What can I say?  
 'Tis our Frenchmen's way;  
 So, sound their Marseillaise!"

'Twas done: zouaves and voltigeurs, and soldiers of the line,  
 Chimed in with the old Republic's March—the war-song of the Rhine—  
 And then the charge—the last, wild charge! down tumbles Bosquet bold;  
 Heaven rest the dead—on, soldiers, on! Mac Mahon's in the hold!  
 Ne'er sung that air to nobler feat, through battle's fiery haze;  
 Well may the Czar, and his men of war, lament the Marseillaise!

Says Gortschakoff:  
 "Tis time to be off—  
 They're singing the Marseillaise!"

Brave song, be heard, all undeterred, an omen and a sign,  
 Beyond the despot's guarded camp, beyond the leaguering line;  
 Lead yet a wider, worthier strife—a mightier fortress far,  
 Against our banner still holds out, on the deadly heights of war;  
 And sound again, bold melody! for baffled millions raise  
 The last, victorious rallying-cry—the nations' Marseillaise!

Once more advance  
 In the vanward, France,  
 To the roar of thy Marseillaise!

\* The fact stated in the text, though hushed up as much as possible by the government, was mentioned in Paris by the soldiers lately returned from the Crimea. After their repulse before the Malakoff, the troops demanded the Marseillaise air, and the general did not venture to refuse them, at such a moment. The bands played the tune; and the soldiers, under Bosquet and Mac Mahon, took the place.

## OUR SEACOAST DEFENSE AND FORTIFICATION SYSTEM.

WAR is no obsolete or decayed tradition. The millennium still per-versely lingers in the caves of Apocalyptic vision, and mighty, indeed, must be that faith which accepts universal peace as an impending reality. Mars is not yet a fossil for moral paleontologists to speculate upon, but, from his old Olympian home, he even now looks down on a contest more stupendous and destructive than any before waged on this earth. The year in which Sebastopol was taken; the year in which pestilence and sword have celebrated their new *entente cordiale* in the Tauric Chersonese with human holocausts, unequaled in numbers and nobility; such a year is no time for denying that war is an ever possible contingency, which each independent nation is bound so far to anticipate as by all just and honorable means to avert its oncoming, and to be forearmed against its disasters.

Most sincerely do we deprecate war. The appeal to brute force in any form, as an arbiter of rights, is abstractly bad logic, and worse humanity. Yet who can doubt that such appeals will continue to be made? As a plain question of fact, what is there in the present state of the world to give even the most shadowy hope of our being forever at peace with all nations?

As wars have been our national portion, so are we still bound to regard their coming as possible. The United States have no privilege of exemption from the casualties of national existence. With whatever fidelity we may cultivate international amity, the time may arrive when no choice is left us but war. We appear even now to owe no thanks to England's prime minister and prime newspaper for the peace which we enjoy, despite the formidable fleet lately dispatched to bathe its sides in the Gulf Stream. Canada, Cuba, Central America, Mexico, the Northwestern boundary, the Sandwich Islands, the Sound dues, our commercial policy, our resistance to search, our doctrine of naturalization, violated neutrality, and sundry other points, present contingencies which may easily provoke the dialectics of war. The Eastern Allies, whether flushed with victory or enraged by failure in their

strife with Russia, are less likely to maintain a pacific and conciliatory deportment towards us. Nor can we deny that our own nation, if not, as Lord Ellesmere declared, the most warlike power on earth, is by no means meek or gentle under insult, menace, or dictation; we are not yet millennium saints, and shall scarcely become so, while the cool audacity of frontier life continues to leaven the sobriety of our commercial and manufacturing elements. Thus, while deprecating, and because we deprecate all needless strife, we hold it to be the part, both of prudence and of duty, to foresee and provide against the disastrous effects of any breach of peace, come from what source it may. It is an imperative duty to maintain our country in such an attitude of defensive preparation, as not to invite hostility and spoliation by leaving bare, to petty invasion, the vital points of our national strength.

The situation of our country is such, that any formidable war must especially involve the maritime element. No neighbors on this continent need be taken into the account, except as auxiliaries to European powers. No transatlantic enemy can operate against us, except by effecting what, in military parlance, is called a grand descent, or by bombardment from shipboard. Petty descents may be prevented, and could not much influence the result of hostilities. A grand descent involves the embarkation of an army on shipboard, its transportation across the seas, and its debarkation on an enemy's shores, either rapidly, to effect a local object, or to conduct one or more campaigns from a seacoast base. A bombardment from shipboard usually requires only a naval armament, and no landing need be forced. Now, it is almost exclusively to the one or other of these forms of attack that we are exposed. It is true that Great Britain, or, especially, Great Britain and France combined, could attack us effectively by the Canada route, which, therefore, necessitates some special precautions along our inland frontier. But, for us, the main problem of home defense consists chiefly in our being able successfully to repel grand descents and naval bombardments.

In a war with France or England, we should be subject to far more formidable grand descents than would have been attempted at any past time. There has been no period of the world's history when transmarine expeditions could assume such gigantic proportions, or wield such formidable power, as now. The great advances in ship-building—the rapid expansion of commercial transportation, and especially the general introduction of steam-power, both for military and commercial operations, have removed much of the difficulty incident to sending expeditions across the Atlantic. Powerfully as our inferior naval force and privateering militia could operate against the transportation of supplies for such an expeditionary force, success in landing, and in putting under contribution a portion of our country, would secure subsistence for the troops thus thrown among us, and the conflict would become one for superiority in the field—that field being some devoted section of the sea-board states. England, with her small available land force, could not long sustain such a conflict; but France, with her plethora of excellent soldiers, could give us a severe trial.

One chief obstacle to grand descents is, the danger and difficulty of effecting a landing, when this is contested with any vigor. Unless some town, furnished with available wharves, can be seized, the landing of men, guns, and materials, must be effected by the aid of small boats—a process slow, laborious, inadequate, and especially precarious when no good anchorage is secured. It has always been held essential, in landing an expeditionary force, quickly to make sure of some harbor, where the fleet and transports can ride in safety. The recent increase of draft, in merchant ships, has augmented this difficulty, and much restricted the number of harbors which would suffice as bases of operations, in grand descents.

Another obstacle to great expeditions, which is of recent date, is, that by the aid of rail-roads and steam-boats, our local troops can be concentrated with great rapidity, to contest the landing, and obstruct the operations of a transatlantic invading force. Our sea-coast strategic points are chiefly those where these facilities for concentrating troops exist in full vigor. As against grand descents, this element is of great importance; but it is absolutely null for

resistance to a bombarding fleet, unless there be shore batteries of heavy guns, for the converging auxiliaries to bring into action.

A glance at the history of grand descents, will show how difficult they have always been found to be; and yet, that they have been a not infrequent resource. Ancient history presents some remarkable examples of such enterprises, on a scale of great magnificence, both in organization and in results. Xerxes is said to have had 4,000 vessels, when he invaded Greece. At the same time, 5,000 vessels are said to have landed 300,000 Carthaginians in Sicily, where they were defeated by Gelon. Three expeditions, under Hannibal, Himilco, and Hamilcar, ranged from 100,000 to 150,000 men, each. Pyrrhus landed 26,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry at Tarentum. Regulus is related to have taken into the naval battle of Ennon 340 large vessels, with 140,000 men, while the Carthaginians had fifty more vessels, and from 12,000 to 15,000 more men. Regulus then descended, with 40,000 men, on the African coast. The Romans lost 28,000 men and 100 vessels, at Drepanum. Lutatius took 300 galleys and 700 transports into the battle of the Egean Isles, and the Carthaginians there lost 120 vessels. Scipio Africanus compelled the Carthaginians to burn 500 ships. Paulus Emilius descended on Samothracia, with 25,000 men. In the third Punic war, 80,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry were transported from Lilybæus to Utica. Mithridates had a fleet of 400 vessels—of which 300 were decked. In Cæsar's second descent on Britain, he had 600 vessels, and about 40,000 men. He also transported 35,000 men into Greece, and 60,000 into Africa. Augustus transported 80,000 men and 12,000 horses, to meet Antony in Greece, who had 170 ships of war, 60 Egyptian galleys, and 22,000 infantry, beside the rowers. Germanicus took 60,000 men, on 1,000 vessels, from the Rhine to the Ems. Genseric descended from Spain, on Africa, with 80,000 Vandals. In 902, Oleg is said to have embarked 80,000 men, in 2,000 barks, on the Dnieper, proceeding thence through the Black sea, to Constantinople. William the Conqueror made his descent with from 60,000 to 70,000 men. Louis IX. made a crusading descent on Egypt, with over 1,800 vessels, and with about 80,000

men. Mahomet II. is said to have sent 100,000 men in the expedition for the second siege of Rhodes. Edward III. debarked 40,000 men from 800 vessels, to besiege Calais. Henry V. also descended on France, with 30,000 men, 6,000 being cavalry. Charles V. took Tunis by an expedition of 30,000 men, in 500 ships. Soliman I. besieged Rhodes, with 140,000 men. Mustapha, in 1565, descended on Malta, with 32,000 Janizaries, and 140 vessels. In 1527, an expedition of 200 galleys and 55,000 men proceeded against Cyprus. The Invincible Armada consisted of 137 armed ships, 2,630 bronze guns, 20,000 soldiers, and 11,000 sailors. The Turks sent 55,000 men, in 350 galleys, to Candia, in the war of 1615, and, again, 50,000 men in 1667. Charles XII. descended on Denmark, with 20,000 men, in 200 transports. In 1775, an expedition of 15,000 to 16,000 Spaniards attacked Algiers. In 1779, Count d'Estaing, with 25 ships of the line, landed 6,000 troops in the United States, while Orvilliers, with 65 ships of the line, was covering a contemplated descent of 40,000 men, in 300 transports, from Havre and St. Malo, on the British coast. Hoche's frustrated expedition against Ireland consisted of 25,000 men. Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition consisted of 23,000 men, 13 ships, 17 frigates, and 400 transports. The Anglo-Russian expedition against Holland, in 1799, was raised, by successive debarkations, to 40,000 men. Abercrombie's expedition into Egypt carried 20,000 men. Cathcart's expedition against Copenhagen, in 1807, contained 25,000 men. Moore's army, in Spain, amounted to 25,000, and Wellington had 30,000 English at Oporto. The British Antwerp expedition, in 1809, consisted of 40,000 land troops and 30,000 sailors, or, according to some authorities, a total of 100,000 combatants. The British Ostend and Antwerp descent, in 1813, was scarcely less extensive. The British expedition against Washington consisted of 7,000 to 8,000 troops, and that against New Orleans, in 1814, of near 10,000; which was also about the force sent to Canada, the same year. The great expedition which Napoleon had organized against the English coast, consisted of 150,000 men, in 3,000 transports. The French descent on Algiers was made with 30,000 men; and the French army, in Algeria, has

since amounted to 120,000 men. Our own descent on Vera Cruz was among the most remarkable, in its events and results. But no previous descent has ever compared, in magnitude of means, and in the numbers finally debarked, with that which has passed, as it were, under our immediate notice—the descent of the Allies in the Crimea. The Carthaginian expedition to Sicily alone claims to equal it in numbers; but this claim is exceedingly apocryphal. Probably a real effective land force of over 200,000 men was never before transported over seas. No age of the world has seen such an example of the immense mechanism of a first-class descent, as this expedition has afforded.

Many minor descents might be cited; but the general place of such operations in history is sufficiently indicated by these examples. We should be very liable to such operations in a war with France; for, with its now powerful navy and its unequalled army, it would require but a slender accession of means to reproduce its Crimean army on our shores. The consummate military skill of the French, vigorously directing such an army against our chief seats of power, would give a severer shock to our national fabric than any other external force to which we are liable. In brief, a war with France would bring upon us overwhelming descents; while war with England would lead to naval conflicts at sea and naval bombardments along our shores, beside field operations in Canada.

Bombardment is the peculiar liability of a marine frontier whose towns are not effectively defended by sea-coast batteries. If we suppose our coast destitute of such defenses, a hostile fleet or even a single vessel of war might lay city after city in ashes, or exact the extreme of tribute. The shipping and ship-yards of each harbor in turn might be destroyed or seized; until our whole coast and commercial marine should be utterly laid waste. Our sea borders, wherein so large a portion of our wealth and strength is gathered, might thus be shorn of every element of vital power, by a force in itself totally insignificant, but cased in an unassailable floating citadel. We must either entirely drive an enemy from the seas, or, by local defenses, close our harbors against his approach; or else we must patiently endure the

annihilation of ports, ships, and commerce.

A sea-port population, though numbered by millions, could, in itself, effect well nigh nothing against a bombarding fleet. By heavy guns, duly placed in sea-coast batteries, and by them alone, can any impression be made on such beleaguering, bomb-speeding pachyderms. Imagine a hostile fleet coming up the Narrows, and no forts, no batteries to obstruct its progress; all New York, taking to muskets and field pieces, sparrow shot and shillalals, pitchforks, and tape scissors, worse than the Celestials turning somersets-of-war! Verily, of little use are the million "strong arms and stout hearts" in such a case; of little defensive force, a wall of human flesh, against 32 pounders and 10 inch shells! Truly, it were better that Sandy Hook, the Narrows, Bedloe's, Ellis's and Governor's Islands, should settle this matter with iron than Wall-street with gold. New York is worth defending in the best possible manner; and an insurance on our many sea-port towns is certainly worth the nation's solicitude.

We cannot effect this object by establishing a supremacy on the sea. Our naval force is now totally unable to cope in mass with the English or French navies. We are not prone to consider how much these outnumber our gallant few. The following table exhibits the strength of some European navies in 1829 and 1840.

| 1829.       | Ships of the Line. | Frigates | Smaller Vessels. | Total. |
|-------------|--------------------|----------|------------------|--------|
| England, -  | 131                | 149      | 336              | 615    |
| France, -   | 33                 | 41       | 148              | 222    |
| Spain, -    | 6                  | 12       | 94               | 102    |
| Holland, -  | 12                 | 80       | 63               | 105    |
| Russia, -   | 32                 | 25       | 24               | 81     |
| Portugal, - | 2                  | 6        | 15               | 23     |

| 1840.          | Ships of the Line. | Frigates | Smaller Vessels. | Total. |
|----------------|--------------------|----------|------------------|--------|
| England, -     | 120                | 141      | 317              | 578    |
| France, -      | 49                 | 62       | 242              | 353    |
| Spain, -       | 3                  | 4        | 9                | 16     |
| Holland, -     | 11                 | 21       | 32               | 54     |
| Sweden, -      | 11                 | 8        | 14               | 33     |
| Russia, -      | 50                 | 25       | 40               | 115    |
| Turkey, -      | 15                 | 15       | 18               | 48     |
| United States, | 11                 | 30       | 16               | 57     |

Since this period, the English and French navies have been greatly increased by the addition of steamers. In

1850, England had 150 war steamers, besides 60 to 70 merchant steamers, for which 32 pounder armaments were actually prepared, and 240 more capable of having lighter armaments. In 1851, the French had 1 line of battle 90 gun steamer, 14 first class steam frigates, with 8 to 16 heavy guns, 15 steam corvettes, and 40 dispatch steamers, mostly mounting from 2 to 4 shell guns. Many of the English steamers are old naval vessels transformed.

Our navy has now but about 70 vessels when all told, of which not over 40 could be brought into service in 90 days. Our 12 armed steamers carry from 1 to 10 guns each, or 73 in all.

The cost of building and maintaining the English, French and American navies need only be stated, to show that we should entertain no thought of coping in regular naval force with either of those powers.

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| The expense of maintaining the British Navy for 49 years, from 1799 to 1851 (not including 1841 to 1844), was - - - | \$2,383,644,277 |
| Annual average (49 years), - - -  | 46,604,284      |
| From 1799 to 1815 (15 years of war), - - - - -  | 1,356,248,863   |
| Annual average of do. - - - - -   | 79,779,341      |
| From 1816 to 1851, (1841-44 excepted), - - - - -  | 927,395,437     |
| Annual average, do. (32 years), - - -   | 28,981,106      |

The annual cost of maintaining the French Fleet, was:

|                              |             |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| From 1689 to 1789, - - - - - | \$7,808,000 |
| From 1776 to 1783, - - - - - | 19,400,000  |
| From 1783 to 1786, - - - - - | 12,600,000  |
| Cost for 1797, - - - - -     | 16,700,000  |
| " 1805, - - - - -            | 28,000,000  |
| " 1808, - - - - -            | 22,000,000  |
| " 1814, - - - - -            | 10,200,000  |
| " 1818, - - - - -            | 8,640,000   |
| " 1837, - - - - -            | 10,800,000  |
| " 1847, - - - - -            | 18,053,908  |

The cost of maintaining the United States navy has been, for the 41 years:

|  |               |
|--|---------------|
| From 1792 to 1832, - - - - -           | \$112,097,122 |
| Annual average for do. - - - - -       | 2,734,076     |
| From 1812 to 1815, inclusive, - - -    | 26,376,215    |
| Annual average (4 years), - - - - -    | 6,594,053     |
| From 1831 to 1837, - - - - -           | 31,393,151    |
| Annual average (6 years), - - - - -    | 5,232,191     |
| Naval bill appropriation for 1853, - - | 6,958,827     |
| Estimate for 1855, - - - - -           | 8,351,171     |

It has been estimated that, in this country, the average cost of constructing vessels of war has been over \$6,000 per gun, and that the annual expense of their repairs is over 7 per cent. of their first cost; also, that the average cost of our fortifications has slightly exceeded \$3,000 per gun; and that



their annual expense of repairs amounts to one-third of one per cent. of first cost. In 1842 the cost of building the United States navy, then afloat, had been \$9,052,725; and the cost of repairs on the same vessels, \$5,579,229, or a total of \$14,631,984. It has been found from large experience, that the effective duration of a man-of-war in the French navy, averages but 12 years; while in the British navy, this duration has been estimated at 7 to 8 years in time of war, and from 10 to 14 years in time of peace. Besides this marked superiority of actual French and English naval force, and the great cost of maintaining and repairing vessels of war, we may add, as additional considerations adverse to our embarking in this competition of navies, the subtraction of force which such a step would make from our commercial marine, our deep-rooted objections to the formation of large standing forces under the federal government, the lack of any adequate cause for such an overwhelming enlargement, our reliance on privateering as a marine militia, our secluded, semi-insular position, and the strong bias of our national traditions.

But even supposing our naval policy thus revolutionized, and that our augmented naval force could directly measure its strength with France or England, our navy could not then effectively guard our immense coast from naval assault. The case is plain; for while we have at least ten vital, primary strategic points to be covered, points scattered along our entire Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts, we should have but one fleet to do this widespread duty. The hostile squadron might choose any one of these ten points for a rapid attack, strike its blow and be again at sea, or gone to a new attack, before our fleet could be brought to bear. It is a question of chances, and the probability of security is ten against one. Absolute security would require, for these ten points alone, ten home squadrons, each superior in force to the hostile fleet. Of course, no one dreams of any such chimerical balancing of power, and it is, in fact, only by most protracted, long-suffering persistence that any petty augmentation of our gallant little navy can be wrung from Congress.

It certainly is not our true naval policy to anchor our fleets in our own

harbors, and all enlightened minds must agree with Webster, who declared that, in the war of 1812, he "was for doing something more with our navy than to keep it on our shores for the protection of our coasts and harbors." One of the most distinguished ornaments of our own navy says: "This arm can only fill its special mission in war, that of aggression, by being enabled to leave the great sea-ports and exposed points of our maritime frontier to a more certain and economical system of protection, in order to carry 'the sword of the State' upon the broad ocean; sweep from it the enemy's commerce; capture or scatter the vessels of war protecting it; cover and convoy our own to its destined havens, and be ready to meet hostile fleets: in other words, to contend for the mastery of the seas, where alone it can be obtained—on the sea itself." A navy has far greater powers for sea-coast attack than for sea-coast defense, and this is especially true of our own navy. If it would defend our coasts, let it attack the enemy's unguarded ports and exposed points. A new Paul Jones, commanding such swift-sailing and steaming vessels, as American skill could now supply, would transfer the contest to the marine frontiers of England or France, and thus defend our own ports. That our navy is pitifully small; that, when the six new steamers are completed, we still shall have but 18 armed steam vessels, and the inconvertible Collins' ferry ships; that we are not likely to cultivate this main-stay of future deeds of quick-winged daring; all this is true: but we still are strongly confident that our future wars will "be carried into Africa."

Our readers can scarcely have forgotten the flutter of apprehension created in England, during 1845, by a pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville, in which he very coolly laid bare the fact, that the sea-girt isle was, like Wolsey, in its age, left naked to its enemies. By means of steamers, shooting out from their fortified coverts on the French coast, he showed how the imperfectly-secured ports of England might be overwhelmed and despoiled, and that even imperial London might be taught to give tribute. The reality of British sea-coast weakness was then fully attested by the general consterna-

tion, and by the promptitude with which new measures for harbor fortifications were adopted. A special commission was ordered to examine the condition and the system of the coast defenses and the harbors of refuge. The result has been, a rapid development of water batteries, and a general renovation of their armaments. In the three years from 1847 to 1850, the amount applied for repairing old works and erecting new ones, on the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, was \$1,300,694. At Gibraltar, over \$600,000 have lately been expended on the fortifications, and \$367,887, were yet estimated for. At Malta, in addition to \$180,000 similarly voted, \$696,000 were estimated for. The defenses of Quebec are still progressing, and in like manner are those of most British colonial ports. Between 1839 and 1840, at least 2,000 new guns, of the largest calibres, have been mounted on the British sea-coast fortifications. These facts are valuable, as showing how thoroughly conscious the first naval power on earth now is, that she cannot safely rest her sea-coast defense on her navy alone, and that the sphere of action for this arm is the open sea.

France has always taken care to be incased in sea-coast armor. Her long series of naval humiliations never brought on her ports the disasters of bombardment. None can have failed to observe how, in every reverse, her fleets have found shelter in her fortified ports. The general exemption of these defenses from attack, during her interminable wars with England, is a supreme vindication of the efficiency of her sea-coast system. With her usual military sagacity, France has recently had her coast defenses reexamined by a high special commission, representing all the arms of her immense military establishment. The result has been an extension of the previous system to many new points of her marine frontier, which are accessible by light draft steamers, bearing heavy guns.

We should seek in vain for stronger evidence of the power of well-constructed harbor forts, to effect their proposed ends, than was afforded by that stupendous paralysis which Cronstadt impressed upon the allied Baltic fleet. Baffled and powerless before works which threatened annihilation, if approached, a squadron of unsurpassed

armament, commanded by a notoriously daring officer, and surcharged with every element of naval power, shrunk from, or declined the encounter, and braved the fearful alternative of a crest-fallen return. Why did not Napier take Cronstadt? Everybody well knows that he recoiled from its strength, and could only have lost his fleet in any serious attack. There, too, was Bomarsund, regularly breached by the French land battery, instead of being toppled down by broadsides. At Petropolowski, the attempt was made and signally failed. At Sweaborg, by superior range of guns and by a land mortar battery, the allied fleet succeeded in burning some stores, leaving the defenses essentially intact. The Black Sea fleet before Sebastopol, though strong and well appointed, beyond precedent, wisely forebore to thrust itself into the lion's den, though this forbearance led to the alternative of that life-consuming siege, now world renowned, during the progress of which this grand fleet chiefly coöperated in the transport function.

We must not here attempt the historical examination of that well-discussed theme—the ability of fleets to contend with forts. Suffice it to say, that a great body of experience has already been amassed, tending conclusively to show the great superiority of forts in these contests. The few instances wherein fleets have seemed to succeed in a fairly engaged fight of this nature, all resolve themselves, on examination, into bad conduct of the garrison, or its commander, or into some radical fault of construction or armament; such as magazines not bomb-proof, scarps too thin, guns placed too high, calibres too small, or carriages unserviceable. A long array of instances might be cited, in which forts have beaten off fleets; and, in many of these, the disproportion of strength amounts to the grotesque. Fort Moultrie, Fort McHenry, Mobile Point, and Stonington Point, are good illustrations in our own history, though in each of these cases the works were small and of weak profile.

In general, we can safely declare that the true defense of sea-coast harbors, cities, and grand dépôts, consists in covering lines of heavy water batteries, wherever these can be so located as to act effectively on the channels of approach, or the positions which a bom-

barbading fleet must assume. The entire practice of all civilized nations is based on this principle, and every European coast may be cited in proof that this is an accepted and verified doctrine. As adjuncts, and in cases where adequate permanent batteries are excluded by the configuration of the locality, resort may or must be had to armed merchant ships, or steamers, floating batteries, gun-boats, etc., which, though very temporary in character, and costly in proportion to their efficiency, may be made to give a tolerable defense, if in sufficient force, and if prepared in time. We know of no respectable military authority, adverse to the principle of permanent sea-coast batteries, while we do know of very many testimonies, both military and naval, strongly commending their efficiency. Some persons, carried away by partial views, or lacking real knowledge of the case, have loudly proclaimed their skepticism. Others, advocates of pet schemes, hobby riders, maggot-brained inventors, charlatans, and paradox hunters, denounce to clear the ground for themselves. Some officers of the navy have written down their skepticism, in couth or uncouth style. Some of these have been mistaken, some ignorant, some rash, and some have wished to tear down the fortification system to substitute an infinite navy, and thus achieve astounding promotion. Tenfold more than an offset are the opinions of men like Com. Stewart, Com. Morris, Capt. Dupont, and, indeed, of all those most distinguished for professional skill and sound judgment.

From all that has now been advanced, we shall regard as established these general propositions: that wars must be expected in time to come as in times past; that the United States ought to anticipate the contingencies of collisions with the first class powers of Europe; that grand descents and bombardments along our sea-board are the chief dangers to be apprehended; that we cannot look to our navy for their prevention; that we ought not to tie our own vessels to our own coasts; that foreign and American authorities and experience clearly indicate permanent defenses as the best security for an exposed sea-board; and that our true policy is, to provide such a system of heavy water batteries, or harbor forts, as will enable us to repel all probable

attacks on our sea-ports, navy-yards, or dépôts, and also to secure our most important harbors and roadsteads as refuges for our own marine, while we, by the same means, close them against all enemies.

We will now present a brief statement of the history, character, progress, and armaments of our sea-coast fortifications.

Soon after the organization of our government, when the memory of war was fresh, and while the French revolution was convulsing the nations, the need of fortifications was strongly felt. The old revolutionary works were temporary and inadequate. Poor as our country then was, and extensive as was our coast, the best that could be done was, to throw up some imperfectly-planned and cheaply-built forts and batteries; this was done with hearty good will. After the attack on the Chesapeake, large appropriations were made, and so vigorously applied, that the war of 1812 found us with no small show of preparation. Every important town had its covering forts or earthen batteries, which, though small and weak in their profile, at least saved the towns from marauding and petty attacks. They served an excellent purpose, and at Baltimore, Mobile, and Stonington, fought British naval forces with distinguished success. Fort Washington was disgracefully abandoned, and its commander cashiered for cowardice; else Washington might not have been burned.

The insufficiency of this system of hasty defenses was so strongly felt, both by our government and people, that no time was lost after the peace in undertaking its improvement. A board of our most distinguished naval and engineer officers was organized in 1816, and laid the foundation of our present system of sea-coast defenses. It was fortunate that our naval heroes were no less men of judgment, and that engineers of such eminent ability and professional skill were then to be found in our service as the brilliant and lamented Col. Wm. McRee, Col. J. G. Totten, our present Chief-Engineer, and Maj. (now Col.) S. Thayer—a rare and honored trio. The first two served on this board, as also did Gen. Bernard, one of Bonaparte's favorite engineers, who came to this country at Mr. Calhoun's special solicitation. His fresh

acquaintance with European defensive ideas was, doubtless, of some advantage, though it led to two of the most objectionable features of our existing system. To him Fort Monroe, at old Point Comfort, Va., owes all its essential features, and especially its great magnitude, which called forth the celebrated and misunderstood criticism of Gen. Cass. This board proceeded to a thorough study of our entire sea-coast, in relation to its systematic defense. Its harbors, rivers, and bays were closely scrutinized for the selection of sites for the works required. Their relations to our commerce and to naval operations were specially canvassed, as well for the location of navy-yards and depôts as for their bearings in protecting our navigation, and in covering our interior waters. It was considered particularly desirable to keep an enemy as far off seaward as possible. By forcing him to combat at the greatest attainable distance from the towns to be covered, time would be gained for concentrating troops to oppose his land advance, and the towns themselves would be saved the injuries of a close contest. Indeed, every effort was made to introduce, in these studies, all the essential strategic elements of the problem.

The result was, a general selection of military and naval sites, and a determination of the proper strength and of the relative importance of all the proposed defensive works. These forts were classified according to their defensive importance, and this scale of gradation was assumed as the guide to indicate the proper order of succession in constructing the several works. This was rendered necessary by the number of works required, and by the limitation of our resources, which prohibited their simultaneous erection.

As to the style of work which should be adopted, some general principles were laid down and applied. The essential object in all cases was, to bring a certain number of heavy guns to bear, with the maximum advantage, on the channels to be closed, or the waters to be commanded. In determining this amount of fire, the importance of the locality, both commercial and strategic, had to be carefully considered. Each detail, of the site and of the waters to be commanded, had its influence. Then these guns had to be made secure from capture by parties sent on shore, as

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guns which could thus be spiked, with no serious obstruction, would be no secure defense. Hence the water batteries had to be inclosed, and brought within a scarp wall, of height sufficient to interdict escalade or a *coup de main*. To prevent the planting of scaling-ladders, or the establishment of breaching mines, along this scarp, such flanking arrangements had to be adopted as that the entire face and foot of this scarp should be seen from within, and commanded by an effective fire. Moreover, in such localities as were beyond the reach of speedy and overwhelming succor, it was necessary so to mask this scarp with covering banks of earth, that an enemy could not, by establishing batteries at a distance, effect a practicable breach through it, and so, in some two or three days, penetrate through the inclosure. Enough must be given an enemy to do, to afford full time for sending a succoring army against him; hence outworks, demi-lunes, mines, etc., must be so much accumulated on the points open to attack, as to compel at least an equal interval for the enemy's approaches, before he can breach the scarp. On the water fronts, it was desirable to accumulate as many guns as possible; hence arrangements were made to place them in two, three, or four tiers, or stories, according to the height of the scarp. Since the water fronts cannot, as a general thing, be breached by land batteries, or by the unsteady random fire of ships, no earthen covers along their scarps were thought necessary; hence these walls were pierced with embrasures for as many guns as they would conveniently cover, while a line of barbette guns was arranged to fire over their tops. Accommodations had to be provided for the garrisons, and for this bomb-proof arches, or casemates, were employed as a security in bombardments, both for men, stores, and guns. Between their supporting piers, the casemate guns were mounted to fire through the embrasures. Magazines, store-rooms, hot shot furnaces, cisterns, etc., had to be provided. Under cover of works thus arranged, exterior earthen batteries became admissible as an augmentation of the effective fire over the water. All the parts of these combinations were to be built with the maximum durability which granite and iron can give, consistently with true economy; for thus a constant state of readi-

ness and a minimum cost of repairs would be insured.

On such principles the work for each site was determined. In some places, the danger of land attacks was small; then the earthen cover was omitted. In some instances, shoals were chosen as sites; then compact, castellated works were designed. In some, only a small fire was needed; then the works were restricted in proportion. Each locality had its peculiarities, and demanded a special solution; but in all cases there were distinct rational principles to be applied. Doubtless some mistakes, of greater or less magnitude, have been committed, but, as a whole, we think the system adopted was most excellent, and that its execution has been as faithful as possible. We believe it to be a fact, that our sea-coast fortifications, so far as they have been constructed, may claim a decided superiority, both in plan and in execution, over those of any other country, and that, when complete, and vitalized by garrisons, they will constitute the securest possible bulwark against bombardments, and a most important check on grand descents.

Several successive boards of engineers have continued and extended the studies of the first board, with no less talent and patriotic fidelity, applying all their skill in perfecting the plans and in regulating the important details of the several constructions. The corps of engineers, selected from the most distinguished graduates of the Military Academy, has had for its chief occupation the actual construction of these works; and there can be but one opinion as to the professional resources and sterling integrity with which this important trust has hitherto been discharged. It is certainly but a rational deference to concede respect to the deliberate and conscientious views which have been unanimously entertained by this accomplished body of men, so thoroughly and carefully trained in the highest military science—a body which contained, without being overshadowed by, such men as the Swifts, McRee, Armistead, Totten, Thayer, De Russey, Delafield, Brewerton, Courtenay, Mordecai, A. D. Bacho, Brown, the Mansfields, Lee, Mahan, Bartlett, and many others, scarcely less distinguished for the highest grade of professional abilities and personal character.

The questions involved in our system

of fortifications are essentially questions of fact—pure, bold, absolute fact; not of poetry, not of speculation, not of eloquence, not of popularity, but, we repeat it, questions of downright fact. Now, in such a case, what are any man's opinions worth, who has not taken pains to inform himself thoroughly on all the essential and complex elements involved? Truly, they are so little worth, that their superabundance amounts to a bankruptcy of all sound judgment. What is the sense of taking, as leaders of opinion, men of gifted imagination and copious speech, who really know only just enough of the subject to thoroughly misunderstand it? It is a flagrant intellectual vice of our community, that we do not duly discriminate the relative value of opinions, except, indeed, where our personal interests are directly involved. The *ad captandum* philippics of the newspaper declaimer, and the conspicuous nonsense of Buncombe orators, are too often permitted to exercise a greater influence on the decision of our important questions of national policy than the deliberate conclusions of the true investigator, who has devoted the study of a lifetime to a calm examination of all the phases and bearings of a single great topic. In a complicated issue of natural or physical science, or of social and political fact, the deliberate opinion of one intelligent man, who has thoroughly studied the whole matter, is worth more than any possible aggregate of off-hand opinions from the uninformed. We well understand the necessity for a subdivision of mechanical labor: we ought still more to appreciate the value of specializing the subdivisions of intellectual labor. We ought to understand that, on a question of fossil ichthyology, the opinion of Agassiz or Hall is of more intrinsic value, to an impartial Owen or Miller, than would be the vote of twenty millions of freemen, whose knowledge might extend to every theme except paleontology.

The progress of our system of fortifications cannot be better exhibited than by giving a tabular statement of the individual works completed, or in progress; their respective appropriate war garrisons; their aggregate armaments when completed (not that fixed by the Board of 1854); their cost up to 1852; and the estimated cost, at that date, of completing those which were unfinished.



| DESIGNATION AND LOCATION OF THE WORK.                            | War<br>garrison. | Total<br>No. of<br>Guns. | Amount ex-<br>pended for<br>construct'n<br>or repair. | Am't re-<br>quired to<br>complete<br>or const't. |
|--|------------------|--------------------------|---|--|
| Fort Knox, Bucksport, Me. . . . .                                | 500              | 148                      | \$130,442   | \$500,000  |
| Fort Proble, Portland, Me. . . . .                               | 200              | 48                       | 51,311  | 7,500  |
| Fort Scammel, do. . . . .  | 300              | 63                       | 59,826  |  |
| Fort McClary, Portsmouth, Me. . . . .                            | 80               | 15                       | 20,582  |  |
| Fort Constitution, do. . . . .                                   | 250              | 58                       | 17,691  |  |
| Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass. . . . .                        | 1,500            | 334                      | 1,093,000   | 75,000   |
| Fort Independence, do. . . . .                                   | 500              | 121                      | 514,594   | 10,000   |
| Fort Winthrop, do. . . . .                                       |                  | 68                       | 75,425  | 39,573   |
| West Head Battery, } Governor's Island, Boston Harbor.           | 400              | 9                        |   |  |
| Southeast Battery, }   |                  | 7                        | 5,144   |  |
| Old Fort, at New Bedford, Mass. . . . .                          | 60               | 14                       | 5,000   |  |
| Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. . . . .                               | 2,440            | 464                      | 1,661,343   | 30,000   |
| Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn. . . . .                         | 350              | 88                       | 250,941   |  |
| Fort Schuyler, Throg's Neck, East River, N. Y. . . . .           | 1,250            | 318                      | 848,013   | 25,000   |
| Fort Columbus, do. . . . .                                       |                  | 105                      |   |  |
| Castle Williams, } Governor's Island, N. Y. . . . .              | 800              | 78                       | 259,467   | 10,000   |
| South Battery, }   |                  | 14                       |   |  |
| Fort Gibson, Ellis's Island, N. Y. . . . .                       | 80               | 15                       | 5,096   |  |
| Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, N. Y. . . . .                        | 350              | 77                       | 213,000   | 32,689   |
| Fort Richmond, Narrows, N. Y. . . . .                            |                  | 140                      | 205,606   | 300,265  |
| Battery Hudson, do. } Staten Island.                             | 1,000            | 50                       | 20,081  |  |
| Battery Morten, do. }  |                  | 9                        | 3,508   |  |
| Fort Lafayette, do. } Long Island.                               | 370              | 76                       | 341,941   | 6,632  |
| Fort Hamilton, do. }   | 800              | 118                      | 614,752   | 20,000   |
| Fort Delaware, Delaware River, Del. . . . .                      | 750              | 151                      | 539,914   | 580,000  |
| Fort Mifflin, do. Pa. . . . .                                    | 200              | 53                       | 81,999  | 2,000  |
| Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va. . . . .                      | 2,450            | 371                      | 2,402,471   | 75,000   |
| Fort Calhoun, Hampton Roads, Va. . . . .                         | 1,120            | 224                      | 1,664,996   | 729,332  |
| Fort Washington, Potomac River, Md. . . . .                      | 400              | 88                       | 575,369   |  |
| Fort Severn, Annapolis, Md. . . . .                              | 60               | 14                       | 6,484   |  |
| Fort Madison, do. . . . .  | 150              | 31                       | 15,000  | 30,000   |
| Fort Carroll, Soller's Point, Baltimore, Md. . . . .             | 800              | 159                      | 135,000   | 865,000  |
| Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md. . . . .                             | 350              | 74                       | 146,663   |  |
| Fort Macon, Beaufort, N. C. . . . .                              | 300              | 61                       | 460,790   | 3,000  |
| Fort Caswell, Oak Island, Smithville, N. C. . . . .              | 400              | 87                       | 571,221   | 7,000  |
| Castle Pinckney, Charleston, S. C. . . . .                       | 100              | 25                       | 43,009  | 800  |
| Fort Moultrie, do. . . . .                                       | 300              | 54                       | 75,301  |  |
| Fort Sumpter, do. . . . .  | 650              | 146                      | 677,408   | 150,000  |
| Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Savannah River, Ga. . . . .       | 800              | 150                      | 923,859   | 35,000   |
| Fort Jackson, Savannah River, Ga. . . . .                        | 70               | 14                       | 80,000  | 45,000   |
| Fort Clinch, Cumberland Sound, Fla. . . . .                      | 550              | 95                       | 20,000  | 180,000  |
| Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla. . . . .                         | 100              | 25                       | 51,394  |  |
| Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla. . . . .                              | 1,000            | 185                      | 395,000   | 805,000  |
| Fort Jefferson, Garden Key, Tortugas, Fla. . . . .               | 1,500            | 298                      | 210,138   | 989,862  |
| Fort Barrancas, Redoubt and Barracks, Pensacola, Fla. . . . .    | 250              | 75                       | 425,504   | 124,000  |
| Fort Pickens, Pensacola, Fla. . . . .                            | 1,260            | 212                      | 923,859   | 35,000   |
| Fort McRee, do. . . . .  | 650              | 151                      | 384,426   | 80,000   |
| Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, Ala. . . . .                          | 700              | 132                      | 1,212,556   | 30,000   |
| Fort Gaines, Dauphin Island, Ala. . . . .                        | 400              | 89                       | 20,000  | 180,000  |
| Fort Pike, Rigolets, La. . . . .                                 | 300              | 49                       | 472,001   | 4,000  |
| Fort Macomb, Chef Menteur, La. . . . .                           | 300              | 49                       | 447,491   | 11,500   |
| Battery Bienvenu, Bayou Bienvenu, La. . . . .                    | 100              | 15                       | 129,571   |  |
| Tower Dupré, Bayou Dupré, La. . . . .                            | 50               | 7                        | 32,317  |  |
| Fort Jackson, Mississippi River, La. . . . .                     | 600              | 150                      | 817,608   | 40,000   |
| Fort St. Philip, do. . . . .                                     | 600              | 124                      | 143,734   | 60,000   |
| Fort Livingston, Barrataria Bayou, La. . . . .                   | 300              | 52                       | 342,379   |  |
| Fort Wayne, Detroit, Mich. . . . .                               | 300              | 63                       | 171,755   | 66,000   |
| Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .                              | 300              | 64                       | 116,500   | 33,500   |
| Fort Niagara, Niagara River, N. Y. . . . .                       | 300              | 21                       | 59,027  | 25,000   |
| Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y. . . . .                              | 300              | 30                       | 78,013  | 5,000  |
| Fort Montgomery, Rouse's Point, Lake Champlain, N. Y., . . . . . | 500              | 164                      | 187,355   | 224,142  |
| Aggregates, . . . . .  | 30,490           | 6,189                    | 21,272,186  | 6,436,732  |

In addition to the works above specified, a considerable number of others have been projected, in more or less detail, whose construction, though less urgent, ought soon to be begun. Several are of pressing necessity, being es-

sential for the protection of our second-class sea-ports and harbors, where our most vigorous and important shipping interests are centred. Thus New Bedford, the third port, in amount of enrolled shipping, in the United States,

the very port whence war would send forth the most efficient privateers, has no protection worth mentioning. Eastport, Gloucester, Salem, Provincetown, Stonington, New Haven, Georgetown, S. C., Port Royal, Galveston, Brazos Santiago, San Diego, Columbia River, and many other points of kindred importance, may be specified as in the same undefended category. A single armed vessel could make a clean sweep of most of these ports. Such temporary works as could be thrown up in an emergency, would be so easily taken by boat parties, as to be thoroughly unreliable for sole securities. The rapidity with which the system should be pushed forward, and the extent to which it should be expanded over these points, are subjects on which some difference of opinion exists; but we are, by general consent, still far within the proper limits, both of rate and extent.

The necessity of strong defenses on our Pacific frontier, has been so clear, since the sudden development of California, that no reasonable person could question it. A special commission of army and navy officers, in 1850, examined our Pacific coast, for the selection of military and naval sites. This duty has been satisfactorily consummated, and liberal appropriations have already been made for the defenses of San Francisco. The erection of strong works, to guard the Golden Gate, and on Alcatraz Island, has been pushed forward with vigor, during the last two years; and ere long, if Congress be not derelict, our Pacific metropolis, and its noble interior waters, will rest secure, behind batteries of tremendous power.

The works at Key West and Tortugas, for the refuge and protection of our immense Gulf commerce, have been steadily prosecuted since their commencement, and will soon afford secure harbors of refuge, on the very key points of our Gulf navigation. The few works demanded on our Canada frontier are of a simple and inexpensive character—their whole actual and estimated cost, including the work at Rouse's Point, on the outlet of Lake Champlain, being only \$1,141,292. When we consider that the British naval strength on Lake Ontario decidedly exceeds our own, that England now has the entire command of the St. Lawrence, and that the strong fortifications of Quebec give her an almost impregnable strong-hold in

our very side, the importance of covering such towns as Buffalo and Oswego, and of securing to ourselves Lake Champlain and Niagara river, will be seen to demand, at least, this extent of preparation.

The aggregate influence of all recent improvements in cannon and projectiles has been, to give a decided augmentation of relative strength to forts compared with fleets. Our 8 and 10 inch Columbiads cannot, anywhere, be surpassed, in all the elements of an effective sea-coast gun. They are superior to the so-called Paixhan guns, as they were of prior invention—they involve the same principle better carried out. During the last winter, a special Board readjusted the armaments of our several fortifications, and, to a great extent, adopted Columbiads, and the heaviest calibres. It remains for Congress to do a duty which has been shamefully neglected, by granting the necessary appropriations for promptly preparing this new armament. The general introduction of the horizontal firing of large shells, has given a great advantage to forts; for, while these missiles crush, like eggshells, against heavy granite walls, doing no serious damage, they penetrate the wooden sides of vessels, and, there lodging, tear fearful chasms by their explosions. Now this explosion, in or between the sides of a man of war, can be absolutely insured, by adjusting the charge of the gun, or otherwise. It will be readily seen that wooden walls cannot survive, even for a few minutes, a brisk shelling of this kind; thus, they are wholly at the mercy of well-served Columbiad batteries, in case of attack. Though this position still wants a complete experimental verification, we suppose it will now hardly be questioned. When, to this, we add the effects of hot shot, in setting fire to ships' sides, the contest becomes hopelessly unequal.

The capacity of steamers, to resist a fire of artillery, is much smaller still, as they are so liable to derangement of machinery, from shot and shells. It has been truly said: "Compared to a sailing ship, a steamer has twenty mortal parts to one." Bearing but small armaments, they can neither give nor endure a heavy fire, and are in no wise fitted to operate directly against forts. They are, in some respects, of very great military importance; for they will not only facilitate the transportation of

expeditions across the Atlantic, and give unprecedented mobility to operations along our coasts; but they will make it possible, on account of their slight draft, for an enemy to use various channels, which were before closed by their shoalness. This fact will necessitate the erection of forts at certain points, which otherwise might safely have been neglected. Moreover, the great rapidity with which an expeditionary force can be dispatched by steamers, entails an additional obligation to have our coast defenses always in perfect readiness, in peace as in war.

The value of submarine explosive agencies, in harbor defense, may prove quite considerable. The ideas of David Bushnell and Robert Fulton would again be revived, and probably realized, should we be involved in a naval war. While such devices could not, alone, be relied on, as defenses, they would make an enemy very chary of trusting himself within reach of submarine foes, and hence the more expeditious and imperative during bombardments. Ingenuity will, doubtless, in case of need, find ample means of annoying and harassing an enemy in our waters; but, as serious and sole defenses, all such temporary devices are utterly at fault, and to the last degree precarious.

Our forts are to derive their efficiency from garrisons, composed, in great part, of those whose homes are to be defended. It is a most valuable feature of our system, that the material of defense can so readily be brought into action, by men not trained to military service. The manual of heavy guns can be quickly

learned by intelligent men, who, under cover of walls and parapets, can be relied on to serve them well in action, without the long shoulder-to-shoulder training demanded to insure steadiness in field evolutions. A well-armed fort, served by the spirited and quick-witted population of one of our New England towns, would give such formidable battle as no fleet could long withstand. A nucleus garrison, thoroughly trained in defensive service, would give a right direction to the entire local force.

Finally, the defense of the country is among our highest obligations, not only when war is actually resounding along our coasts, but now and always, by preparation, not less than by participation. Though in no wise alarmists, we would earnestly urge the performance of this duty. We have advocated what we sincerely believe to be our true system of defense—a system which has not yet, altogether, cost the amount required for a single year's support of the British navy. It is a system which can, in a few years, be completed, and which, once finished, will, for a slight expense of repairs and keeping, be always ready for emergencies. The commerce, whence our national revenue is almost entirely derived, is preëminently the interest served by our defenses, and may, with special justice, demand this protection. If we forecast the future of this commerce, and of all our national destiny, every vision of promised magnificence warns us to look well to those bulwarks of defense under cover of which we may safely ride out every storm of war.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

THERE is a great deal of talent displayed, we think, by the writers of our modern novels—imagination, discernment, and dramatic skill—and yet it is a talent quite undisciplined, and devoid of true principles of art. We have often been struck, in reading some of the trashiest even of our American romances, with a certain vigorous imagination which they discover, but which is utterly untrained by judgment. You will find in them passages of brilliant description, single scenes of remarkable dramatic effect, glimpses of original and well-sustained character; while, as a whole, they will be quite contemptible. The contrast, or defect, arises out of the infantile condition of our literature, which is buoyant and full of promise, but for the most part immature. Our writers have not yet learned to trust to their own better inspirations, but are imitative, and consequently led away, from truth and nature, into a kind of mongrel product, which is not wholly their own, nor yet that of anybody else. Of course, there are many exceptions, and we speak of the young and unknown class of writers.

But there are signs of improvement every day. The leading novels of the month are: *Edith, or the Quaker's Daughter*; *Lanmere*, by Mrs. Dorr, *Wolfsden, Home, The New Purchase, Dreams and Realities of a Pastor and Teacher*, and they are considerably better than the *Newsboy*, and *Watchman* class, of which we have formerly spoken. *Edith* is, indeed, a work of a great deal of power; and, but for a melodramatic tendency at the close, where a romantic Indian girl, and a female devil, called Henriette, are introduced, would be beautiful. The story relates to those days of our early New England history, when the Pilgrims conceived it necessary to purify their Zion of the sect of Quakers, and its principal personages are a sweet Quaker maiden, her father, a lively but somewhat thoughtless friend, a hypocritical priest, and a noble English family. These are mostly drawn with vigor and discrimination, the young Quakeress in particular, and the young English doctor, while the scenes in which the Quaker father appears are full of ener-

gy and stern truthfulness. The peculiarly selfish character of Henriette is well conceived, and well executed at the outset, but is exaggerated at the close, and made the means of introducing unpleasant incidents, which mar the general beauty of the other parts. Nor does the improbable Indian woman add to the interest of the tale. Had the writer been less ambitious of effects, and studied simplicity more, she would have made her story a fine historical idyl, out of the material furnished by the period and characters she has chosen to illustrate. The theme is a suggestive one, and would repay another and more careful treatment.

Mrs. Dorr's *Lanmere* is a pleasant narrative, told with considerable grace and ease, and discovers, in the principal character—that of the pretty *Bessie*—a good insight into the workings of the female mind. It cannot be said to exhibit much originality, either in the structure of the plot, or in the invention of persons, but is, on the whole, quite free from offenses of any kind. It will be objected to her men—who are nearly all marvelously fine fellows, indeed, saints in their way—that they are not sufficiently discriminated, being made too much on the same pattern, and that not taken from everyday life, but from the writer's ideal abstracts. We have ourselves a good opinion of human nature, and have met not a few good people, in the course of our sojourn on earth, but we have never happened to stray into any small village where there were so many special types of goodness, both male and female. A downright rascal or two, among the lot, would somewhat relieve the monotony of the life at *Lanmere*, or, if not a rascal, some fellow, at any rate, with a very decided human nature in him. It would do both the men and women good to be stirred up by a stalwart specimen of humanity, not afraid to be slightly wicked at times, or to disturb the summer weather with an occasional growl of thunder, or a flash of lightning.

*Wolfsden* is a tale of New England domestic life, faithful to local scenery and manners in many respects, and not without merit as a fable. It has little of that maudlin sentimentality in it, which is the bane

of our novels, while it maintains a high moral tone. It may be read with pleasure and profit.

*Home* is rather a series of domestic sketches, relating mostly to the wilderness life of early days, in the north of New England, than a continued narrative. There is, however, a thread of plot running through it, to give unity to the incidents, which are true, we have no doubt, though somewhat desultory. We have not found ourselves intensely absorbed in these pages.

The *New Purchase* is a republication of an earlier work, giving most graphic and laughable descriptions of pioneer life at the West, and abounding in fun. But the author throughout makes the common mistake, of confounding mere vulgarity and coarseness with wit, and calls upon us to laugh often, when we are only repulsed. He tries to be smart, too, when the occasion furnishes no food for smartness, and thus frequently fails of his aim. But he has a real perception of humor, which enables him to redeem these faults, by descriptions of scenes and persons irresistibly ludicrous.

We ought, perhaps, here to refer to the *Early Greek Romances*, republished in a volume of Bohn's Classical Library. It contains the famous *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, the *Daphnis and Chloë* of Longus, and the *Clitopæ and Leucippe* of Achilles Tatius. These are specimens of romance, written before the word romance had an existence, and give us an admirable opportunity of contrasting, not the manners and customs of early Europe with those of existing Europe, but the fictions which pleased the people then, with those which are popular now. In morality and refinement, the advantage is entirely on the side of the moderns, as well as in narrative skill and fertility of invention. These older romances have exerted a powerful influence over Italian and French literature, as any one will see who reads them.

*Napoleon's Confidential Letters.*—The private correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph, translated from the French, is a work of greater value to the historian, than of interest to the general reader. It is rather what the French call a *memoire pour servir*, or a contribution to history, than history itself. There are so many characters in the correspondence, that it possesses no continuous interest, and

only those already familiar with the life of Napoleon, will find it of much profit. Yet these letters furnish many striking illustrations of the character of the great captain. A person who should read them, without having previously formed an opinion of him, would come to some such conclusion as this: that at the outset of his career in Paris, he was a mere adventurer, waiting upon fortune, ready for any promotion that might turn up, and somewhat desperate as to the means. He would find in his letters these expressions: "Life is a flimsy dream, soon to be over." "As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in a state of mind in which one is on the day before a battle, feeling that while death is amongst us to put an end to all, anxiety is folly; everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate." "If I stay here, it is possible that I may be fool enough to marry." "One must live in the present; a brave man despises the future." All which are the restless promptings of a mind which has not yet found the proper sphere for its activity. Afterwards, when he had achieved many and great successes in Italy, he writes: "I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me; feeling is dried. At twenty-nine, glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge, but pure selfishness." Some suspicions of his wife aided in producing depression. All the while, however, he was sedulously pushing the fortunes of himself and his family, trying to buy up old estates in depreciated assignats, to get appointments for his brothers and friends, and to marry his sister to some rich man. An honorable gentleman having proposed for the hand of the latter, Napoleon says: "No! it must not be; he is not rich!" When he becomes the leader of the French armies, his tone changes into that of the dictation of a tyrant, exacting the most servile obedience from those he employs, and lying himself without scruple to deceive his enemies and the public, while he enforces the most rigid truth on others. But his activity is miraculous. The rapidity and reach of his combinations, the clearness and sagacity of his views, his command of the minutest details of administration, and his power of meeting sudden emergencies, show him to have been the greatest man of affairs that the world ever



saw. There is no grandeur in his ambition, which was mainly confined to personal glory and the glory of his family; but it was so intense and incessant in its action, that it stimulated his intellect to prodigious displays of strength. Having succeeded in raising himself to the mastery of France, and in placing crowns on the heads of his brothers and sisters, he tries to mingle the glory of France with his personal glory, but he never gets out of himself completely. That old selfishness which he said was his only refuge, ever returns. When, at last, these personal motives are withdrawn from him, as they were during his imprisonment at St. Helena, his mind loses its force, his conversation becomes weak and petulant, and even his body decays. Much admiration has been expressed by French writers of the talk of Napoleon while he was at St. Helena, but we confess, that it seems to us, that its sagacity and importance have been greatly exaggerated. These letters, written from the midnight bivouac, or on the field, are much better evidences of the wonderful grasp and quickness of his intellect.

Let us add, that this work has been well translated, and that the notes and introductions to the several chapters are highly intelligent.

—A reprint of the *Life of Jeffrey*, by LORD COCKBURN, was a compliment that the work itself did not deserve, it is so unskillfully executed, and yet it is the only record we have of the famous critic. It was a fine subject for biography, not on account of Jeffrey himself—who was much overrated—but on account of his relationships, and the times in which he lived. A literary man, of ordinary calibre, might have made a most entertaining work of it; but the Scotch judge, who undertook it, has made a dull one. Jeffrey's letters, which it contains, are the only relief, and those are not among the best specimens of epistolary style.

What Jeffrey was as a lawyer and a justice, we are unable to say; but, it seems to us, that he was not so great a critic as he was reputed to be. Lord Cockburn calls him "the greatest of the British critics," which is making the others very small. But that is an exaggeration. Compared with Hazlitt, Lamb, Coleridge, Wilson, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, etc., he was far from being the greatest. He had a

ready and active intellect, earnest purposes, considerable reading, and a fluent, at times, brilliant rhetoric; but his judgments of men and books are, for the most part, excessively shallow. Indeed, we do not recall a single instance in which he has exhibited any discernment or originality in detecting the genius of his contemporaries; while there are hundreds of cases in which he was utterly mistaken. He perceived, we believe, the extraordinary merit of the Scotch novels; but when he came to speak of the magnificent poetry which was growing up about him, and which has made the nineteenth century an era in the literary history of mankind, he was as obtuse as an owl. He said some pretty and superficial things about it; but not a word that would show that he had an insight into the soul of the matter.

Jeffrey's most characteristic essay is his *Dissertation on Beauty*—full of wit, or, rather, of sparkling argumentation, and charming in style; but obviously the work of an adroit and accomplished advocate, rather than of a philosopher or thinker. The theory it expounds is really an absurd one; and yet it is set up with such an appearance of logic, and such a fine power of illustration, that the reader is forced to suppose it a thing of great account. His mind was acute, but not profound; capable of making dazzling popular effects, but not of deep and lasting revolutions of thought. Of all his manifold contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, what one has made any mark upon its age, or is recalled by posterity? It is not impossible, at the same time, to mention, among the works of other critics, some that will enjoy a perennial acceptance. Lamb's remarks, for instance, on the acting of Shakespeare's plays, Coleridge's notes on Shakespeare, Carlyle's Burns and Goethe, and even Macaulay's Clive and Lord Bacon, are a part of permanent literature; but we doubt whether Jeffrey's compositions, any of them, will live as long. His reputation will rest mainly upon the simple fact, that he was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to whose taste and ability it was indebted for its early and wide celebrity.

—*The Attaché in Spain*.—We cannot conceive of a better position for studying the society of a nation, than that usually enjoyed by the members of an embassy, who are admitted to all circles of society, and

have plenty of leisure, as well as opportunity, for forming judgments. They come into close contact with all the great people of the state; they get behind the scenes on public occasions; it is a part of their duty to enter into the festivities of the court, and their residence generally continues long enough to enable them to correct early impressions, and to comprehend the deeper as well as the more exterior movements of society. Yet how few good books have emanated from that source? Owing partly to the restraint which diplomats suppose they are bound to put upon themselves, and partly to the fact that they are chosen for their political, rather than their literary abilities.

The letters of this German attaché are scarcely an exception to the rule. They are lively and various, giving us many entertaining glimpses of Madrid and its people; but they are wholly on the surface, making no pretension to philosophic, or even political sagacity. They are just such letters as a well-bred and well-educated young man, with no particular objects in life, might write home to his family—chatty, good-natured, self-complacent, and full of lords and ladies. A great many details are of no interest to the public, while much is omitted which the public would like to see. In one respect, it differs from most English books on Spain, namely, that the author has a thorough faith in the honor and virtue of the people, and despises all the current scandal about the queen, and the nobility as well. He thinks that the degradation of Spain is to be ascribed to the selfish politicians, and that there is integrity enough in the nation to save it, if the rascals who alternately usurp the government, would only give it a chance.

The most interesting parts of the book (except for the ladies, who will find the details of the toilette more to their taste) are those which relate to the rise and progress of the late revolutions—of which we get capital outside views, with only, now and then, a look on the inside of affairs. All the while that the government and court are running the mad round of dissipation—dancing and feasting—the volcanic elements are at work among the under currents. Conspiracies come to a head—break out—are suppressed—the leaders shot—and the dancing and feasting go on. A new ministry opens a new order of things, which

lasts for a few months, and then there is another explosion, followed by another ministry, which follows the fate of its predecessors. In his representation of these changes, the attaché, of course, takes the conservative side—if there be any conservative side in the midst of such incessant changes. He is, at any rate, no friend to the rebels—as he calls those who violently oppose the government—and scarcely does justice to the popular movement. Great crimes are always committed, in the midst of insurrectionary frenzies; but it should not be forgotten that four crimes, equally great, though, perhaps, less repulsive, have been their provocation. The luxury, the levity, the recklessness, and the corruption of the court will generally explain the discontent and ferocity of the canaille. The governing classes, as they are called, do not govern, but misgovern, led on by their own insane selfishness and love of power, in utter contempt of the government, and more solicitous about their pleasures than the popular welfare. In such circumstances, it is inevitable that the governed should make chronic attempts to take the reins in their own hands.

This book, if a translation, as it purports to be, is excellently well done—reading as freshly as a native English work.

—*The Day Star*.—A useful monograph has been prepared by Mr. G. L. DAVIS, of Baltimore, on the "toleration" allowed and practiced by the early colonists of Maryland. It is remarkable that the first and nearest approach to practical freedom of conscience, made in history, was accomplished by the Catholics and Protestants who settled together at St. Mary's, under the proprietary of Lord Baltimore. With a Protestant king to grant the charter, a Catholic baron to receive it, and a mingled population of several religions to be influenced by it, the government was more nearly impartial than any that had been before administered. We say, more nearly, because it was not universally tolerant. The provisions of the charter extended to Christians alone, and did not include Jews, deists, atheists, and even some professedly Christian sects—such as Unitarians and Quakers. Yet, in practice, these classes experienced no real persecution; and Mr. Davis clearly shows that the world is indebted for the example mainly to the Catholics, though, some Protestants joined in it.

In the introduction to his historical details, Mr. Davis indulges in a few brief speculations on the subject of toleration, in which he seems to us to regard the antagonism between Church and State as far more fundamental and irreconcilable than is really the case. The great contest of the future—not unaccompanied by the shedding of blood—he thinks, will be between that atheism which is the proper ground-principle of the state, and that faith which is the essence of ethics. In the view of one party, the perfect state will ignore all merely religious considerations, while in that of the other, a perfect state and a perfect church are identical conceptions. But this statement overlooks the aid man has a right to expect from the progress of science, which, as soon as it shall have established the merely natural sciences on a basis of true philosophy, will advance towards the solution of social problems. That there is a law for the organization of society, and all its powerful institutions—such as the state, the church, the university, the family, the workshop—cannot admit of a doubt; and we have no more doubt, that man will attain to the knowledge of this law. Our moral and social sciences are yet in the condition that astronomy was before Copernicus; but, in spite of their greater complexity and difficulty, will be reduced to the same order that astronomy has since been. As soon as it is once seen that these are sciences, and not collections of arbitrary dogmas, the world will proceed to reduce them to practice. Now, in science, there is no place for the question of toleration—which implies uncertainty of opinion, and the consequent necessity of enduring all opinions, till the truth is demonstrated. When that appears, the question is eviscerated of its importance. Truth is positive and imperative, and asserts itself without debate.

—*Life of Washington*. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Vol. II. On the appearance of the first volume of this agreeable biography, we spoke at some length of its general plan and execution; and, when it is completed, we shall have something further of the same sort to offer. Our present object is, merely to call attention to the second volume, which issued from the press a month or two since, and to give a brief statement of its contents.

The first volume embraced a period of forty-three years, from Washington's birth

to his assumption of the command, by the appointment of the Continental Congress, over the New England army, then lying before Boston. The period embraced in the present volume is much more limited—so limited, indeed, as to rouse some curiosity how, consistently with the rules of proportion, the remainder of Washington's life is to be compressed into a single volume. This second volume embraces a period of a year and a half—from the 3d of July, 1775, the morning after Washington's arrival at Cambridge, till his retirement, in January, 1777, to the heights of Morristown, after having recovered the Jerseys from the enemy. But, if the period is short, it includes many events, and those of great and stirring interest—the siege and recovery of Boston; the first formation of a Continental army; the expedition against Canada, so romantic and brilliant in its commencement, and so disastrous in its ending; the loss of Long Island and New York; the melancholy retreat across the Jerseys, during which the American army seemed on the point of annihilation; and the reestablishment of the hopes of the country, by the brilliant successes of Trenton and Princeton, and the retirement of the British to New Brunswick and its neighborhood. In the severe test to which Washington was put, in the course of these rapid and shining events, his character and abilities were fully brought out, and those rare qualities displayed, which qualified him, in a peculiar manner, for the great services which, then and subsequently, he rendered to his country; so that his biographer has ample excuse for the prominence which he has given to this period of his life, and the minuteness with which its events are related. In his method of treating those events, Mr. Irving has judiciously consulted the bent of his peculiar genius. He makes little attempt at generalization, or at the detection of what lay under the surface. He aims, rather, at a vivid and picturesque narration of external events, at once mellowed and warmed up by that genial humor which gives so much both of life and grace to whatever comes from his pen. Of course, he has furnished a narrative, which, regarded in this light, far excels any embracing the same period, that has hitherto appeared, and which, it is almost superfluous to say, is not likely to be very soon surpassed.

## THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

March is a month infamous throughout the world. Nobody speaks well of March. He is a blusterer, and a nuisance. He brings us rain, or he brings us wind, and, often enough, he brings us both. He delights in colds and consumptions; he combines the fevers of February with the catarrhs of April. In a word, he is held to be worthy the title he has borrowed from that disagreeable old heathen, the god of war.

And yet we are not sorry to chronicle his coming; for, ill and vicious as he is, he is the herald of the spring. The roar of his gales is the requiem of the winter, and of the winter we are glad to be well rid; for, mitigate the mischiefs of the winter as you may, it is, after all, and especially to us dwellers in cities, a most detestable season.

Human nature abhors the cold. It pinches our noses, it nips our ears, it blears our eyes; it screws the "face divine" out of all comeliness. It is the mother of innumerable vexations and discomforts to all of us. Of the terrible misery which it inflicts upon the poor, the ill-fed, the ill-clothed, we will not speak; that is a topic too sad and solemn for these notes. It is not ours to smite open our readers' hearts with the wail of shipwrecked seamen freezing on a frozen coast; the unknown Franklins who, each year, perish miserably within sight of our homes; nor with the cry of children starving in the shattered hovels that disgrace our city streets, and shame our flaunting civilization. Themes so pregnant and so grave as these, we leave to graver pens than ours; for their issues are of the weightiest that can concern the pulpit or the press. We war with winter, not as with an enemy and a tyrant, but as with the most intolerable of bores.

We know how much has been said and sung of the charms of winter; of the tales in the chimney corner; of the comfortable glow that comes into the heart, when a goodly company of friends are gathered about the fire, and the curtains are drawn, and the sleet rattling upon the panes, scarce heard for the merry laughter within. We admit that it is not easy to conceive of a Christmas dinner in a garden of blooming roses, under a warm, blue sky.

But with the open fire-place, all plans for the jollity of winter have lost their power. "Christmas around the Register," fancy such a title for a book of good old Christmas stories!

When the great logs crackled and sparkled in the deep, shadowy chimney, and the ruddy flames threw a broad, flickering radiance out upon the happy faces in the room, then there was indeed a snug delight in the close, northern life, which might make us almost content to forego the luxury of sweet southern airs. But a cozy company around a hole in the floor!

As one of our truest poets sang, once upon a time, in these pages,

"The lusty antique cheer  
Down that dark hole in the floor  
Stagers, and is seen no more!"

We are reduced to counterfeiting the tropics by steam, and breathe an atmosphere which has all the oppressiveness of the Indian climate, without its lustrous glories.

And out of doors, what a world!

Lord Palmerston, who, if not the wisest, is the wittiest of prime ministers, once defined dirt to be merely something in the wrong place; which definition, although the dictionaries have not yet admitted it, is by far the best that ever was given of a very disagreeable word.

And, by this definition, snow in New York must be held to be eminently dirt.

Snow in the country is, no doubt, useful for agriculture. So much we will admit, with the man who owned, that water might be useful for navigation. Nay, we will go further, and confess, that snow in the country, according to the eternal fitness of things, is also very beautiful. It converts the landscape, indeed, from a painting into an engraving; but the brain of the keen-eyed artist is an inimitable one, and the mind finds a pleasure in these superb effects of light and shade, which almost atones for the passing away of the summer's glory.

A snow storm in the country is one of the loveliest of nature's operations. To call that soft, steady fall of pure white flakes a "storm," is really a most absurd misnomer. One hardly knows where the beauty culminates, whether in the hours

through which the snow, gently descending,

"——— in stillness falls, like dew,  
On temple, roof, and cedars fair,  
And moulds itself on pine and yew,"

or in the wonderful spectacle which follows, when the artist whips away the veil from his work, and displays the marvels of delicate sculpture and rich relief, which his cunning has wrought, and leaves the toiling hand of man to

"Mimic in slow structure, stone by stone,  
The frolic architecture of the snow."

Yes, snow in the country is as beautiful as it is useful.

But in the city, snow is useless, and, therefore, hideous.

We have no seeds of corn, or wheat, or turnips in Broadway to be blanketed from the frost; our only subterranean treasures are the gas-pipes and the mains of Croton water, and these are independent of the snow. The snow cannot help us. So it hinders us horribly, and belogs and befools our ways.

How ugly it soon becomes! The streets look as if they had been traversed by ill-made carts filled with damp brown sugar; the pavements are blistered all over with irregular blotches of dirty white.

Here and there to be seen on a steep roof, or on the crockets and finials of some pseudo-Gothic church, the high-piled white looks picturesquely enough. But the picturesque is dearly purchased by the peril of one's life, from masses suddenly falling, or still more suddenly thrown off these impending heights. We shall never admire the snow-clad roofs, till we are assured that the guardians of the public safety have really made up their minds, that it is inexpedient to allow quiet citizens to be put out of the way by city avalanches, and that the avenues ought to be almost as secure as the passes of Switzerland.

When that time—that Saturnian age—will come, who can venture to predict? Two weary months have witnessed the gradual accumulation in our highways of snow-mountains, which the boldest chariot-driver trembles to attempt.

The Napoleon of our St. Bernard has not yet appeared, nor even a Hannibal, armed with vinegar-cruet, to dissolve these dangerous Alps.

They rise on every hand, so solid, so threatening, that we do not wonder at the

popular superstition, which makes them the receptacles of all manner of dreadful evidences of all manner of dreadful crimes. Who can say what an array of horrors shall be revealed, if these mighty mountain-ranges should ever really melt away?

Hateful is the snow, hateful the winter that brings it.

And therefore, once again we say, welcome is March, harbinger of spring, though he snuffle and whine his lamentable carol of better days a-coming.

Yet the dreary days that are past, have not been without their consolations. The social world has acted on Mark Tapley's conviction, that "it was creditable to be jolly under the circumstances."

And it certainly wasso. We lost, to be sure, our bright and beautiful Opera House (not the building exactly, but the use and behoof thereof) just when we were beginning most to need it. Madame Lagrange, our most satisfactory prima donna, departed, not exactly singing the "nunc dimittis," but yet, we hope, not without feeling, that her admirable gifts, and her faithful use of them for our profit and pleasure, had not been utterly unappreciated. Philadelphia, in its meek, complacent fashion, and Boston, with its usual fanatical extravagance, have since been enjoying the "pluie de perles" which fell so long about us—the ungrateful. Our Hensler (but for us the Bostonians would never have heard her), our Brignoli, our Rovere, and our fascinating Didiée, have been winning applause and laurels from the excitable Athenians. They will come back to us once more, in this same much-abused month of March; and, if we are good, we shall have plenty of good things in the pleasant spring nights. Arditi will give us a new opera, of which even the Know-Nothings speak amiably; and it is to be hoped that we shall have learned, by two months' experience, how very unwise it is to throw away our good fortune, and to suffer our Academy doors to be closed.

But though Rossini and Meyerbeer have been dumb to us so long, we have not been utterly deserted of the tuneful throng. Our Philharmonic concerts have, so far, been radiantly successful. With one exception, so admirably balanced, so harmoniously proportioned an orchestra has never before been heard in America; and it is no slight indication of the hold which music, as an art, is winning upon our people, that



the Society should have been obliged to desert the long, narrow, resonant hall of Niblo's saloon, for the large and pleasant spaces of the theatre.

Classical Berlin (saving the presence of Dwight's *Journal of Music*) must bow to us this winter. Those amiable sectarians, who secretly cross themselves in expiatory horror, when they inadvertently hear a strain from *Il Trovatore* or *Il Barbiere*, have never enjoyed such renderings of Beethoven and Mendelssohn as have now been given us. If we persevere, we shall soon have them coming here for the season, and then we may be able to give them some hints towards a kindly catholic culture, which we are sure will not be thrown away on ground so good.

The Philharmonic Society have not produced many novelties. The overture to *Tannhäuser*, which was received rather dubiously in Boston a year or two since, was very successful, and is certainly full of striking and even impressive passages. The advance of the pilgrims, chanting their holy chant along a way that is haunted by siren songs, and seductive strains from sinful beauties, is marvelously imaged forth to the ear. As we listened, a vision rose in our minds of that grand old print of Albert Dürer's, which gave to La Motte Fouqué the hint of his exquisite story of *Sintram*.

Do you know the print?

A Christian knight, war-worn and weary, but with a face serene and strong, rides calmly, on his steadfast charger, through the valley of the shadow of death. Fiends of every shape beset him, lures are laid for him before and behind; but on and on he rides, unassailable, invincible, saddened, but sublime.

We have had a symphony, too, from Mr. Bristow, the production of which, by the Society, is, perhaps, a proper tribute to native art; the production of which, by the composer, strikes us as a serious mistake. It will hardly add to whatever reputation he may have gained by his opera of *Rip Van Winkle*. There is a dash of originality, and of something very like power in the scherzo of the symphony; but persons afflicted with an over action of the memory must have found themselves unpleasantly familiar with too many of our "tone-poet's" imaginations. The truest, and sweetest, and loveliest novelty we have had, was Sterndale Bennett's overture to the "*Wald-*

*Nymph*." Sitting there in the theatre, as we listen to its fresh and fanciful movements, we saw such scenery upon the stage as Allegri himself never designed—visions of woodland glades, of sunny forest-aisles. Summer came to us, with the soft murmur of streams, and with the song of birds.

It was a good gift, too, which Mr. Mason gave us in one of his agreeable *matinées*, of a trio by the famous young Russian Rubenstein. One thought constantly of Mozart, and we have heard no new composition, in a long time, which seemed so full of varied promise. Half a dozen Rubenstein's will do more for Russia, if she wishes to convince us that she is really a civilized and civilizing power, than an army of Menschikoffs, and Gortschakoffs, and Orloffs, "and all the others that end in off." Nor can we forget, among the compensations of the winter, our southern poet, Gottschalk. This rare and exquisite pianist, who wields the fingers of De Meyer, in the spirit of Chopin, has been charming our chilly hours with dreams of tropical beauty. The monotony of the most monotonous Creole airs sparkles beneath his touch—the gayest and most brilliant compositions take upon them a tinge of tenderness and pathos in his interpretations. He has the organization of a poet, and the culture of an artist, and we cannot spare him, even although the opera should come back to us in all the plenitude of its resources.

The opera will recombine for us our music and our drama.

Of music pure and simple, we have had, as you see, our good share. Nor have we been stinted *quantitatively* at the theatres.

The Varieties, Wallack's, Burton's, and the Broadway, have all been in full operation, and, so far as we can judge, with no ordinary success.

Yet we really cannot say a very strong word in praise of the quality of the dramatic entertainments of the winter.

We have had neither striking novelties nor very brilliant presentations of familiar favorites. Things do not seem to be well combined.

Miss Keene has the best theatre in town, and Mr. Wallack the best company; yet Mr. Wallack has no actress equal to Miss Keene, and Miss Keene's stage is not so available and effective as Mr. Wallack's.

Mr. Burton is playing the part of *Atlas*, and carrying Chambers street on his shoul-

ders. The Broadway, which numbers some really excellent serious performers on its roll, is following the fate of old Drury, and seems rapidly becoming a *succursale* of the Hippodrome. Spectacles have banished Shakespeare, horses triumph over Hamlet, and humanity deserts the boards, to walk, head downwards, on the ceiling.

Athletes and antipodeans! Are we ancient Romans or modern New Zealanders, that we must be regaled with such barbaric shows?

Mr. Lenton, we are informed, by devoting himself for years to this sole object, and giving his whole mind to it—as did the young man, in *Punch*, to the tying of his cravat—has succeeded in finding out a contrivance which enables him to walk, like a fly, on a board, twenty-eight feet long, fastened to the ceiling. Well, what if he has? Is it a pretty way to walk? is it a pleasant way to walk?

Why should we go to see Mr. Lenton reversing his brains and his stomach, and pouring all the blood in his body backwards through his veins?

Mimes and pantomimes at Christmas, Punchinello in the streets, a peripatetic pleasure, accessible to children, who live in dingy courts and dreary alleys—to these we have no objection. These, with all our heart, we welcome. But how very glad we should be to see a really good play, really well performed; and why are we never to have that satisfaction?

We don't wish to be understood as grumbling inordinately, or as denying that we have had anything good at any of our many theatres, through these Arctic months.

On the contrary, we have spent not a few merry nights in the dramatic world, this winter.

Mr. Wallack has given us some very sparkling little farces and comediettas, for one of the gayest and cleverest of which, "Duke Humphrey's Dinner," we are indebted to a member of the metropolitan press—a brother of the quill. It was but a trifle, yet a lively, gentlemanly, agreeable trifle, such as one likes to laugh over, after dining, not with Duke Humphrey; a pleasant picture of imaginary woes, which, you are sure, will end in a dissolving view of prospective and plentiful felicity.

Then we have had some good revivals. "She Stoops to Conquer," that model

light comedy, shining in every line from Goldsmith's Midas-touch (did Dr. Johnson, by the way, mean his famous epitaph to be what the heralds call "a punning motto?") has been produced both at Wallack's and the Varieties, though more satisfactorily at the former theatre than at the latter. Miss Keene is capable of playing the part of Miss Hardcastle better than any woman on the New York stage; but Tony Lumpkin is the life of the comedy, and Mr. Walcott's Tony Lumpkin was so very brilliant a piece of acting as to weigh the balance down in favor of Wallack's cast.

Not that Mr. Walcott *looked* the part exactly. He was well made up; but his face is too refined in its forms, as well as in its expression, and his age is too distinctly marked a point, for him to be a perfectly successful representative of the rosy young bumpkin squire.

But the *character* was admirably conceived. The mingled archness and fatuity, the stupidity and sharpness, the astute impertinence and gross willfulness of the riotous hobbledohoy, were given by Mr. Walcott with exquisite truth and felicity. He is decidedly an actor without a superior among us, in his line of characters; and deserves to be recognized as distinctly as the inimitable Burton.

The few attempts at playing Shakespeare that have been made, cannot be said to have been crowned with absolute success; and for this, we—who do not really believe, with one of our contributors, that Shakespeare was a disreputable impostor—are unfeignedly sorry.

If it should be made a test for actors, by our managers, that they should be able to render the comedies of Shakespeare satisfactorily (we do not ask for tragedians, for we are reasonable, and know that a Kean or a Siddons comes by grace, and not by breeding), and if a certain number of performances of these comedies should be given every season, our theatres would become, at once, capital schools for actors, and for the public, too.

Then we should see such a steady improvement in the capacity of our performers, that the profession would begin to rise in public estimation, and dramatic literature would be stimulated into an activity somewhat proportioned to the activity of other branches of intellectual production.

As things are, what inducement to dra-

matic production is held out to men of talent?

Suppose an American author writes a really superior comedy (and we happen to know of the existence of two or three such comedies, at the present time)—a comedy, creditable to the literature of his country—what is he to do with it?

The success of any play, however good, must depend, at first, very much on the manner of its interpretation. The many excellent plays which have been damned on a first hearing, doubtless, owed their misfortunes quite as often to the inferiority of the actors as to the dullness of the audience. So the sensitive author shrinks from exposing his text to the chances of an inadequate cast; and our managers go on, giving us old plays, confiding in the hold which the text has upon us, and in the conventional conceptions of the characters, to help an ordinary company through the evening's performances.

Will no one "inaugurate" a new era?

We had hopes of one, in the fall—hopes, founded on the triumphs of a great actress, whose triumphs it is now almost sad to remember, since we shall look upon her face, and listen to her voice, no more.

If it be true, as we have heard, that the illness which has interrupted the successful career of Mlle. Rachel, in America, and has sent her back from the New World, with but an uncertain hold upon a life so rare and precious, had its origin in the efforts which she made, at an inclement season, to fulfill her engagements in Boston, then the Athenians owe a debt to art in America, which they will not find it easy to discharge.

We had anticipated so much from the return of the Queen of Tragedy—and now we have seen her depart, stricken down, desponding, exhausted in body and in mind, and we feel that so much has gone with her, of true artistic inspiration, of the most genuine and elevated enjoyment—that the spring seems robbed of half its elastic promise.

Yet Mlle. Rachel may take with her the consoling knowledge that her visit to our shores will mark an epoch in the intellectual advance of our people. She brought to the New World the most consummate excellence which the culture of the Old World has produced, and she found us ready to receive, to enjoy, and to appreciate.

No person has ever tried the civilization

of America by so sharp a test as Rachel; and, though she was not permitted to witness the fullness of her success among us, she carries away, at least, a more just and elevated conception of the condition and the capacity of cultivated America, than any European, before her, can have received.

Never to see again those moving sculptures—those pictures, worthy of Italian art, and eloquent with life; never again to hear the tones of that deep, resonant voice—this is a certainty, which, to many of us, will seem little less than a calamity.

And we choose not to believe quite yet that it is a certainty. We will hope that the air of France may do for Mlle. Rachel what the air of America did in the first months of her visit here, and that we may yet see her returning to us, to complete the circle of her renown.

For France to lose her, would be to lose French tragedy. Some of us would not think this a sad loss; for there are who value Corneille and Racine only because Rachel chooses to use their moulds for her mind.

But the Theatre Francais is an institution dear to France; and, if Mlle. Rachel should pass away without fulfilling her cherished purpose of training some younger genius to fill her place, as far as such a place may be filled, the balanced Alexandrines will be heard no more—for many a long year.

Great tragedians, as we have said, come as little like misfortunes as can be—not in battalions—not in companies; but like comets, alone, and at long intervals—few, and far between. In two hundred years, how many names has France produced that may be named with this of the Jew peddler's daughter?

La Champmeslé, Adrienne, Clavion, Mlle. Mars—and two men—Lekain and Talma.

Our day will hardly behold an eighth. As for our own stage, "it sounds like stories from the land of spirits," when men talk of the possible advent of great actors speaking the English tongue; yet if they come, they will be welcome. For not only do we crowd to such theatres as we have, but we are growing yearly more fond of developing our histrionic tastes in private.

Private theatricals have become almost an institution in Boston, and certain towns thereto adjacent; and the heirs and heirs of the Pilgrim Fathers indulge them-

selves in masqueradings and mimetics, such as Merry Mount itself never witnessed.

When carefully got up, these performances are certainly very agreeable; and we have seen fair Puritans, whose acting would not have disgraced the best salons of Paris, in the days when lovely marchionesses made the fortunes of aspiring authors.

Here, in New York, even bolder flights have been essayed, and the triumphs of the Academy have been rehearsed in the drawing-room. We shall be surprised, if the next millionaire, who piles up for himself half a quarry of freestone, does not astonish the monde with a neat private theatre behind his dining-room, and engage an orchestra for the performance of weekly amateur operas.

If we must have extravagance in luxury, it might take many a worse direction.

It might be better, would it not, wise and beautiful reader, to expend a small fortune at once on a domestic opera-house, than to lavish it in installments upon magnificent suppers, where the splendor of the service and the savagery of the guests remind one of nothing so much as of the sack of the Tuileries by the canaille of Paris?

We are no enemies of luxury. We believe the established "palaver" on that head to be the perfection of cant. Bad taste, extravagance, ostentation, these are evils, and the sorest of evils. But the dissemination of luxury, the refinement, that is, of the national tastes and feelings, is the measure of civilization, and everything which shows that the desire of beauty is awakening in the popular heart, is a goodly and a wholesome sign.

The prosperity of our print-shops, for instance, is a most comfortable fact.

Twenty years ago, it was a rare thing to see a really good picture, or a really good engraving in an American house. Family portraits, more or less forlorn, formed almost the only exception to this rule.

Now, there are few houses of the better class the walls of which do not exhibit at least a stretching out of the thoughts in the direction of art; and it is by no means rare to find really capital prints in the parlors of our people.

The importation of superior works of art has become a thriving business, and every year adds to its importance. Nor are we utterly idle in the production of such works.

Our sculptors have been more active and successful than our painters, and our en-

gravers have lagged far in the rear of both. Yet the burin, too, is beginning to be busy in the higher walks of art.

Three prints, just published, from the hand of Mr. James Smillie, of three pictures in the celebrated scenes of the "Voyage of Life," attest the truth of this statement, and really mark an era in American engraving.

Mr. Cole's paintings are, of course, too well known to need a word from us. They are the most popular pictures in the country; nor are they without a serious interest in the eyes of the amateur and the artist.

The handling of the pictures makes them particularly difficult subjects for the engraver's skill; and we, who have been compelled, in the course of our lives, to look over not a few triumphs of native mediocrity, must own that we unrolled Mr. Smillie's large engravings with a very dubious feeling, and an anticipation of melancholy things. We were most happily disappointed. The breadth and boldness with which Mr. Smillie has treated his themes astonished us, accustomed as we are to expect from American engravers only the timid and tentative touches of a conventional manner.

To attempt such a serious undertaking as this, was creditable to Mr. Smillie; to accomplish so much as he has accomplished, entitles him to a place in the front rank of his profession.

The first print of the series seems to us decidedly the finest. The masses of shadow in the cavern from which the boat of childhood glides, are broad and effective; the surfaces of rock, and of close vegetation, show study, and a keen, truthful eye; the atmospheric effects are delicious. In the treatment of distance and of atmosphere, indeed, Mr. Smillie seems to us particularly to excel. The little glimpse of meadow-land and river, touched by the sun, and the broad, sweeping horizon of the second print, are given with a fidelity and a feeling which attest, in the artist, a power equal to very high undertakings.

In the treatment of foliage and of water, Mr. Smillie betrays a hardness of touch, which we attribute rather to inexperience, than to incapacity, and we augur very good things of him, from these first adventures into the difficult region of landscape engraving. We shall be sadly disappointed if this series of prints does not meet with a brilliant success.